ADELAIDE

AND

THEODORE;

OR,

LETTERS

ON

EDUCATION:

CONTAINING

All the Principles relative to three different Plans of Education; to that of Princes, and to thoſe of young Perſons of both Sexes.

VOL. II.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

ADELAIDE AND THEODORE.

LETTER I.

The Count Roſeville to the Baron.

YOU cannot imagine, my dear Baron, the pleaſure your letter gave me: I am really flattered by what Mr. *Aimeri* tells you of my young Prince; for it is indirect praiſe alone that can make an impreſſion. Mr. *Aimeri* is particularly ſurpriſed at his attention, and eaſe of expreſſion. You know how I taught him to ſpeak, and that he contracted this habit in his plays and amuſements. As to his activity, he owes that principally to ſome little care of mine. When I arrived here, he was ſeven years and ſix months old; I found him indolent, lazy, and diverted

with nothing; yet I remarked in him a natural life and ſpirit. I attributed therefore his lazineſs to ſome particular fault of education, and ſoon diſcovered it. The Prince's apartment was filled with toys; the child in the midſt of all this treaſure not knowing how to chuſe, and deſirous to enjoy all, in reality enjoyed none; and was accuſtomed to inconſtancy, which always fatigues and never ſatisfies. The young prince was likewiſe attended by five or ſix low people, whoſe ſole buſineſs was to invent amuſements, and fetch any play-thing he wanted; or pick up his ſhuttlecock, ball, &c. The Prince was ſo accuſtomed to this ſervility, that if what he held happened to fall, he never made the leaſt motion to take it up, knowing ſix perſons were ready to ſtrive who ſhould do it for him. I preſently baniſhed all theſe ſlaves, and replaced them by one child of his own age, ſending away at the ſame time all theſe toys, reſerving only what were really neceſſary for his amuſement. At firſt he looked on this as a barbarous reformation; but in a very ſhort time he loſt his indolence, and aſſumed all the activity which was natural to him. We had a very ſerious diſcourſe the day before yeſterday. I entered his apartment at eight o'clock, diſmiſſed his valets, and embraced him, ſaying, you are this day thirteen; your education cannot be finiſhed, nor your underſtanding, or character formed, but ſtill you are no longer a child; and the rank you bear will henceforward make all your actions intereſting. Behold, my Lord, here are eight volumes of my writing; they are the journals of your childhood. You will find ſome reflections, that even

now

now will not be uſeleſs to you; accept this preſent as a proof of my attention to you.—Oh! ſurely it is very dear to me, interrupted the Prince; I will read it again and again with avidity, and preſerve it all my life; but, continued he, will you then not go on with the journal?—Pardon me, I replied; I ſhall now write it with ſtill more care and circumſpection; for this will be done for poſterity.... How?—My Lord, I again repeat, you are no longer a child; the journal of your life will now become a hiſtory: and as the hiſtorian will be exact and faithful, keep a ſtrict guard over yourſelf; and remember you will make me very happy every time you give occaſion for praiſe.—But this journal will never be printed.—Certainly it will; my writing of it is known, and ſurely after my death the manuſcript will be made public.—And if I ſhould be ſo unhappy to do any thing very blameable, would you write that?.... No; the journal would finiſh there; but I ſhould leave you.—Oh! you will go on with it, I promiſe you, for I will believe you always, ſo I ſhall never commit any great faults. At theſe words we were both ſoftened; the Prince has made me promiſe never to quit him, and I really feel, that if he anſwers my expectations, he will diſpoſe of my deſtiny; and can compenſate every ſacrifice I make him, notwithſtanding the tender attachment I preſerve for my country, family, and friends.

A very critical and important period, my dear Baron, approaches; that, wherein my pupil's paſſions are going to diſplay themſelves: he will certainly have very lively ones. He has

the moſt ardent deſire to diſtinguiſh himſelf; is active, ſenſible, grateful; not eaſily led to think ill of any one. He muſt have evident proofs of their faults; but he thinks well of people too readily; a very dangerous failing in a prince: and yet I ſhall not attempt to correct it in mine but with the greateſt precaution, fearful of impairing the goodneſs of his heart. Every amiable perſon he thinks perfect; but judges of people, who are indifferent to him, with diſcernment far ſurpaſſing his age; while he becomes blind to thoſe who pleaſe him; and as ſoon as his heart is touched, examines no more; or to expreſs myſelf with more propriety, loſes a part of his natural penetration. Having great taſte and delicacy, the graces make a deep impreſſion on him; and he is eaſily ſeduced by a noble and animated diſcourſe. The Abbot *Duguet* ſays with reaſon, "Princes, having commonly "an exquiſite taſte and elegant manners, are "more expoſed than others to be deceived; "as they feel, but do not ſee, the whole. They "are allured or offended by things that deſerve "it, but which frequently are far from the "moſt eſſential matters; they quickly form a "judgement, and generally with great exact-"neſs, of what is before their eyes; but that "which is viſible is rarely deciſive; and they "readily diſpenſe with experience, where there "are certain engaging qualities."

My Prince has been educated with young *Sulback*, the ſon of his under governor, who, though but ſixteen, ſhews all the virtues of his father, (one of the beſt men I know;) but the Prince has more eſteem than affection for him, becauſe

becauſe he wants the graces, and has nothing ſtriking in him, though he abounds in diſcretion and good ſenſe: on the contrary, the Prince has the greateſt affection for Count *Stralzi*, ſole heir of the nobleſt houſe in this kingdom, who is ſeventeen, has a very fine figure, a ſuperficial underſtanding, much cunning and pliance of diſpoſition. His birth, and the rank of his father, give him a right to pay his court here frequently; and the Prince receives him far better, than in my heart I could wiſh; for I look on this as a very dangerous connection. Yet I take great pains to diſguiſe my ſentiments, knowing remonſtrances would not detach the Prince, and only make him ſuſpect me of unjuſt prejudices; which would entirely prevent the execution of a plan I have formed to open the Prince's eyes by degrees. The arrival of the Chevalier *Valmont* has made a great diverſion in the Prince's ſentiments; the Chevalier's accompliſhments are much ſuperior to the Count's, and he has ſenſe, education and modeſty ſufficient to gain every heart. If he was to remain here, I am very ſure that he would ſupplant the young favourite, even without attempting or wiſhing it; but unfortunately he leaves us in a month.

I have not, my dear Baron, forgot the promiſed deſcription of Mr. *Murville*'s gardens. His illneſs was very long; and when he was recovering, Mr. *Aimeri* and his grandſon were in Ruſſia, ſo that I have not yet taken the Chevalier *Valmont* thither, but we ſhall go in a few days, and I will aſſuredly write to you on our return. I ſhall be much obliged to you to com-

municate this letter to my ſiſter, for you know how anxious ſhe is for all particulars that relate to Mr. *Murville*. She has filled ſix pages with queſtions on this ſubject; and wants me to give her an exact detail of all the Chevalier *Murville*'s thoughts and actions, ſince he was compelled to relinquiſh *Cecilia* and his country. If you are ſtill in Paris, pleaſe to tell her, that he has quitted the name of *Anglure*, and reſumed his own; that he is forty years old, ſtill handſome, and without grey hairs, that his air is very melancholy, that he has very bad health, and has never loved any but *Cecilia*. Theſe are the principal among a thouſand queſtions my ſiſter wrote; adding, that ſhe ſhould have no reſt till I anſwered her; and if ſatisfactorily, that ſhe ſhould have but one wiſh remaining, namely, to have a good portrait of this rare man, a "hero and martyr to love and conſtancy." Farewell, my dear Baron! remember your promiſe to ſend me from Lagaraye a copy of the account you write to my brother-in-law.

LETTER II.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

YES, my dear Friend; we arrived at Lagaraye the night before laſt; Mr. *Almane*, *Dainville*, and my ſon having made moſt part of the journey on horſeback; poor *Theodore* was extremely

tremely fatigued. You will be much ſurpriſed that we have not yet ſeen Mr. *Lagaraye*; but every thing we hear augments our deſire to be acquainted with this truly incomparable man. As you inſiſted on a very exact recital, without the omiſſion of a ſingle circumſtance, I muſt begin my narration from Saturday, the day of our arrival. We alighted at a pretty good inn, and in half an hour a venerable old man, of the moſt intereſting appearance, came into our room, and intreated us to dine with him the next day. We accepted the invitation; and the old man reſumed his diſcourſe by ſaying, you are come to ſee two angels ſent from Heaven to bleſs this country. . . . They not only attend the ſick, but feed the aged and infirm, employ the young, and make all happy. With your permiſſion I will be your guide to-morrow; and I am certain that all you ſee, will make you revere a thouſand times more a character which fame can but imperfectly paint; it is only by having acceſs to him, hearing him, witneſſing his actions, that you can give him due praiſe. During this diſcourſe, which raiſed our curioſity to the height, I conſidered attentively and with aſtoniſhment the perſon who delivered it, and could not diſſemble my ſurpriſe at finding his manners and expreſſions ſo far ſuperior to his appearance, which was only that of a peaſant. He replied, with a ſmile, my hiſtory is really ſingular, and if it excites your curioſity, I will relate it to-morrow, with double pleaſure, as it will be at the ſame time a tribute of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. *Lagaraye*. I live and am happy, and entirely through their munificence. He

finiſhed theſe words with eyes ſwimming in tears; we ſurveyed each other, and a ſentiment of tenderneſs inexpreſſible made ours alſo overflow. I aſked if we could ſee Mr. *L*—— to-morrow; he replied that that gentleman was gone ſix leagues from hence to comfort and aſſiſt the inhabitants of a farm, which had been burnt down, but that we ſhould be introduced to him as ſoon as he returned.

The next day we were all up and dreſt by day-break, our good old man breakfaſted with us; and then ſaid, if you will follow me, I will conduct you to the manufactories; hoſpitals are all you have heard of, but you will be convinced that Mr. *Lagaraye* has formed eſtabliſhments of every kind: At theſe words we all ſet out, and our guide led us directly to the great ſtreet of the village; there he ſtopt and ſaid, you ſee theſe plain ruſtic houſes; they are filled with immenſe numbers of perſons; moſt of theſe cottages are new. The ſtranger and the wretched, drawn hither and entertained by Mr. *Lagaraye*, have for ten years been crowding to inhabit theſe manſions of peace and happineſs. Each unfortunate being finds here a friendly country, which offers him the honourable reſources of labour, and the means to accompliſh his ſchemes, or to eſtabliſh himſelf elſewhere. People of every country are found at Lagaraye; it is the ſure refuge of laborious miſery; the idle and vicious alone are baniſhed and treated as ſtrangers. Heaven, which bleſſes this place, grants to its happy inhabitants health, ſtrength, and induſtry; and in no part of the world is population ſo extenſive. In truth, the firſt view of this

this ſtreet offers a moſt intereſting and agreeable picture; a multitude of little children meet you at every ſtep; the houſes, all open, diſplay the moſt charming neatneſs; numbers of women of all ages, and young girls, are ſeen ſpinning and ſinging by an huſband or father's ſide, who is working at his trade of carpenter, hatter, wheelwright, &c. &c. In ſhort, every thing breathes an air of gaiety, plenty and content. From this ſtreet we entered another rather leſs, where we ſaw a great many women, but not one man: ſurpriſed, I aſked our guide the reaſon, who anſwered, the ſtreet you have left contains the artiſans; part of its inhabitants, as I have already told you, are ſtrangers, unfortunate artificers without bread or means, when they came to eſtabliſh themſelves here; the remainder were their apprentices, who preferred ſettling here to carrying their talents elſewhere. That ſtreet alone contains men of ſedentary lives; this and all the reſt are occupied by labourers, who work on buildings, repair the great roads, or till the earth; at night, their labour finiſhed, they return apparently without fatigue; and perfectly happy in the idea, that their work is not for the benefit of others, but ſecures a ſubſiſtance for their wives and children. As the old man ceaſed ſpeaking, we perceived a vaſt brick edifice, of a long and irregular form; it was the manufactory: we were led into a large hall, where twenty-ſix girls were making lace with four elderly women to overlook them: You ſee, ſaid our old man, thoſe four young women at the end of that little table; they are my daughters; above I have three ſons; and all theſe, the de-

light and comfort of my age, live and enjoy their exiſtence ſolely by the generous compaſſion of Mr. *Lagaraye*. After this ſpeech, which brought on many ſtill more intereſting, he conducted us into a little gallery, where we found twelve ſpinners. We then went up ſtairs to the mens apartments; and you may eaſily believe choſe to begin by that, in which his ſons were employed; there we ſaw twenty-ſix weavers; and in the laſt room found a cloth manufactury, in which were forty workmen, not including thoſe who directed it. Now, ſays the old man, if you are not fatigued, I will ſhew you the plantations; we conſented; and he took us quite acroſs the village, and ſtopt in the open field, deſiring us to obſerve thoſe long and beautiful avenues of young trees oppoſite to us, thoſe fertile fields, rich meadows, and luxuriant harveſts; this land, heretofore uncultivated and abandoned, offered to view only a vaſt moraſs, whence noxious vapours ſpread ſickneſs and death on all around. Admire this bliſsful change, and recogniſe in it the author Mr. *Lagaraye*. You cannot take a ſtep here, but it reminds us of and proves his beneficence; we owe him every thing, even the pure and healthy air we breathe. You may conceive the number of hands employed for ſuch works; he has made ſkilful labourers by good pay and conſtant work; and the earth rendered fertile, by augmenting his riches, impowers him to maintain and extend theſe immenſe undertakings. Whilſt the good old man was talking, I contemplated with much emotion this happy and living ſoil; and ſaid to myſelf, if the will of one man can give birth

birth to ſo much happineſs, can produce ſo many uſeful things, how is it poſſible ſuch models ſhould be ſo rare? Ah! if the ſight of ill is dangerous, if its example is contagious, how touching and perſuaſive is that of virtue? Vice may well aſſume the moſt ſeducing form, but ſhe has always ſome ſide that diſcovers her, and gives diſtaſte even to thoſe ſhe miſleads; whilſt the charms of virtue are pure and unmixed, like herſelf. But let us then return to *Lagaraye*. After having walked till noon it was time to go in. We dined with the old man, who according to promiſe recounted his adventures, which appeared to me ſo intereſting and ſingular, that I returned immediately to the inn, that I might write them whilſt the impreſſion remained.

I left *Adelaide* in the care of Madame *D'Oſtalis*, and Miſs *Bridget*, and paſſed the reſt of the day writing the enormous packet I now ſend you. This morning we are told Mr. *Lagaraye* does not return till night, ſo we ſhall not enjoy the happineſs ſo earneſtly deſired till to-morrow, and it is Mr. *Almane* who is to write the Viſcount the particulars of that intereſting interview; in ſhort, our heads are all turned with what we have already ſeen. *Theodore* and *Adelaide* wept much during the good old man's narration; they talk and think of nothing but Mr. *Lagaraye*, and have really a paſſionate deſire to ſee him. In ſhort, I am delighted to obſerve in their young hearts an enthuſiaſm for virtue, conſequently they will draw from this journey all the fruit we could wiſh. Farewell, my dear friend: do not loſe our old man's hiſtory; it is *Adelaide* who lends it you; for I have promiſed to ſend it on condition,

dition, that you return it to her, as we paſs through Paris.

The Life of St. Andrè.

The name of this excellent old man's father was *Vilmore*, a man of low extraction; who had amaſſed an amazing fortune very rapidly, and whom you muſt recollect hearing your father-in-law (who was born in the ſame province) frequently mention. Mr. *Vilmore* had ſeveral children, of whom *St. Andrè* was the youngeſt. Mr. *Vilmore*, anxious to marry his daughters nobly, that he might be aggrandiſed by alliances, and deſirous to ſecure a vaſt eſtate and brilliant fortune to his eldeſt ſon, ſacrificed the young *St. Andrè* to theſe ambitious views. He had him brought up at a diſtance, on a very ſmall income, where his education was totally neglected; but the goodneſs of his diſpoſition and underſtanding made him exceed the expectation of his maſters. When he attained his ſixteenth year, he was informed that he had no other choice but the church. A lively fancy, ſtrong paſſions, and the knowledge of his parents riches, all conſpired to give him an inſurmountable diſguſt to that profeſſion. He deſired to ſee and ſpeak to his father, in hopes of making him change his deſign. Mr. *V*——, not knowing his intentions, granted his requeſt; and he arrived at his father's houſe, when they were celebrating his ſiſter's nuptials with the Marquis of *C*——. He found his father, brother, and ſiſters in the midſt of grandeur and opulence; they looked on him as a ſtranger, and his

his father treated him with diſdain and indifference. He diſcerned and felt all the misfortunes ſuch a reception indicated; however he ſpoke, and with as much firmneſs as reſpect. Let mediocrity, ſaid he, be my lot; I can be content; but do not debar me of my liberty, nor force me to engage in a profeſſion, for which my averſion is invincible. Mr. *V*——, rendered furious by reſiſtance, overwhelmed him with the moſt cruel reproaches: Your obſtinacy, ſaid he, would ruin you, did not my goodneſs ſtill leave you time for reflection. I will ſend you for ſix months to one of your aunts in Flanders, when, if you are not intirely reſigned to my will, I ſhall employ the moſt violent means to make you know your duty. The hapleſs *St. Andrè* ſet out for Liſle in deſpair; but fixed in his reſolution. An intereſting figure, an amiable character, with manners mild and noble, made him ſoon taken notice of in his exile; whilſt the charms of ſociety ſoftened its rigours. Unſuſpecting and inexperienced, he was eaſily led away by every one, who approached him. The regiment of —— was then at Liſle; the officers gamed very high, and knowing the immenſe riches of Mr. *Vilmore*, engaged his ſon in their dangerous parties. He began, as is generally the caſe, by winning; and which is ſtill more inevitable, ended by loſing. The hopes of recovering his money led him on, until he had loſt upon honour 24,000 livres: reduced to deſpair, he wrote to his father, confeſſing his fault in the moſt pathetic terms. His only anſwer was an arreſt; they confined him in the caſtle of Saumur. He ſubmitted to this puniſhment with a gentleneſs

not

not to be expected from a character naturally violent. Knowing all his debts were paid, gratitude made him bear with patience a treatment, he could not imagine would be of long duration. Notwithſtanding, contrary to his expectations, he remained a priſoner two years: this barbarous uſage ſoured his temper, and made him loſe part of thoſe ſentiments of moderation he had till then preſerved. At length his priſon doors were opened, and this ſentence pronounced, "You muſt give your word and ho-"nour either to become an eccleſiaſtic, or go a "volunteer to India." My choice is made, cry'd *St. Andrè*; and I ſhall be happy to leave a country foreign to me, ſince I have neither father, relations, nor friends. This anſwer fixed his fate; he was ſent to Breſt, and two days after embarked. Thus did an unnatural father drive beyond the ſeas a youth of eighteen, of the moſt promiſing genius, without ſuccour, money, rank, or eſtabliſhment; and perhaps in hopes that, ſurrounded with perils, oppreſſed with miſery and poverty, he might put a period to his unfortunate life.

His youth however made him ſupport the moſt exceſſive fatigues; and his courage rendered him ſuperior to his fortune. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and being promoted, ſoon emerged from miſery and oblivion; theſe ſucceſſes led to many ſtill more advantageous; having gained reputation and friends, they joined with him in commercial enterpriſes, which in a country ſo fertile in reſources, procured him in leſs than five years happineſs and independence. Content with a moderate but honeſt fortune, raiſed to an ho-

nourable rank, he began to turn his thoughts towards his country. Still young, he was not inſenſible to the vain deſire of exhibiting to his family the rapid fruits of his induſtry; reſolving however to return to the Indies, but not as driven thither by neceſſity, but as led by ambition and glory. His father, informed of his good ſucceſs, had for two years before condeſcended to acknowledge him; and to write to him; and appeared cured of his prejudices.

A truce concluded for a year promiſed him a ſecurity which was not to be forfeited by a delay of his voyage; and he embarked with his whole fortune in paper. This imprudence was the cauſe of all his misfortunes; for ſcarcely was he at ſea, but the truce was broke, his veſſel attacked, taken by the Engliſh, and himſelf carried priſoner to Launceſton, a town in the weſt of England: thus were all his hopes blaſted, and he loſt at once his liberty and his fortune. He wrote to his father, who filled up the meaſure of his woes by returning a letter full of reproaches. At the end of ſix months he was releaſed, approached the coaſt of France and beheld that fatal ſhore, and arrived at Breſt nearly in the ſame miſerable ſituation in which he had left it ſix years before. Without hope or money, entirely deſtitute, he recollected a ſurgeon, named *Bertrand*, with whom he had lodged, and from whom he had received many marks of friendſhip; and ſoon found this honeſt man; who offered him his houſe, purſe, and every ſervice in his power. *St. André* accepted without bluſhing the courteſies of friendſhip; and wrote to Mr. *Vilmore* demanding his portion, which

which he had never received, and even forgot during his proſperity. The anſwer contained a promiſe of money on condition only of his re-embarking for India in a veſſel ready to ſail: ſuch inconceivable ſeverity alienated an heart long ſince ſoured. Reſentment and deſpair deprived him of courage. He fell dangerouſly ill; and was ſoon reduced to the laſt extremity. *Bertrand* watched him night and day, and paid him every attention the tendereſt friendſhip could exact. *Bertrand* had a daughter of the age of eighteen, who, thinking only to follow the impulſe of a laudable compaſſion, remained by the hapleſs *St. Andrè*'s bedſide, and ſhared with her father the employment of his nurſe. *Bertrand* related his unfortunate adventures, told her of his ſucceſſes in India, extolled his perſeverance, courage, and accompliſhments, of all which there were ſeveral witneſſes at Breſt; and they both bewept a lot ſo unmerited and deplorable. *St. Andrè*, delirious from the beginning of his illneſs, was incapable of enjoying ſuch affecting care; and being before oppreſt with affliction, and always ſhut up in his room, *Blanche* (for that was the name of *Bertrand*'s daughter) had been ſcarcely ſeen, and never remarked by him. This young woman, notwithſtanding the obſcurity of her birth, was known and celebrated in Breſt for a ſuperior education, a behaviour replete with modeſty and ſweetneſs, and ſtill more for her perſonal charms.

One night when *St. Andrè*'s life was deſpaired of, *Blanche*, ſeated ſorrowfully by him, obſerved with unuſual tenderneſs the unhappy object of ſo much care and anxiety. A deadly paleneſs

paleneſs ſeemed to overſpread his features, rendered ſtill more affecting by the graces of youth yet viſible in them. He lay with eyes apparently cloſed for ever, with one hand extended on the bed, on which *Blanche* (impelled by an irreſiſtible impulſe) let fall one of her's, and finding it immoveable and cold ſhe thought him dead: Oh heaven! exclaimed ſhe, all is over; unfortunate young man! terror, pity, and a ſentiment ſtill more tender, prevented her ſaying more, and ſhe fell down by the bedſide without ſenſe or motion. At that inſtant *St. Andrè*, recovering from his trance, opened his eyes, and the firſt object which ſtruck them, was *Blanche* in a ſwoon by him: it was youth and beauty ſurrounded by the ſhadow of death. He uttered a piercing cry; help arrives; and *Blanche* is ſpeedily reſtored. This affecting ſcene is explained; and *St. Andrè* recovers only to receive into his ſoul emotions of the moſt paſſionate gratitude. Thus, in the midſt of agonizing horrors and on the brink of the grave, did love unite for ever two unfortunate hearts, fixed his ſhafts indelibly, and proved that his power was irreſiſtible, even under the moſt dreadful and affecting form.

St. Andrè, quickly convaleſcent, gave himſelf up entirely to the dangerous impreſſion of a paſſion, which he experienced for the firſt time. He eaſily obtained that confeſſion, on which depended his happineſs. *Blanche* had betrayed herſelf, even before ſhe was beloved, and now happy and tranquil, confirmed by tranſports of joy, what deſpair had already declared. *Bertrand* himſelf, ſeduced by pity, affection, and perhaps ambition,

ambition, conſented, after a ſlight reſiſtance, to the joint requeſt of *St. Andrè* and his daughter, and approved of a ſecret union, which took place ſix months after *St. Andrè's* illneſs, and raiſed him to the height of his wiſhes at the age of twenty-five. Not deſiring or expecting any aſſiſtance from his father, he reſolved to conceal his marriage, and to ſeize the firſt opportunity of returning to India, with his wife and her father. He made ſeveral applications; and by the help of his reputation and friends ſoon ſaw a poſſibility of being conſtantly employed in a very advantageous manner. During theſe tranſactions *Blanche* became pregnant; he preſſed his ſolicitations in hopes of getting to India in time for his wife's delivery; but his affairs not keeping pace with his wiſhes, they perceived it would be impoſſible to elude the diſcovery of a ſecret, already well known in the city. He therefore took the reſolution of informing his father of it by letter; and wrote to him in theſe terms.

" Sir, can you recollect the name and exiſtence of a wretch ſo long forgotten? I ought to believe you have renounced for ever the rights which nature gave you over me. I know what were my firſt errors: if my youth could not then excuſe them in your eyes, ſix years exile, paſſed in uſeful, and I will be bold to ſay, glorious purſuits, might, I ſometimes flattered myſelf, have obliterated them. But cruelly abandoned in my laſt misfortunes, I found in a ſtranger the compaſſion, aſſiſtance, and tenderneſs of a father. Without renouncing him who rejects me, I thought myſelf at liberty to adopt one, who by his beneficence

" ficence and virtue proved himſelf worthy of ſo
" ſacred a title. Obſcure, poor, without rank
" or fortune, but honeſt and ſenſible, is the fa-
" ther I have choſen. By accepting his favours,
" reſiding in his houſe, and marrying his daugh-
" ter, I am become his ſon: and the felicity
" that it has procured me, exceeds if poſſible
" all the misfortunes I have endured. I have a
" due reſpect for the diſtinctions eſtabliſhed in
" ſociety; and had I been born in a rank, that
" ſuch an alliance would have diſhonoured, my
" courage would have enabled me to ſacrifice my
" paſſion, and with it the whole happineſs of
" my life, to the honour of my family. But,
" thank God, no ſuch obſtacle exiſted; my
" wife's birth is equal to mine, as is her for-
" tune; her father is poor; there is the only
" difference between us; therefore no reaſon
" could or ought to have impeded me. I am
" bound by a tie which love and honour renders
" equally dear and ſacred to me; and I beg
" you to believe, that ambition, authority, and
" even the laws themſelves would in vain at-
" tempt to diſſolve it. I am going to India to
" begin a new career; I entreat you not to
" trouble my deſtiny by clamours which cannot
" change it. I deſire nothing but tranquility,
" and forgetfulneſs of a country which I aban-
" don perhaps for ever. This is the only favour
" I dare aſk, I ought to hope, and do expect it
" from your juſtice.

" I have the honour to be, &c."

This letter produced the moſt terrible effects in Mr. *Vilmore*; it hurt his pride too much, not to inflame his anger to the height; the compa-

riſon

riſon between his family and *Bertrand*'s appeared to him the extreme of impudence. He procured at the ſame time two warrants. *St. Andrè* was torn from the arms of his diſtracted wife, loaded with irons, and caſt into a dungeon: and *Blanche*, notwithſtanding her youth and condition, experienced a ſimilar treatment; it was there this unfortunate woman brought into the world the unhappy fruits of their deplorable paſſion. They wanted to rob her of her infant; but her reſiſtance, ſobs and tears, touched their hearts, and made them ſenſible of pity for the firſt time; ſo that ſhe retained her child, and to preſerve his life was careful of her own. In the mean time *St. Andrè*, drove to deſperation, diſtracted, furious, invoked vengeance, and demanded *Blanche* or death. Three months paſſed in this dreadful way; when he was told that a man deſired to ſpeak with him from his father. My father! cried he, I have none. At that inſtant he beheld a perſon, whom he knew was Mr. *Vilmore*'s ſteward. Oh! ſays *St. Andrè*, does the barbarian, who ſends you, grant my prayers? Do you bring me death, for that is the only favour I can expect from him?—Compoſe yourſelf, Sir, replied the man; I come to announce to you a fortune, to which you durſt not pretend. Whilſt you are accuſing fate, ſhe is labouring for your welfare. Your brother is dead, and you become the natural heir to a father, who can ſtill pardon, and receive you with open arms.—What do you ſay? interrupted *St. Andrè*, my brother dead! Heaven is juſt; it takes from my perſecutor the object his pride rendered ſo dear to him; and I, the victim ſa-

crificed to his cruel ambition, have not invoked vengeance in vain.—Hear me, ſaid the ſteward, and rather merit by your repentance the favours offered you. Mr. *Vilmore*, founder of his own fortune, is at liberty to diſpoſe of it; he has two daughters whom he might enrich at your expence, but having no grandchild of his name, and compaſſionating your faults and misfortunes, he invites you to the ſucceſſion from which death has taken your brother. His dignities and fortunes await you. You may eaſily imagine, by what blind ſubmiſſion ſuch favours are to be purchaſed.—Speak, Sir, returned *St. André* coldly; a father, who will again receive me, and calls for my hand to wipe away his tears, is doubtleſs incapable of impoſing diſhonourable terms; therefore ſpeak, I liſten without fear.—You muſt, Sir, abjure for ever a diſgraceful as well as an unlawful marriage. A competent fortune will conſole *Blanche* for your mutual error; your conſent alone is wanting to diſſolve theſe ſhameful bands; every other ſtep is already taken; and it is at this price alone you can pretend——Enough! interrupted *St. André*, I foreſaw from the beginning of your diſcourſe this odious propoſal, yet had the patience to hear you: Attend in your turn to my anſwer. I may be perſecuted, oppreſt, robbed of my wife, child, and life; all theſe cruelties are poſſible to tyranny armed with power: but honour is a good they cannot take from me; and I will preſerve it pure and ſpotleſs, happy to ſuffer for the objects of my love and eſteem. This is my final and irrevocable reſolution: violence, torments, and even death itſelf, nothing in the univerſe

ſhall

ſhall make me change it.—The ſteward would have replied; but *St. Andrè* refuſing to hear any more, he left him with the ſhame and regret of having vainly attempted to ſeduce an incorruptible man. *Blanche* in her priſon experienced a perſecution ſtill more odious and unjuſt. She was preſt to relinquiſh her rights, and her title of wife to *St. Andrè*. They made her very advantageous propoſals for herſelf and child; and by turns employed prayers and menaces. Her conſtant anſwer was, that ſhe expected from her huſband the example ſhe ought to follow. She hoped for one of courage and fidelity; but that in every caſe ſhe was reſolved to make his conduct the model for hers. Mr. *Vilmore*, deſpairing to conquer ſo firm and ſettled a reſiſtance, gave himſelf up to all the fury pride and reſentment could inſpire in a cruel and implacable ſoul. They ſnatched from the wretched mother's arms her dear child, the only hope and comfort of her life: they loaded the unhappy couple with heavier chains; augmented the horrors and cruelty of a priſon; and, to compleat their miſery, aſſured them this treatment was to continue for life. Four years paſſed in this horrid ſituation; yet *St. Andrè* made it a duty to live and ſuffer for that love which had ſuſtained him. By indefatigable pains, and perſeverance he corrupted one of his gaolers; and unable to obtain his liberty, he prevailed on this perſon to procure him pens, ink, and paper, with which he wrote a true hiſtory of his life, and concluded it by demanding his liberty, his wife and child; without pretending to his father's goods, or even to his juſt inheritance. The petitio

petition was inſcribed *To my Country*, and began thus: "I have ſhed my blood for her; I am an obſcure citizen, but innocent, and perſecuted; my cauſe is that of all virtuous and feeling hearts. Loaded with chains, dying and forlorn in an infamous dungeon; as father, huſband, and ſon, equally unfortunate, I caſt myſelf into the arms of the firſt of my countrymen, who ſhall read this hiſtory; and I conjure him to have the generoſity and compaſſion to protect and defend an unhappy man; enſlaved for near five years by violence and tyranny. May a good and virtuous hand depoſit this writing at the foot of the royal tribunal which protects the innocent! and may I in embracing my wife and ſon forget for ever the torments I have ſuffered."

The man whom *St. Andrè* had gained, got his hiſtory ſecretly printed, and diſtributed ſeveral copies. An advocate, celebrated for his talents and his virtues, moved by ſo mournful a detail, was deſirous of the glory of ſupporting a ſingular and intereſting a cauſe: and notwithſtanding the credit and oppoſition of Mr. *Villare*, he ſoon made all the tribunals reſound with the cries of the wretched *St. Andrè*. He acquired the fate of *Bertrand*, and learnt that he had put a period to his days within ſix months. He had the young child delivered into his hands; and at length obtained liberty for *Andrè* and his wife. When he went to her ſon, *Blanche* was ignorant of all theſe circumſtances; and utterly in deſpair, expected from death alone the end of thoſe cruel pains, which rent her heart. The generous advocate,

led by humanity, penetrated the dreary abode, where youth, beauty, and virtue in diſtreſs diſplayed a moſt affecting picture. He held the child in his arms; and entering a moſt diſmal dungeon, he ſaw by the glimmering of a melancholy lamp, *Blanche* laying on ſtraw, with diſhevelled hair, clad in miſerable rags, her face overflowed with tears, and her beautiful hands raiſed to heaven, tho' loaded with irons. He ſtopt to contemplate with a mixture of pity and admiration, her charms, her youth, and the horrors that ſurrounded her. *Blanche*, imagining ſhe heard the gaoler, raiſed her penſive head, and aſked with a weak and dying voice, what he wanted.—I come, cried the advocate, to do homage to ſuffering virtue, and to terminate its ſorrows. On concluding theſe words he proſtrated himſelf at her feet, and preſented her child; *Blanche* recollecting him, exclaimed, Oh! if he be reſtored me, I can ſupport life. She ſtrove to embrace him, but extacy and tranſport increaſing her weakneſs, ſhe fainted in the arms of her deliverer. What words can do juſtice to the emotions of ſurprize and rapture, which filled his ſenſible and compaſſionate heart? When ſhe regained her ſenſes, ſhe learned that the goodneſs of an utter ſtranger was going to unite her for ever to her huſband. Come, ſaid the advocate, quit this frightful dwelling, which has but too long echoed the groans of innocence; come! that I may depoſit in the arms of a father and a huſband two objects ſo dear. But, continued he, you muſt not go out in ſo ſhameful a condition; I have foreſeen every thing, and have brought in this parcel, all that

is at preſent neceſſary: dreſs yourſelf, whilſt I go and ſhew the keeper my order, and in a quarter of an hour I will return and fetch you. He left her without waiting for an anſwer; and *Blanche* found in the bundle linen and a compleat dreſs, in which nothing was omitted; ſhe ſprinkled with tears theſe precious pledges of a beneficence at once ſo delicate and ſo attentive; and her heart, again open to happineſs, was overcome with gratitude.

The advocate returned, as happy and as much moved as *Blanche*. He led her with a trembling hand, aſſiſted in carrying her ſon, and ſnatched her with tranſport from that dreary abode of bitterneſs and horror. A coach waited, and quickly conveyed them to *St. Andrè*'s priſon; they are admitted, and *Blanche* claſping her ſon in her arms, ran and threw herſelf into thoſe of her huſband; and at that moment they experienced all that love and joy could inſpire in two fond hearts, raiſed ſuddenly from the depth of deſpair to the height of happineſs. The advocate ſtood oppoſite them, contemplating with delight ſo ſweet a ſcene, ſaying to himſelf, this is my work; and doubtleſs was not the leaſt happy of the three. *Blanche* tore herſelf ſuddenly from the arms of her huſband, and threw herſelf at her benefactor's feet. Here, ſays ſhe, is the guardian angel, the beneficent God, who reſtores your wife, your child, and your liberty! She could not proceed, ſobs ſtopt her words. *St. Andrè* flew, and caſt himſelf on his knees by her, ſaying, Alas! my heart impoiſoned during five years by hatred, relinquiſhes for ever every ſentiment of anger or revenge; gratitude and

love will henceforward occupy it entirely; yes, I forget my perſecutors and my misfortunes; I renounce the torment of rage, and conſecrate every emotion of my ſoul to the dear objects reſtored to me, and to the moſt generous of men.

From this pathetic ſcene, the life of *St. Andrè* deſcribes nothing but a long ſeries of misfortunes, of which I ſhall only give you the moſt intereſting parts. His generous benefactor received them at firſt into his own houſe; then ſettled them in a farm, where they dwelt peaceably during two years, engaged in huſbandry; his diligence nearly doubled the revenues of the land, and procured him the pleaſure of being uſeful to his patron. He made many unſucceſsful efforts to get into the army; but Mr. *Vilmore's* hatred, ever active and vigilant, conſtantly prevented him. He had the misfortune to loſe his ſon, and a ſhort time after his benefactor and ſole ſupport. Overburthened with ſorrow, he removed with his wife to the extremity of a diſtant province, reſolving to ſubſiſt there unknown, by the work of his hands. It was in Auvergne that he fixed his unhappy fate; his talents for huſbandry, and his courage as well as hers, procured them the means of life; they both entered into the ſervice of a rich farmer. *St. Andrè* cultivated the earth, whilſt *Blanche*, occupied in the work of the houſe, overcame by theſe hard employments her diſguſt and delicacy. During ſix years paſſed in this manner *St. Andrè* had ſeveral children, to whom he gave an education ſuitable to their condition; and accuſtoming himſelf to this laborious but quiet life, he at length became poſ-

ſeſſo

ſeſſor of a ſmall ſpot of ground, which by cultivation was ſufficient to maintain his family. Thither they retired, and during ten years taſted all the ſweets of peace and happineſs. Content with his lot, he forgot in the embraces of his wife and children the difference of this fortune, from that to which he ſeemed entitled at his birth. An unexpected event came to deſtroy the fruits of time and reaſon; and to replunge him into a dreadful abyſs of cares and misfortunes. Mr. *V*——— having been attacked for almoſt a year by a ſlow but mortal diſeaſe, felt ſome remorſe for his unnatural conduct towards his ſon. On the brink of the grave, his troubled conſcience made him look forward with horror to the formidable moment of an approaching diſſolution. Religion, ſo conſoling to thoſe who have lived well, could only add to the ſecret terrors that haunted him. He ſtrove in vain to baniſh the cutting remorſe that purſued him; he drew to that period, when the moſt perverſe mortal has no longer the pernicious faculty of deceiving himſelf. Truth, ſo dreadful to the guilty, came to dazzle and to confound him; and determined him at laſt to get information of the ſituation in which his ſon was. He ſpoke to his ſteward, who being a man of probity, and intereſted for the hapleſs *St. Andrè*, after many fruitleſs reſearches diſcovered his retreat, and wrote him the following letter:—"Mr. *Vilmore* is dying, and wiſhes for 'you. His oppreſſed heart is again awake to 'tenderneſs; do not therefore heſitate; fly into 'the arms of a father, who daily reproaches 'himſelf with all the misfortunes under which

" you have ſo long groaned. There is yet
" time; profit from theſe moments; his vain
" deſires of pride and ambition are now annihi-
" lated. He wiſhes to ſee you, but has not
" courage to aſk it. He is ſurrounded by your
" enemies, who already devour his ſubſtance
" and yours. I advertiſe you of their ſecret
" diſpoſitions. Appear; conduct to his feet
" your unfortunate family; and you will re-
" cover all your rights. But make haſte; all
" depends on your activity and diligence."—*St. André* heſitated not; the intereſt of his children outweighed every other reflection. He ſold at an under price his little incloſure, and ſet out with his family. On quitting this loved place a confuſed emotion made him ſhed tears; he regretted his humble cottage, and could not tear himſelf away without feeling grief and trouble inexpreſſible. To expedite their arrival he was compelled to buy a carriage and travel poſt; and the expences of this journey nearly conſumed the fruits of ſixteen years hard labour. At length he deſcried the walls of Paris, and preſently after the ſplendid habitation of his father.—At this ſight *Blanche* threw herſelf into his arms.—Here then, ſaid ſhe, would have been your abode without me; and yet you can regret that we have now left. *St. André* wept and embraced her: and this inſtant, which brought before her eyes the full value of thoſe ſacrifices, with which he had never reproached her; this moment, ſo affecting and ſo flattering, was perhaps one of the ſweeteſt of her life.

But alas! what grievous news awaited them! the friendly ſteward ran to him, and informed them,

them, that he had in the night informed his maſter of their approach, but that theſe tidings did not at the time determine him: that he had paſſed a moſt dreadful night; and in the morning feeling himſelf near his end, he deſired a confeſſor to be called; and after two long conferences he reſolved to make a new will. Thus far all was favourable for you, continued the ſteward; the worthy prieſt ſpoke with ſo much energy of his proceedings againſt you, that, penetrated with awe and remorſe, he did not heſitate about ſending for his notary; but at that minute your courier arrived with intelligence, that you would be here in two hours. Mr. *V*——— at that moment experienced an emotion, which produced the moſt fatal effects: he inſtantly loſt the uſe of ſpeech, a circumſtance rendered ſtill more terrible to him, as he retains his ſenſes and recollection perfect. In fine, he knows you are here, and manifeſts the greateſt deſire to ſee you. The phyſicians ſay, that your preſence may occaſion another change, and reſtore to him the faculty he is deprived of. Come, Sir, let us loſe no more time.—At theſe words *St. André*, followed by his family, went into his father's apartment; who on ſeeing him raiſed his eyes to heaven, and ſtretched out his arms to him. *St. André* ran, and threw himſelf on his knees by the bed-ſide; Mr. *Vilmore* regarded him with the moſt pathetic expreſſion in his eyes, and the name of *St. André* burſt from his lips. On this the confeſſor ran to him, and ſaid, make one effort more, your lawyer is here; one word, a ſingle word will confirm the fortunes of a wretch, which your

ſilence and death will doom for ever to the moſt frightful poverty. Implore the Almighty for grace, in theſe laſt moments allotted you, to make reparation for the ſufferings of innocence. At theſe tremendous words, Mr. *Vilmore* lifted his claſped hands to heaven, opened his mouth, attempted to ſpeak, but could only articulate a few interrupted and confuſed ſounds. Grief, terror and remorſe were painted on his countenance. His arms ſtiffened, and the paleneſs of death overſpread his features. The prieſt approached, and offered him the crucifix; but this miſerable dying ſinner, raving with agony and deſpair, caſt a dreadful look on his ſon, and beholding with a wild and furious air the proffered crucifix, puſhed it from him with horror: the moſt ſhocking convulſions at this inſtant ended his life. The bare recital of ſo terrible and inſupportable a death makes one tremble, and is a leſſon for ever uſeful and ſtriking for fathers (if there remain any ſuch) who are capable of hating and of abandoning their offſpring. He died without making any proviſion for *St. Andrè*; there was no will but ſuch a one as hatred had dictated. Thus his irreſolution and late remorſe ſerved only to make his end more agoniſing and dreadful, without altering the condition of his unhappy ſon; who was now infinitely more to be pitied than ever, and reflected with diſmay on all the woes to which this laſt reverſe had reduced him. He had ſtill ſome money remaining. He retired with his family to a remote ſuburb, where he hired an apartment to reflect at leaſt during the night on the courſe they ſhould purſue. The children, fatigued

fatigued with their journey, and ſtill too young to feel the torments of diſappointment, ſoon fell aſleep, and peaceably enjoyed the moſt profound repoſe. One melancholy lamp gave light to this gloomy retreat. *St. Andrè*, now dumb and motionleſs, ſat with wandering eyes, then ſtarted up and traverſed the room with haſty ſteps, and diſcovered by every geſture the cruel agitations of his ſoul. *Blanche*, till then overpowered by grief, looked up, ſighed, ran and threw herſelf at his feet.—Alas, miſerable man! ſaid ſhe, into what an abyſs have I plunged you! without me, without this fatal love, you would this day be happy, and your life would have been as fortunate as it is now deplorable: but if you ſtill love me, your courage will not abandon you.—Let the voice of your wife and the ſight of your children revive you.—My children, replied *St. Andrè*, my children! I could ſupport thy miſery and my own, but theſe unfortunates! have they thy reaſon or thy ſtrength? See them lament and ſuffer! No, no; it would be better——At theſe words he pauſed, and went to the other end of the room, and threw himſelf into a chair.—Oh, heaven! exclaimed the affrighted *Blanche*, what do you make me imagine? What horrid deſign?—She could ſay no more; ſobs ſtopt her ſpeech; and *St. Andrè* came to her with a fierce and gloomy air.—Believe me, *Blanche*; dry your tears; we have endured life long enough; our taſk is ended; one moment will ſet us free; and I have courage to give you the example.—This terrible ſpeech re-animated *Blanche*, who collecting all her fortitude, with a firm voice ex-

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claimed—Who I! ſhall I thus offend heaven and nature? I abandon my children? I ſhould be altogether wicked and barbarous. Alas! I am only unfortunate; innocence is left me; and I can ſupport it all.—Yes, if you condemn me to the agony of ſurviving you, I ſhall have the courage to endeavour at leaſt to prolong ſo cruel an exiſtence. I will live for thy children, thoſe hapleſs children, whom you would betray and abandon to misfortunes, which you yourſelf have not the courage to endure.—At theſe words ſome tears fell from the eyes of *St. Andrè*; and his wife ſeeing him ſoftened, ſeized that favourable moment to melt and draw him back to virtue. *St. Andrè* having recollected himſelf, acknowledged, deteſted and abjured his ill conduct; was convinced, that religion, honour and nature equally required him to live. But his body ſunk under theſe violent agitations; he was ſeized with a burning fever, which ſoon carried him to the brink of the grave; and reduced *Blanche* to the utmoſt extremity of grief. She beheld on one ſide her dying huſband, and on the other her dear children famiſhing with cold and hunger. In this diſtreſs ſhe invoked heaven to terminate by one blow the miſerable exiſtence of ſo many innocents. One morning, mournfully ſeated by his bed, ſhe conſidered his viſage diſfigured by the ſhades of death, which recalled to her remembrance that period of her youth, when, in a ſituation nearly ſimilar, ſhe felt the firſt impreſſion of a paſſion, ſince ſo fatal to both. This thought reanimating her tenderneſs, ſhe ſeized one of his hands, and bathing it with her tears—Oh, dear ſpouſe

ſaid ſhe, falling on her knees, can you pardon me the torments with which my luckleſs love has poiſoned all your days?—Alas! replied *St. Andrè*, my laſt moments are doubtleſs terrifying, ſince I leave you and my children in the depth of miſery; but if this diſmal and painful race was to be run over again, I would endure it all to poſſeſs you.—Theſe words were ſcarcely uttered, when the door flew open on a ſudden, and a ſight the moſt unexpected rivetted the eyes and attention of the unhappy pair. A young lady of about twenty-five years of age, of a charming figure, appeared, leading a little girl ſeven years old, and advanced with an affectionate air towards the bed, where ſhe ſtopped and diſmiſſed her attendants; and cauſing the door to be ſhut, addreſſed herſelf to *Blanche* in a ſoft voice, and aſked her name. *Blanche* confuſed and abaſhed, heſitated and trembled. *St. Andrè* conquered his weakneſs ſufficiently to raiſe himſelf, and in a few words delineated their wretched ſituation. I ſee, ſaid the lady, they told me true; God grant I may not be too late; and you, my child, ſaid ſhe, turning to her daughter who was weeping, obſerve well this room, and the affecting objects it contains, and never ſuffer the idea to be eraſed from your memory.—Take this purſe, and depoſit it at the foot of the bed; approach with reſpect; we owe that to the unfortunate; and by never forgetting it, you will one day become worthy the ſacred truſt, with which I now honour you.

You ſurely wiſh for the name of this charming and generous unknown; and you will be ſtill more intereſted, when I tell you that it was

Madame *Lagaraye* in the bloom of youth, with that daughter ſhe has ſince loſt, that only child who died at fifteen, and who, bleſſed with ſuch an education and example, might juſtly be the delight of ſo virtuous a mother. But to return to *St. Andrè:* Mr. *Lagaraye* hearing his hiſtory, was ſo ſenſibly touched by his ſufferings, that he offered him an aſylum on his eſtate; and at length placed him at the head of his new eſtabliſhment, which he has now directed ſix years. Mr. *Lagaraye* provided for all his children, and crowned all his favours by the gift of a charming houſe, ſurrounded by an immenſe garden. It is in this delightful retreat, that *St. Andrè* paſſes in ſweet repoſe the relics of a life heretofore ſo turbulent. It is there where the praiſes of Monſieur and Madame *Lagaraye* reſound every hour, and where their reſpectable names are written on all the walls, and celebrated every inſtant by the voices of ſentiment and gratitude.

LETTER III.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

AT length I have this morning enjoyed the happineſs of ſeeing and admiring the moſt reſpectable and intereſting of human beings. During the three days we have been at Lagaraye, I have had time to inform myſelf thoroughly of all he has done. I deſired to know him

him perfectly by his actions before I ſaw him; and beyond all I wiſhed, that my ſon (previouſly to that moment he ſo anxiouſly waited for) might be circumſtantially acquainted with the degree of admiration which Mr. *Lagaraye* merited from him, in order that I might obſerve the impreſſion, which the firſt interview with ſo extraordinary a man produced on *Theodore*. It was not ſufficient for me that my ſon ſhould behold him with emotion; I would have him unable to approach him without tranſport; and ſaid to myſelf, "If *Theodore* is not beſide himſelf at the ſight of *St. André*'s benefactor, and of the founder of all theſe works, I have deceived myſelf; my ſyſtem of education is of no value, and I have done nothing worthy of praiſe."

This morning my ſon, awakened by his impatience, roſe before day; and all of us were dreſt and aſſembled by ſix o'clock; and conducted by *St. André* took the road to what is here from habit ſtill called the Caſtle. It is a quarter of a league from the village, through an avenue of ancient elms. *Adelaide* and *Theodore*, though naturally ſo lively, walked quietly by us, keeping a profound ſilence, inſtead of ſkipping and chattering inceſſantly, as is their practice when animated by any thing intereſting: the truth is, they were really ſtruck. A common ſentiment is expreſt by lively and quick motions, but a deep impreſſion ever produces a kind of oppreſſion and recollection, which renders us at once equally ſerious, attentive, and ſedate. We were all on foot, and after a quarter of an hour's walk we perceived at the bottom

tom of the avenue a caſtle, whoſe elegant and noble architecture diſplayed grandeur and magnificence. Here *St. Andrè* made us ſtop, whilſt he told us, that this ſplendid edifice was the work of Mr. *Lagaraye*'s father: Vanity laid the foundation, and could not foreſee the uſe it would this day be put to. As the apartments are ſpacious, Mr. *Lagaraye* only changed the partitions to make it ſuitable to his deſign. It is there he lives, and there is the hoſpital for men. Turn your eyes to the right, and you will ſee a large new building quite unadorned; that is the hoſpital which Mr. *Lagaraye* has built for women. When *St. Andrè* ceaſed ſpeaking, we quickened our pace, and ſoon reached the gates of the Caſtle. It was ſeven o'clock; a porter dreſt in grey aſked our names, and admitted us. We croſſed two immenſe courts, and on entering the houſe were told, Mr. *Lagaraye* was in the chapel, where maſs was going to begin; and thither we deſired to be conducted. *St. Andrè* told us, he ſhould not preſent us till Mr. *Lagaraye* came out of the chapel; we went in, and ſeated ourſelves on an empty bench near the door. You will eaſily imagine how eagerly I caſt my eyes around to diſcover Mr. *Lagaraye*; *St. Andrè* whiſpered me, No ſeat or diſtinction will point him out, but he is in ſight; ſeek and gueſs. At this moment my ſon ſtruck my view, and I muſt own he alone fixed my attention. He was on tiptoe, his neck ſtretched out, his mouth half open, his breath appeared oppreſſed, and in this attitude his looks, bluſhes, and every action was expreſſive of the moſt lively emotion and curioſity.

curioſity. There were, excluſive of ourſelves, near fifty people, part convaleſcents, and the remainder ſervants, and workmen; but all dreſt in one uniform of coarſe grey cloth. Thus it was very difficult to diſtinguiſh Mr. *Lagaraye* wearing the ſame dreſs with the others, and ſeated accidentally. On a ſudden my ſon, quite tranſported, caught hold of my arm, crying out —See, there he is, that ſurely muſt be him—and pointing to a man of a noble and ſtriking figure, and whoſe long white hair, though he was not very old, ſpread over his ſhoulders, gave to his whole countenance a moſt venerable air, which commanded reſpect. The fervour of his devotion diſtinguiſhed him, and all eyes were turned towards him.—Yes, it is he, ſays *Theodore*; ſee, all eyes are fixed on him.—Indeed my ſon was not miſtaken; and doubtleſs theſe were the features, by which he moſt deſerved to be known. Maſs being ended, every body roſe, and made way for Mr. *Lagaraye*, who went out followed by the crowd bleſſing him as he paſſed. *St. Andrè* then went up to him, and announced in a low voice the intent of our journey; which done he preſented us, and Mr. *Lagaraye* received us with a politeneſs full of eaſe and ſweetneſs.—He embraced *Dainville* and I, and was going to do my ſon the like honour; but *Theodore*, forced by an impulſe (which filled me with delight,) put one knee to the ground, and kiſſed his hand, which he wet with the ſweeteſt tears he will perhaps ever ſhed. Mr. *Lagaraye*, ſurprized and moved, lifted him up, and took him in his arms, aſked the motive of an action, which his modeſty and ſimplicity prevented his compre-

comprehending. Madame *Almane* took upon herſelf the taſk of explaining it: Mr. *Lagaraye* liſtened with a mild and ſerene air, embraced my ſon, and ſaid——"I do not deſerve to be admired; I am ſatisfied; the manner of life I have adopted conſtitutes my felicity; and you ſee in me only a happy man."—Then, turning to us, propoſéd our ſeeing his houſe; and offering himſelf for our guide, conducted us firſt to the Infirmary, an immenſe room containing ſixty-two beds, diſpoſed in a ſtile of neatneſs and even elegance that ſurpaſſes all conception. But what appeared to us the moſt pathetic, was to ſee Mr. *Lagaraye* ſpeak in the moſt affectionate and conſolatory terms to all the invalids, and to hear them bleſs and thank him with the moſt lively expreſſions of tenderneſs and gratitude. At the ſound of his voice we beheld all the curtains half undraw, and every head throughout the hall raiſed and bent forward to enjoy the happineſs of ſeeing him. He appeared like a divinity, who deigns to diſpenſe his bleſſings in perſon in the temple where he is adored. This hall is lighted by four windows of Bohemian glaſs, and has two large doors and two chimnies. Teſtifying my admiration of its grandeur and regularity to Mr. *Lagaraye*, he replied,—It is not my building: I made uſe of it as I found it.—I expreſſed my ſurpriſe at what could have been its former uſe. He ſimply anſwered,—it was a theatre; but being the moſt ſpacious, dry and healthy place, I preferred it for my invalids.—Thoſe words, my dear Viſcount, *it was a theatre*, what a crowd of reflections did they not inſpire! a theatre converted into an hoſpital!

hoſpital! what an aſtoniſhing change! This man, who was talking to me, clad in coarſe raiment, and ſurrounded by theſe direful and loathſome objects, I figured to myſelf as the perſon, who formerly in this very hall had engaged in the ſweeteſt and moſt elegant pleaſures, and in the midſt of a brilliant and numerous ſociety. I ſaid to myſelf, it could have been only the enthuſiaſm of an heated imagination, or the boundleſs ambition of raiſing a name, that could have induced him to make ſuch ſacrifices; but yet ſimplicity of manners, and an air of calmneſs, modeſty and peace announce neither fanaticiſm nor pride. Mr. *Lagaraye* appears happy, and a munificent philoſopher. Is it poſſible, that theſe mild virtues could produce alone ſuch extenſive deſigns, and ſo ſingular a conduct? Theſe ideas occupied me deeply, and I anxiouſly wiſhed, if it was poſſible, by a particular converſation to inveſtigate his ſyſtem, and his moſt ſecret ſentiments. In the mean time we left the infirmary, and were conducted by Mr. *Lagaraye* to the apothecary's apartment, whom he preſented to us as a man of diſtinguiſhed merit and education. Here is a compleat ſurgery, diſpoſed with that order and elegance, which is ſo conſpicuous in this manſion. From thence we proceeded to the oppoſite extremity of the houſe, into a very large room, heretofore a ſaloon, whoſe beautiful carving, gilding, and wainſcot, painted white, yet remains; but it is now furniſhed with ſmall tables and forms ſet in rows, round a kind of pulpit, ſomewhat raiſed, and placed in the centre of the room.—This, ſaid Mr. *Lagaraye*,

garaye, is my ſchool; here all the lads of the village, from ten o'clock till noon, and again from three to four in the evening, are taught to read and write; and at ſeven every night I read a leſſon of morality, which I compoſed and had printed expreſly for theſe children. This work is in two parts; the firſt for infancy, and the ſecond for youth. Madame *Lagaraye* has formed an eſtabliſhment exactly ſimilar for the girls. After this intereſting explanation, Mr. *Lagaraye* propoſed our ſeeing his apartment, which conſiſted only of a ſmall bed-chamber, a charming cabinet, a library, and laboratory.—You have ſeen, ſays he, what are my occupations; reading, chymiſtry, the ſtudy of phyſic, and botany, are my amuſements; and I proteſt to you, that during twelve years I have not experienced a ſingle moment of wearineſs. *St. Andrè* whiſpered me—Could you have had any idea of what you have ſeen?—No, ſurely, replied I; to be known, he muſt be both ſeen and heard. He ſpeaks of all he has done with a plainneſs, which takes away all ſurpriſe; and one is even tempted to believe, whilſt he is ſpeaking, that it would be eaſy and pleaſant to imitate him. He ſeems purely only a philoſopher; nevertheleſs I own to you, I cannot reconcile ſuch unprecedented ſacrifices with a cool brain, and an imagination ſo little inflamed.—I had foreſeen your aſtoniſhment, returned *St. Andrè*, and was willing to leave you the pleaſure of hearing from his own mouth, by what chain of ideas he was conducted to that point of perfection, at which it is impoſſible for any one to arrive without a piety equally ſublime. When you are maſter of

that

that intereſting part of his hiſtory, I doubt not but your ſurpriſe will end in the higheſt admiration. As he finiſhed theſe words, Mr. *Lagaraye* advanced towards us, ſaying, the clock ſtrikes; nine is our breakfaſt hour; will you be of the party? At this inſtant a female, dreſſed in the Lagaraye uniform, entered the room and ſaluted us; Mr. *Lagaraye* embraced her; I need not tell you this was Madame *Lagaraye*. He preſented her, and ſhe received us with that eaſe and politeneſs which characterizes both; and already prejudiced by *Blanche* in our favour, honoured Madame *Almane* and Madame *D'Oſtalis* with expreſſions of particular friendſhip. She is ſtill a regular and ſtriking beauty, and preſerves, notwithſtanding her age, which is forty, a moſt extraordinary bloom; her countenance is equally mild and chearful; and her perſon is ſo noble and diſtinguiſhed, that her dreſs appears only a diſguiſe: ſhe is lively, free, communicative, talks well, and with an earneſtneſs which attracts attention, and gives to her expreſſions a particular air, that in any other perſon would ſeem the height of affectation, but in her is pure nature; and makes her converſation equally animated, agreeable, and intereſting. She admires and loves her huſband to a degree bordering on enthuſiaſm, and liſtens to all the encomiums beſtowed on him with eagerneſs and tranſport. In half an hour I defined all this, and readily conceived, that loving Mr. *Lagaraye* ſo entirely, a lively imagination would eaſily lead her to comply with every thing he propoſes; but he was ſtill an enigma; and every moment increaſed my curioſity. We were informed

informed breakfaſt was ready. Mr. *Lagaraye's* apartment is on the ground floor; and he led us through his cloſet into a little grove, where we found a table loaded with fruit, and the produce of the dairy. The whole ſociety met at the ſame time, conſiſting of the two ſurgeons, the curate of Lagaraye, *Blanche*, and the chymiſt, whom we had already ſeen.—Behold, ſaid Mr. *Lagaraye*, the companions of our retirement. Their ſenſe, knowledge, and better than all their friendſhip, have for ten years been its chief charm. During the repaſt the converſation became general, and was both agreeable and lively. Breakfaſt ended by a walk in the garden, which was all dedicated to the uſe of the kitchen, excepting a great walk of cheſnut trees. Madame *Lagaraye* reſumed the diſcourſe, and pointed out the beauty of the trees and fruits.—All you ſee, ſaid ſhe, all theſe uſeful productions are Mr. *Lagaraye's* work. Thoſe orchards of various fruits were formerly groves of myrtle and roſes; thoſe eſpaliers were covered with jaſmine and honey-ſuckles; that vaſt field of herbs was formed into parterres enamelled with a thouſand flowers; here we were loſt in the mazes of a labyrinth; there loſty horn-beam hedges were reaching to the clouds; nature, every where uſeleſs and conſtrained, preſented only the works of art. A wiſe and good hand deſtroyed all theſe monuments of luxury, fit only for the effeminacy of ſloth. The enchanted gardens of Armida diſappeared; and in their place aroſe peace, order, plenty and happineſs; an abode worthy of the maſter who inhabits it. Whilſt Madame *Lagaraye* was ſpeaking

ng, I admired the fire in her eyes, the varied nd expreſſive turns of her countenance. You nuſt allow, that women of real ſenſibility exeed us by a delicacy, of which we are not ſuſeptible; they have a certain ingenuity in exracting enjoyment from numberleſs little inidents, which eſcape or make no impreſſion on ur minds. The pliability of their organs make hem experience paſſionate emotions, which we an ſcarcely comprehend. They have a manner of loving peculiar to themſelves: and ſhe, who on her lover's departure, propoſed to him to ook every night at the moon at a particular our, enjoyed ſurely by this engagement a moſt elicious ſentiment; and I am perſuaded that our alone compenſated for all the trouble of he day. Taliſmans, cyphers, and hair braceets, all theſe delicate inventions are theirs; hilſt we, who are capable of ſacrificing our xiſtence, and too often our glory for their akes, ſet little value on what gives them ſuch elight. Our paſſions are perhaps ſtronger and nore fervent: but their ſenſibility being moved nd attracted more eaſily, and being more conınual and uniform, muſt certainly procure them njoyments unknown to man, and happineſs referable to any we can taſte. I ſhall not apogiſe to you, my dear Viſcount, for this direſſion; your love for woman will inſure its ardon. But let us return to *Lagaraye*. *St. Indrè*, as he walked by Mr. *Lagaraye*, made im partly acquainted with my aſtoniſhment, nd the difficulty I found in fixing my opinion f him. Mr. *Lagaraye* turning to me, ſaid—If ou can ſpare me a few moments, I can perhaps

ſatisfy your curioſity. Madame *Lagaraye* joining in our converſation, intreated him to give us not only a circumſtantial account of his life, but of his ſentiments alſo. He conſented, and ſeated himſelf on a green bank, ſhaded by trees, between Madame *Almane* and me; the reſt of the company ſurrounded us, and my children took care to place themſelves ſo as to ſee his face. We were all ſilent, whilſt Mr. *Lagaraye*, whoſe every word is engraved on my memory, addreſſed us in the following terms:

" I ſpent the greateſt part of my life in tumult and diſſipation. Maſter of my liberty at the age of twenty, and of a conſiderable fortune, neglected in my education, ignorant how to employ or to conduct myſelf, I ſought for happineſs where it never can be found, that is, in vain and frivolous amuſements. My heart was cold, or, to expreſs myſelf more properly, my natural ſenſibility was ſtifled by the life I led; yet my brain inflamed me, and led me more aſtray. I wiſhed to be happy; but having no idea of thoſe pure and tranquil joys, which alone are permanent, I deſpiſed and left the advantages I poſſeſſed, to ſearch after imaginary delights. At length my eyes began to be open: being weary, diſguſted with every thing, having enjoyed nothing, I felt ſatiety without having experienced thoſe tumultuous pleaſures which commonly precede it: I reaped from all theſe illuſions only an importunate remembrance of them, attended by a cruel uncertainty. I ſearched to the bottom of my heart; and queſtioning it, I found it feeling; and at length diſcovered, that to taſte of happineſs it was that alone which

which I muſt conſult. A new world ſeemed opened to my view. Until then diſcontented and ſelfiſh, I quickly flew from one extreme to the other. To love, and to live alone for the ſake of thoſe objects which were become dear to me, ſuch was the new plan of felicity which I had planned. I was a father; I reſigned my heart up to the ſweeteſt and moſt natural affections. I doated on my daughter; till then I knew not happineſs. But this happineſs brought with it fears and agitations, of which till that moment I had had no idea. At that time, when my daughter by her virtues and her tenderneſs filled my ſoul with the moſt delightful ſenſations, a horrid thought would poiſon all my joy; the bare poſſibility that ſo pure a delight might be raviſhed from me; that accident or ſickneſs could in one moment deſtroy all my preſent and future happineſs. This cruel reflection harrowed up my ſoul, even in the inſtant in which I felt myſelf moſt bleſſed."—Here Mr. *Lagaraye* pauſed, remarking without doubt Madame *Almane*, who, with eyes fixed on *Adelaide*, could not reſtrain her tears.—After a moment's ſilence he proceeded. "Yet my ideas expanding by degrees, I felt all the ſweets of benevolence by diſpenſing happineſs around. At firſt all was pleaſing; but ſoon the impoſſibility of relieving to the extent of my wiſhes, cauſed me to make bitter reflections on luxury and vanity, which robs wailing miſery of ſuccour, and compels us to let it implore in vain. Thus was I ſituated, when an event the moſt horrid and unforeſeen, by taking from me my chief happineſs, haſtened to accompliſh a total change in my

my mind. My daughter, ſo worthy of our tendereſt affection, on account of her virtues, accompliſhments and beauty, that dear child, the amiable object of all our cares and hopes, in the midſt of a grand entertainment made for her ſuddenly fell as if thunderſtruck, and expired in our arms. . . . Imagine, if it is poſſible, the grief, conſternation and terror ſpread through the hall by this dreadful cataſtrophe! . . . While we ſurrounded the innocent victim, the ſongs and ſhouts of joy of the croud, celebrating at a diſtance the feſtival, reſounded in our ears. . . Horrid contraſt, which by making this event appear more extraordinary, rendered it ſtill more terrible!

Relieved from the ſtupidity a violent deſpair at firſt occaſions, I abandoned myſelf to new reflections. What! ſaid I, are theſe the precious fruits of that ſenſibility I held ſo dear? One moment may annihilate all the bliſs it gives! . . . Yet without it this life is only a tireſome and cold vegetation; there is no real good but what flows from the heart: but to attach oneſelf paſſionately, to place all one's happineſs on a ſingle object, is to expoſe oneſelf to griefs and troubles, which carry horror in the very thought; love and good works are neceſſary to our exiſtence; but why confine all our affections to one or two weak and frail creatures? Univerſal beneficence! that is the virtuous ſentiment which inſpires the ſage; who by ſtrengthening and preſerving in his heart this ſublime paſſion, prepares conſolation, which will enable him to ſupport the ſorrows his particular affections may cauſe him. It is true, he will

eep for the loſs of his friends; but he will not ſpair, nor think himſelf left deſtitute on earth, hilſt there remain misfortunes which he can re-ve. Shall life be a burthen to me whilſt I n extend protection to the helpleſs orphan, iſe the courage of virtue ſinking under op-eſſion, extricate from deſpair wretches deli-red up to miſery, vice, and death; and ange ſuch horrid deſtinies for pure and ſerene ys; and having it in my power to run an eful, nay glorious career, ſhall my heart aſted by vain regrets conſume in melancholy d deſpondence the reſidue of a weak and ameable ſenſibility? Oh my daughter! you e no more! never again ſhall I hear from your ar mouth the ſweet name of father! nor my es be bleſſed with your ſight! I ſhall no more eſs you with tranſport to my breaſt, that eaſt agoniſing which received your laſt ſigh; u are torn from me for ever! but my heart is ft me; by conſulting that I can ſtill be hap-; I ſhall hear the wretched bleſs me, as I pe away their tears and dry up their ſource; d I ſhall feel ſatisfaction and delight in the atitude and joy I occaſion. Theſe ſalutary flections reanimated and eaſed my ſpirits; my ul reaſſumed its former vigour, and roſe by grees to enthuſiaſm. With a lively fancy ited to reaſon, I at length formed the project devoting myſelf entirely to thoſe ſacred du-s, to which my life has ever ſince been dedi-ed. To execute the plan I meditated, it uld not be ſufficient to renounce the world, luxuries and vanities: ſelf muſt alſo be en-ely forgotten and neglected, and the whole

of a large fortune, together with my time, attention, and ſtudy, appropriated to the relief of others. I wiſhed to be legiſlator of a community made happy through my benevolence. Vain of ſo new a project, I was not inſenſible to the glory it would beſtow; I thought of making great ſacrifices, and perhaps a little pride mingling with enthuſiaſm helped to confirm my reſolution. Aſſured of the heart of Madame *Lagaraye*, and knowing her love for virtue and for all its dictates, I communicated my ideas to her, in which the ſtrength and ſenſibility of her ſoul made her acquieſce with tranſport. We ſet out for Montpellier, after having written to our relations and friends our fixed reſolves. You know the reſt, and I have nothing further to acquaint you with, but the real ſtate of my heart at preſent. In ſpeculation my projects appeared to require vigorous and even painful exertions, and doubtleſs that pride I mentioned was neceſſary to enable me to bear the idea. I am not aſhamed to acknowledge, that I expected more glory than happineſs: but there is in good works an inexhauſtible ſpring of pure felicity, which imagination alone can never reach, and which I have experienced. Deeply occupied in the neceſſary cares of agriculture, of my manufacturies, my inhabitants, and my patients, theſe objects alone filled my mind and engaged my affections, made me forget the world, and the frivolous ambition of being admired. I turned my thoughts to that ſupreme judge, who can alone ſet a juſt value on man's works; and preſumed to believe that ſome of mine were an homage not unworthy

even of him:—This thought exalting (as I may ſay) my mind above the world, rendered me inſenſible to the deceitful allurements of reſtleſs vanity. I proved, that it was from religion alone I could derive courage joyfully to perſevere in the enterprize I had formed. But how ſhall I deſcribe to you the happineſs, almoſt without allay, I have experienced for ten years paſt, ſince it is beyond the power of words to delineate it? Judge, if it be poſſible, from the retroſpect of all I have done; I will begin by the manufacturies. As there is no trade which may not be acquired in three years, I have already ſeen my manufacturers thrice renewed; there are in all one hundred workmen employed; by trebling this number you will have three hundred; their labours are either conſumed in the hoſpitals, or ſold, and the profit added to my income. In improving my lands, which ſtep has anſwered amazingly, and in building, I have engaged near two hundred and eighty more; add to theſe ſixty ſtrangers, who have been received and ſettled at Lagaraye during eleven years. The ſtewards, nurſes, and ſervants to the hoſpitals amount to ſeventy perſons more: I keep an exact account of all the ſick cured to this day; there are nearly nine thouſand, including thoſe from an hoſpital of inoculation, not yet mentioned, but which I erected about a quarter of a league from hence. Theſe numbers united comprehend a total of nine thouſand ſeven hundred and ten. My firſt eſtabliſhments were certainly very expenſive, but the ſale of all our furniture, plate, jewels, trinkets, wardrobes, &c. brought the neceſſary

ſum, and in ten years my revenues are increaſed more than a third. Although I have attained my fifty-ſeventh year, I may expect to live ſtill ten years; and then you muſt nearly double the calculation juſt now made, which is far from being exaggerated. Should I reach ſeventy-ſeven years, it will be trebled: how dear and precious does this idea make life to me! Thus having multiplied the bands which tie me to this world, I do not look forward without concern to the awful moment when, by my death, ſo many will loſe their ſole ſupport.

I owe my ſucceſſors the fortune I inherited, and can only diſpoſe of the increaſe, a ſum too inconſiderable to maintain theſe eſtabliſhments. Moreover leaving hoſpitals to the care of intereſted perſons, is frequently doing more for the advantage of the truſtees, than for the poor. I only order by will, that the ſick in theſe hoſpitals, on the day of my death, ſhall remain till they are cured, and a certain ſum of money to be given them at their diſmiſſion; and alſo that the workmen ſhall be ſuffered to finiſh their apprenticeſhip, I provide for ſome who have ſerved me faithfully, and leave the reſt to Providence. I have nothing left to entertain you with, but a ſummary account of the inhabitants. In return for procuring them eaſe and happineſs, I require them to be induſtrious, orderly, and peaceable. I adjuſt their diſputes; for ſome will always exiſt in large ſocieties. My deciſions have ever met with reſpect and obedience.—I rebuke with ſeverity all kinds of diſorder; and never ſuffer idleneſs. I will have even the amuſements active and manly. In Lagaraye there are wine mer-

chants and inns; but not one alehouſe, that is to ſay, no houſes open to the idle and intemperate. They receive and lodge ſtrangers; but clubs are ſtrictly forbidden. Thoſe who infringe this law, by admitting the inhabitants and ſelling them wine, are baniſhed for ever. On Sundays and holidays, the young are encouraged to amuſe themſelves in various games, ſuch as cricket, ſwinging, &c. &c. but, it is my abſolute command, no money ſhall ever be played for. Wine and cyder are provided at my expence; and not unfrequently, ſeated with the old men, I am a pleaſed ſpectator of theſe ſports. Bows and arrows are one of the amuſements I have introduced: I give a prize yearly to the moſt dexterous. In the village are two large ſpots appropriated to this uſe; where, beneath trees diſpoſed in the form of an amphitheatre, are benches for the ſpectators. The old men occupy the firſt row, and behind them are placed the wives, maids, and children. I have prohibited muſic and dancing; and this ſeverity, which perhaps will appear unreaſonable, has greatly contributed to that perfect purity of manners I ſo much deſired. The lads live ſeparate from the girls; they do not ſo much as join in their diverſions; that there can be no improper familiarities. The young women ſometimes dance in circles to the ſound of their own voices; they ſing and recount ancient ballads, and are preſent at the public games. Such are their pleaſures: knowing no other, they do not think it poſſible to find any more delightful. I had a great deal of trouble in bringing them to this degree of innocence and ſimplicity. It was neceſſary to reform the man-

ners of the common peaſants, rendered brutal by idleneſs, miſery, and debauchery: but I was inſenſibly gaining my end, by patience, firmneſs, exhortations, and reward, when Madame *Lagaraye* thought of a quicker and a more expeditious means, that of emulation, which is only a deſire to diſtinguiſh one's ſelf, a ſentiment found in every heart, and which leads to virtue, and can ſometimes even ſupply her place. Reaſon convinced Madame *Lagaraye*, that purity of manners would ever dwell in well-regulated families; ſhe therefore propoſed I ſhould give an annual prize to good fathers and good mothers. It was a woman who merited the firſt prize, and a man gained the next; ſo it has now been given alternately for ſix years. The prize is 300 livres and a ſilver medal, preſented with a great deal of pomp and ceremony. You cannot imagine how ſudden and miraculous a revolution it produced; alehouſes from that moment ceaſed to be regretted; huſbands and wives became aſſiduous in their houſehold duties; both became tenderly attached to their children, reformed themſelves by their endeavours to inſtruct, and ſet their offspring good examples; gained to themſelves love and reſpect, by forming a virtuous generation; and found happineſs at home, by fulfilling the moſt ſacred and pleaſing duties." Thus, my dear Viſcount, did Mr. *Lagaraye* open to us a ſoul intoxicated with the love of virtue. I had ſtill ſome queſtions to aſk him——Without doubt, ſaid I, your ſenſibility and benevolence procure you a felicity the moſt enviable, but ſtill it cannot be without alloy; every condition has its troubles: for example, that duty to which you particularly devote

devote yourſelf, attendance on the ſick, the diſmal ſight of their ſufferings or death muſt give you the moſt cruel pangs.—"Thoſe are in fact the only ſorrows of my life, yet they are not ſo poignant as you imagine; the hopes of curing, or at leaſt of relieving their pains, occupy and ſuſtain me. An inactive pity racks the ſoul, but when we are employed in the hopes of being uſeful, it becomes a ſentiment, which redoubles our ſtrength and reanimates our courage. I ſtrive as much as poſſible to ſoften the horrors of death, by proſcribing all that mournful pomp which uſually precedes it. My mouth never pronounces the fatal ſentence. I engage them to fulfil all the religious rites before they are in danger; nor have I the cruelty to ſtrike conſternation and diſmay into weak minds. I diſcourſe with them on the power and goodneſs of God; I diſpoſe them to love and not to fear him; I offer them only ſweet and conſolatory ideas, and flatter myſelf that peace and ſecurity follow them to the grave. How is it poſſible that a man without education or philoſophy, when weakened by pain, can hear with patience the rough exhortation of a prieſt, who comes to alarm his thoughts and trouble his conſcience? Can we believe he will ſupport, without terror and deſpair, all the mournful preparations for death? thoſe diſmal tapers ſet round his bed, and thoſe agoniſing prayers * ſounded in his ears? No; his ſenſes

* All theſe cuſtoms are obſerved ſtill in all the villages and moſt of the little cities in the provinces. I myſelf have ſeen a father by his expiring daughter's bed-ſide, reciting aloud the prayers for the dying, which begin and end

are bewildered, his heart faints under the black ideas engendered by fear; they poiſon his laſt moments; they make thoſe moments dreadful and terrible, and even accelerate them. Is it poſſible that a religion, the moral of which is as mild as it is pure and ſublime, can inſpire ſuch madneſs, and cruelty ſo abſurd? But to finiſh my anſwer—From what I have been ſaying you will underſtand, that the ſight of death is leſs grievous here than any where elſe, and conſequently that it moves and affects me leſs than you imagined. Moreover, my ſenſibility for theſe unhappy ſufferers is unconfined, univerſal, and includes the whole; no choice or preference binds me to one more than another. I love and take care of all, becauſe they ſuffer; and that ſame reaſon conſoles me for their death. Then if I am ſo fortunate to ſave and to reſtore one to perfect health, it gives me a thouſand times more ſatisfaction, than the loſs of the others can give me grief." — By this anſwer Mr. *Lagaraye* ſatisfactorily removed all my doubts. I was as perfectly acquainted as himſelf with his ſentiments and ſituation of mind. The reſult of this knowledge compelled me to deem him the moſt aſtoniſhing, the moſt admirable, and the happieſt man on earth. Why ſhould ſuch a man be born

end with theſe words: "Chriſtian ſoul, leave the world." What words for the mouth of a father! What horrid madneſs! .... It is equally offenſive to religion and to humanity. Beſides all this ſhocking apparatus, which can only inſpire terror in the dying perſon, excites alſo in the attendants the fear and horror of death; a weakneſs very inconſiſtent with Chriſtianity, which particularly recommends courage, aud preſcribes a contempt of life.

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in a rank to display only an abridged and small pattern of all the moral and legislative virtues? He ought to have been successor to an Alexander, who, after ravaging and subduing the universe, would have compensated all by leaving it in such worthy hands. What delightful days of peace and felicity history would have transmitted to us! It would at least have given us the idea of perfection, and have assured us of its reality. But other circumstances, and another condition, might have made even Mr. *Lagaraye* a different man. All those events he has related, were requisite to raise him to that point of perfection, and produce that crowd of ideas which depended on each other. Although he has a soul full of greatness and passion, he does not appear ever to have felt love. He past those days, when the impressions are most lively, in error and extreme dissipation. This time being over, other sentiments filled his heart. But let us suppose he had loved his wife passionately; that that union had never been interrupted by any disaster; his daughter living; he would have been without doubt an affectionate and faithful husband, a tender and anxious parent, busied in his family, in his fortune, and his preferment, assisting his friends and neighbours, a worthy and a valuable man; but he would not have been Mr. *Lagaraye*. After these reflections, it is not to be wondered at that great men are so seldom to be met with. Genius, deep and just designs, a vast and cultivated understanding, the fortunate union of all these virtues, would produce nothing really useful, without an happy concurrence of circumstances, and the advantages of rank and fortune.

Here, my dear Viſcount, is the account I promiſed you, which I am perſuaded will make a deep impreſſion on your mind. I feel that *Lagaraye* will be ever preſent in mine, nor can time blot from my memory any thing I have here ſeen. We are to-morrow to be preſent in the ſchool, when Mr. and Madame *Lagaraye* inſtruct the children. I ſhall write to you again on Friday: Saturday we ſet out for Breſt, there to remain ſome days. But I ſhall certainly be at Paris towards the end of the month; and as I ſhall only ſtay a ſhort time, I hope I ſhall find you and all your family there, and that you will not begin your little journies till after my departure for Languedoc.

LETTER IV.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

WE were yeſterday and the day before with Mr. and Madame *Lagaraye*, whilſt they fulfilled a duty, which appeared to us not one of their leaſt intereſting or uſeful occupations. In a word, we ſaw Mr. *Lagaraye* ſurrounded by children, reading moral inſtructions on the duties of men in general, and of thoſe in their ſituation in particular. This courſe of morality, compriſed in one little volume, is written with as much clearneſs and exactneſs as ſimplicity. It is divided into chapters, of which he never reads more than one

at a ſitting, making frequent pauſes, either to queſtion ſome one of his auditors, or to explain any part he thinks beyond their comprehenſion. It is really very pathetic to ſee with what kindneſs he anſwers or queſtions them; and that he may be more clearly underſtood, adapts his compariſons and expreſſions to their capacities. The children liſten to him with an attention that nothing can diſturb. Mr. and Madame *Lagaraye* gave me a copy of their reſpective lectures; I ſpent a night in reading theſe two little volumes; the truths and good ſenſe I found there not ſuffering me to quit them. Theſe works, though extremely ſimple, appeared to me both intereſting and uſeful. Their value is increaſed by being made for an obſcure claſs, forgotten or diſdained by all former writers. The children are admitted into theſe ſchools at twelve years of age, and remain till fifteen, the prieſt having previouſly inſtructed them in their catechiſm; ſo that a freſh ſett of twelve, taking the places of thoſe who are fifteen, the ſchool is renewed every three years. During the firſt ſix months Mr. *Lagaraye* reads to them his work, which is ſucceeded by the Goſpel, which takes up eighteen months; they then return to Mr. *Lagaraye*'s leſſons. Madame *Lagaraye* follows the ſame proceſs exactly with the girls. I was curious to know whether, in ſuch a number, Mr. *Lagaraye* had not found ſome of diſtinguiſhed abilities.—

I have, replied he, met with many who gave hopes of wit and knowledge, but I reſolved to draw none from their proper ſphere, unleſs poſſeſſed of ſuperior and very ſtriking talents. Of ſuch I have found but two in all this time. As

there are many capacities, which the ſimplicity of my ſchool would ſuit infinitely better, than one where the beauties of Homer and Virgil are diſplayed, ſo theſe two young men were abſolutely miſplaced among their companions: I therefore procured them a more diſtinguiſhed education. One was born with a remarkable genius for the mathematics, and is now become a great geometrician, and ſettled in a foreign land. The other, named *Porphire*, ſon to a labourer in the neighbourhood, was one of my firſt pupils. I was attached to that child by his meekneſs and ſenſibility, and ſoon diſcovered in him a moſt aſtoniſhing underſtanding and memory. He profited ſo much by the particular pains I beſtowed on him, that I determined to ſend him to finiſh his ſtudies at Paris. He is now twenty-two years old, and merits, by his virtue, wiſdom, conduct, and gratitude, the parental tenderneſs I feel for him. He poſſeſſes as much wit as learning, is paſſionately fond of poetry and letters, and I am ſure he will one day cultivate them with ſucceſs."—I need not tell you, my dear Viſcount, how eagerly I enquired for this young man's direction. I find he ſpends every winter at Paris, ſo that I ſhall certainly ſee him on my return from Languedoc; for I muſt be acquainted with the beloved pupil of Mr. *Lagaraye*. We ſet out in an hour, and ſhall ſleep at ——. Our children are quite in deſpair at leaving Lagaraye. My ſon this morning imparting his grief to me, I ſaid, "Perſevere in this admiration "which does you honour. Never forget this "great man; and let the recollection of his ſu"blime virtues ever remind you, that it is reli-

"gion

" gion and piety alone that can inſpire ſo perfect " a neglect of one's ſelf. A noble pride, the " love of glory, often produces great actions; " benevolence and compaſſion make one per- " form good ones: but worldly motives never " raiſe us to this degree of heroiſm and perfec- " tion. Inſtinct teaches us to expoſe our life to " preſerve that of a fellow-creature: but it is " above human nature to devote ourſelves for " ever to theſe duties, which Mr. *Lagaraye* has " impoſed on himſelf. Man is born good, his " firſt emotions are generous; but his reflections " cool, change, and make him ſelfiſh. He is " inconſiſtent, becauſe he is naturally an imper- " fect and confined being. It is religion alone " that can give him a conſtant taſte for virtue, " and a perſeverance in well-doing. In a word, " my *Theodore*, if ever you hear religion con- " temned, recollect Mr. *Lagaraye* and all you " have ſeen here."

We dined with Mr. *Lagaraye*; and, on taking leave, *Adelaide* and *Theodore* could not refrain from tears. For my own part, I muſt own I never experienced a more ſenſible regret than in quitting them; and left with pain this bleſt abode, where the good genius of one man has reſtored the golden age, where every ſtep diſcovers the prints of goodneſs and virtue, and the image of innocence and peace.—The thought, that I was probably embracing Mr. *Lagaraye* for the laſt time, that I ſhould never ſee him more, affected me beyond expreſſion. The admiration he inſpires is very tender, becauſe he is truly good, indulgent, and ſenſible, free from pride or prejudice, and becauſe his virtues are more affecting

affecting than dazzling. Farewel, my dear Viſcount! My fellow travellers are waiting for me. Adieu.

LETTER V.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

YES, aſſuredly, my dear friend, I am pleaſed to find myſelf in Languedoc. I was happy to ſee Madame *Valmont*. My walks in my park, between *Adelaide* and Madame *D'Oſtalis*, are delightful to me; but yet my heart is not fully ſatisfied; I am not perfectly happy; and ſhould be ſtill leſs ſo, if I thought it poſſible you could believe half you ſay on that ſubject. I am not apt to be out of humour, but I own your letter has made me ſo; and therefore you will not now have the account your politeneſs made you demand: and I ſhall only acquaint you we are all perfectly well, and that *Adelaide* cried for joy when ſhe beheld the turrets of the caſtle, and ſaid that true happineſs was only to be found here and at *Lagaraye*; that Madame *D'Oſtalis* roſe by break of day to draw the landſcape from her window; that *Theodore*, impatient to ſee all his former walks, went three leagues this morning on foot with *Dainville*; that Miſs *Bridget* has left the ſpleen at Paris; and that I am very ſeriouſly angry with you. Adieu, my dear friend! If you wiſh for more particulars, write me

me a letter kind enough to make me forget the one I have juſt received.

LETTER VI.

The Viſcounteſs's Anſwer.

NO, you do not underſtand all the privileges of friendſhip. It even poſſeſſes that of being ſometimes unjuſt, and then its vivacity is beſt expreſſed. Oh! if it was always reaſonable, could it be a paſſion? It is cold, when never in the wrong .... You ſay my letter put you out of humour. You boaſt without foundation, my dear friend; for, in the number of years I have loved you, it has never been in my power to excite in you the leaſt degree of indignation or ill-humour. Take not this as a compliment, for it is a very juſt and ſerious reproach. It is not conſiſtent with true ſenſibility always to preſerve that equanimity and ſuperiority of reaſon, for which doubtleſs you ought to be admired, but by which friendſhip has often a right to be hurt. Beſides, I am ſufficiently miſerable for you to excuſe all my caprices. You have again left me, and what comfort have I when you are away? You know all the uneaſineſs my daughter and Mr. *Limours* give me. I feel my ſorrows more poignantly, as you are not here to ſhare them. My little *Conſtantia* remains, but ſhe is ſtill ſuch a child. Apropos, I have many queſtions to aſk about

about her. Pray tell me what books of prayer you give *Adelaide*; likewiſe the name of her confeſſor at Paris. I am diſſatisfied with *Conſtantia*'s, and intend changing. Let me know alſo in what manner you prepare *Adelaide* to receive the ſacrament. You have ſo thoroughly convinced me how important it is to inſtil true piety into our children, that it now employs all my thoughts and care. I regularly ſend *Conſtantia* to maſs every day: ſhe follows exactly all the rules for Sundays and holidays; and confeſſes every three months. She ſpends Lent in retirement; that is to ſay, without dining at our table when we have company, or coming into my apartment at viſiting hours. Adieu, my dear friend! I am going into the country, to ſpend two days with a woman who is very prim, very formal, ſcrupulouſly polite in her own houſe, but very arrogant every where elſe; who thinks it impoſſible to be faſhionable, or have common ſenſe, without the advantage of being admitted into her coterie. She is, in ſhort, as tireſome as ſhe is inſipid, vain, and calumniating. As I give you her picture, her name is unneceſſary. Before I finiſh my letter, I muſt ſay a word of *Porphire*. I thank you for introducing him to me: he is really both amiable and intereſting, and worthy in every reſpect of all Mr. *Lagaraye*'s affection. He lives with that Madame *de M*——, who has ſo much wit, and receives ſo many men of letters. *Porphire* extols her ſo highly, that I long to viſit her. Beſides, I am weary of myſelf, and have an inclination for wit, which I ſhall meet with at her houſe. I have always obſerved, one may be witty when one will; and I am preciſely of the

the age when ſuch a fancy generally takes our ſex. Therefore expect to find me, on your return, a wit, and perhaps an author. Adieu, my dear friend! and be aſſured I can never aſſume any form that will alter my heart in reſpect to you.

LETTER VII.

The Baroneſs's Anſwer.

WELL! I do not poſſeſs true ſenſibility, becauſe I am neither fickle, unreaſonable, peeviſh, nor ſpiteful; becauſe I place implicit faith in you: and you, my dear friend, becauſe you pout without occaſion, and ſcold without reaſon, it is you only that know how to love—this is a fine deſcription of friendſhip. But ſince caprice is one of your proofs of ſenſibility, I ought not to flatter myſelf with being your only friend; for ſurely you laviſh that teſtimony on many. It is thus, that we often attribute to the ſtrength of our ſenſibility and paſſions, faults which proceed only from our diſpoſitions. I never ſaw a lover, who was always jealous without reaſon, that was not naturally ſuſpicious in mixed ſociety. Friendſhip occaſions no caprices; but you are a proof that it does not cure them. Truſt me, we had beſt have done with this quarrel, and love one another as we are, relinquiſhing the hope of a mutual reformation. We are born never

never to reſemble each other, but always t
agree.

So you are going to attach yourſelf to Madam
de M——. I am curious to know, what im
preſſions a ſociety ſo different from what yo
have always lived in, will produce on you: bu
I beg you will not give me any account till afte
the third or fourth viſit, that your opinion ma
be fixed.

Let us now talk of *Conſtantia*. Withou
doubt, by bringing her up piouſly, you ſecur
the happineſs of both. But it appears to m
that the means you employ, are abſolutely con
trary to the end you propoſe. In all educatio
let us firſt remember to what kind of life th
child is deſtined. Your daughter is born t
ſhine in the great world, at Paris, and at cour
When ſhe is eighteen and her own miſtreſs, d
you think it will be poſſible for her to go ever
day to maſs, to confeſs every three months, an
to live in retirement all Lent? Certainly not
but, accuſtomed from her infancy to look o
theſe practices as eſſential duties, ſhe will relin
quiſh with them all her religion. Have you n
marked, that thoſe young people who are brough
up in this manner, (as they are in all convent
continue more devout than others? Let us a
ways revert to our moſt uſeful principle, never
give our pupil a falſe idea: let us not ſuffer the
to confound perfection with ſimple duty. Be
ſides, is it reaſonable to exact from a child
nine years that univerſal rectitude? Do you thi
that *Conſtantia*, ſo often obliged to paſs tw
hours at church, will be always collected an
attentive? Sure I am, that more than once ſh
h

as envied her mamma, who during that time was in bed, or making viſits. On the contrary, you ſhould ſet your daughter the example of what you make her practiſe; at the ſame time you ſhould only require from her the duties which are really eſſential to religion. I am convinced that is not the moſt convenient method; for it is much eaſier to ſend a child to maſs, than to go every day ourſelves, particularly when one goes to bed at two in the morning. I only adviſe you what I have conſtantly done myſelf by *Adelaide*: ſhe knows ſhe can never leſſen what ſhe now practiſes, without failing in her duty, and giving a bad opinion of herſelf. The diſſipation and amuſements of the world will never prevent us from fulfilling our indiſpenſible obligations; and which do not take up more time than any ſtation in life will allow. You are in the right to be particular in the choice of a confeſſor; it is a point too often neglected, and yet a moſt important one; for a confeſſor without underſtanding can eaſily ſpoil the beſt teacher's work. I incloſe the direction to mine; but adviſe you to have ſome converſation with him before you put *Conſtantia* under his care, and to acquaint him with all her little faults, and her diſpoſition. In regard to the books of devotion you aſk about, I cannot ſatisfy you; and ſhall again occaſion that wonder and ſhew of anger you always put on, when I own myſelf authoreſs of any treatiſe on education. I muſt anſwer you nevertheleſs, and tell you that, after having read all the books of this kind, I found with ſurpriſe that there was not one 'adapted to young people.' You will eadily conceive, for example, that there are many

many books of prayer that you would not only not give your daughter, but be very ſorry ſhe knew them; particularly thoſe in which the 'caſes of conſcience' are very prolix. I have already ſpoken to you of ſome prayers I compoſed during the infancy of *Adelaide*. But beſides theſe I have ſtill another for her youth; it contains the maſs, the pſalms, and the church prayers, beſides thoſe for morning and evening, confeſſion, communion, ſelf-examination, &c. I know not a ſingle book, where one can read theſe kinds of prayers without being continually ſhocked by falſe grammar or ridiculous expreſſions in them. I will, if you deſire it, ſend you a copy of my work, and in it you will alſo find what I have often heard you wiſh for, namely, prayers for every intereſting ſituation in life; and I am ſure you will be tenderly affected when you read that for a mother imploring God's bleſſings on her children. You can have but half the volume of prayers, till my return to Paris: the other half contains ſentences and detached maxims, extracted from the writings of the fathers. *Adelaide* has had this work in her poſſeſſion near two years; I gave her at the ſame time the Goſpel and the Imitation of Jeſus Chriſt: and theſe are all the books ſhe will have till ſhe is fifteen.—You aſk how I prepare her for receiving the ſacrament. The firſt ſtep, you know, was taking her to Lagaraye; and ſhe is come back with ſo profound a reſpect for Mr. *Lagaraye*, ſo fervent an increaſe of piety, that I thought I never could ſeize a more favourable moment to imprint on her mind all I had to ſay on that ſubject. Therefore, the morning after our arrival at

Breſt,

Breſt, I ſpent two hours with her alone; when, after much converſation on Lagaraye, ſhe begged to know when ſhe was to be admitted to the communion—The day you are twelve years old: in ſix months, if you conduct yourſelf till that time in a manner to convince me you are no longer a child; for as ſoon as you have received the ſacrament, you will enter into ſociety, and I ſhall begin to look on you in the real light of a friend, and place confidence in you. But you well know I am not haſty in my judgment, and that to obtain ſuch a happineſs, you muſt merit it.—Oh! mamma, I ſhall make myſelf worthy of it, I dare hope; I am ſure, I ſo much wiſh it.—I give you notice, it will not be ſlightly granted; and before you are allowed to partake of the moſt holy and awful of all the ſacraments, I muſt be very well aſſured that you will never oblige me to treat you as a child. If, during theſe ſix months to come, you are guilty of any one fault for which I am under the neceſſity of puniſhing you, or of impoſing a penance on you, I ſhall think you do not feel its importance, nor the value of the promiſed reward; and I ſhall defer it for a year.—A whole year! oh Heaven! and for one ſingle fault, my dear mamma?—Yes, for one ſerious fault.—There is juſtice in that; but I will conduct myſelf ſo well, that I am ſure I ſhall not henceforth be guilty of a ſerious fault. Since this converſation, I have remarked in her a very viſible alteration for the better; and I am perſuaded there is not a moment in the day, when the fear of committing a 'ſerious fault' is not before her eyes. The great art is to promiſe children ſuch rewards, as will

will engage them to a conſtant ſelf-attention; it is teaching them at the ſame time perſeverance and the command of their paſſions, the two great means of attaining perfection. For one cannot, during ſix months, obtain from a child a conduct free from eſſential blame, without eradicating at the ſame time all her faults. The choice of the promiſed rewards is really difficult: promiſe none but what are intereſting, noble, or uſeful; ſuch as ſome mark of confidence, your picture, an inſtructive book, a new maſter, &c. Do not teach your pupil to deſire any thing but what ſhe ought to love, or what deſerves to be eſteemed.

LETTER VIII.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

YESTERDAY, my dear Viſcount, my life was in manifeſt danger. I will give you a recital of this little adventure, as I am ſure it will pleaſe you, ſince the concluſion afforded me the higheſt ſatisfaction. The river Aude, you know, forms a canal in front of my houſe. I have had a large tent pitched on the bank, and we frequently go and bathe. My ſon learns to ſwim; he comes on ſurpriſingly, and it is one of his greateſt pleaſures.

Yeſterday, the heat being exceſſive, my ſon, *Dainville*, and I, repaired to the river, followed by my water-dog, that faithful *Moud*

hat you well know. I ſwam as uſual; and fter ſome time told *Dainville* and *Theodore* to eturn to the tent, and dreſs themſelves, and that would follow them preſently. After they left e, I diverted myſelf with my dog; when all on ſudden the blood flew violently into my head, nd I felt myſelf fainting. I ſtrove to regain e tent, but my ſtrength intirely failed; and I ad only time to cry 'Here, *Mouche*,' before I loſt y ſenſes. On my recovery, I found myſelf ſhore, and in my ſon's arms. He was half reſt, dripping wet, his countenance changed, ale, and disfigured. The inſtant I opened y eyes, he ſeized both my hands, with a anſport beyond deſcription, and preſſed them his breaſt, cried, ſobbed, embraced, and ked me a thouſand queſtions in a breath. He as ſo diſtreſſed and trembling, that my dread the baneful effects of ſo violent an emotion ade me feel, at firſt, but imperfectly the joy at his ſenſibility cauſed me. When we were reſt, and returning in the carriage, I deſired to informed of particulars.—"Scarce had you aid *Dainville)* uttered that dreadful cry, *Here, Mouche*, when *Theodore*, who was dreſſing, burſt from the hands of *Brunel*, plunged into the river, exclaiming '*Alas! why did he not ſay, Here, my ſon?*' Thoſe were his very words. I threw myſelf in after him, and catched him in my arms, in ſpite of his cries and reſiſtance; at the ſame inſtant a boatman, by my order, flew to your reſcue. We ſaw you floating, and the dog drawing you by the hair towards the ſide. The boatman reached and brought you on ſhore; and all this paſt

"within

" within a minute." Obſerve, interrupted I, how natural, or rather inſtinctive virtues are courage and generoſity. Judge by the intrepidity of my dog. If the world is to blame in attaching infamy and diſhonour to cowardice, and if any one who refuſes to riſk his life to save his fellow-creature, does not prove himſelf a thouſand times inferior to *Mouche*. And you, my dear *Theodore*, continued I, have done an action I ſhall always recollect with pleaſure.—The action of *Mouche*, replied he, is alone to be admired; mine was only duty.—This idea, I perceived was a little painful to him, but I did not let him know it, and continued the converſation: —— If you had attained your full ſtrength, and knew as well how to ſwim as *Mouche*, your obſervation would be juſt; but on the contrary, you are but thirteen years old, and have learned to ſwim ſcarcely ſix weeks; therefore I ought to be very gratefully affected by what you did for me.

I was blooded yeſterday, and am perfectly well to-day; and have been bathing and ſwimming this morning with my ſon, who would not leave me an inſtant, leaſt I ſhould be again taken ill. How delightful it is to be ſo beloved by the child, on whom the happineſs of my life depends! But there is no father who may not enjoy the ſame ſatisfaction, if he will fulfil the ſacred duties which nature impoſes.

Yes, certainly, my dear Viſcount, my ſon is learning mathematics. At twelve he began the firſt volume of Mr. *Bezout*, which treats of arithmetic. In a few months we ſhall get to the ſecond; at fifteen he will ſtudy the third,

nd at ſeventeen the fourth, which treats of me-
anics. As I think the ſtudy of mathematics
ould employ ſix years, three hours in a week
ſufficient to dedicate to it. By this method
ildren cannot be fatigued; and let their un-
erſtanding be never ſo weak, it is hardly poſ-
ble they ſhould not learn enough for any ſta-
on.

I intend alſo to teach my daughter as much
ometry as is indiſpenſably neceſſary towards
iſing a plan, and drawing a landſcape from
ture, and in which the perſpective is ſtrictly
ſerved. Latin my ſon will begin learning
is autumn: and I ſhall uſe the *Cours de La-
ité de Vaniere*, which appears to me a moſt
cellent work; for it has a perfection, wanting
all other rudiments, that of being always in-
ligible. I am very certain he will underſtand
tin at ſeventeen much better than the gene-
ity of the world, not excepting thoſe who
eſteemed very good ſcholars. I find another,
d in my opinion a very great advantage in my
thod, that of not diſguſting my pupil with
rks, which are really worthy admiration. A
who begins learning Latin at ſix years old,
d cannot read *Virgil* at twelve, has loſt his
e; yet at that age it is impoſſible for him to
its beauties: ſtill he learns it by rote; and
en he is eighteen, he will know the *Eneid* is
aſterpiece; but he will feel it weakly, or at
t without enthuſiaſm. I have made rather a
gular remark, that the men who love reading
leaſt, are thoſe who are commonly eſteemed
have received the beſt education: yet it is
ſonable it ſhould be ſo; for at fourteen they

have read all the beſt books without being ſenſible of their beauties, and only preſerve a tireſome remembrance of them, which naturally leads them to imagine, that they diſlike reading; they therefore renounce it entirely; or if they do read, it is only inferior works, which have at leaſt the pleaſing charm of novelty to them; they think themſelves acquainted with all others, having learnt them by heart in their infancy. I recollect ſeeing in my travels a prince only eight years of age, who talked to me an hour together of *Telemachus*; and his governor aſſured me, that the Prince was paſſionately fond of that work, and had made notes on every part with his own hand. So much the worſe, replied I, this poor child will never have read *Telemachus*. *Theodore*, it is true, is only beginning mathematics, and has not had one Latin leſſon; but he is well acquainted with the principles of our own language, without the fatigue of having learnt it out of a grammar; but was taught verbally by me in correcting his ſpelling. He reads and ſpeaks Engliſh and Italian perfectly well, underſtands a little German, has a general idea of geography, and already knows as much chronology as he will ever want. Beſides the magic lanthorn, and various other of his infantine plays, together with Madame *D'Almane*'s abridgments, have imprinted on his memory a prodigious number of hiſtorical facts; and what ſurpaſſes all, his judgment is as ſolid as his heart is pure. He has clear and diſtinct ideas on all the principal points of morality, and knows by experience that the moſt honeſt and virtuous path is ever

the wiſeſt;—that our inclinations lead us aſtray; that reaſon alone ſhould be our guide; and that it is through her alone we can be eſteemed, be loved, or be happy. But the bare repetition of all theſe known truths will make no impreſſion; we muſt give proofs to fix them on the mind, and then they will never be eradicated. As to accompliſhments merely elegant, *Theodore* only poſſeſſes that of drawing, which he has a great taſte for; and already begins to copy very prettily from nature; as does his ſiſter. Madame *D'Oſtalis* renders our little academy very brilliant at preſent: ſhe is extremely aſſiduous, and *Dainville*, you may be aſſured, has yielded to her the preſident's chair. Adieu, my dear Viſcount! pray inform me, if Mr. *D'Aimeri* is arrived at Paris; you will find him very melancholy, but he has ſo much merit, that you certainly will be happy in his acquaintance. Give me your opinion of the Chevalier de *Valmont*; it is near two years ſince I ſaw him, and that time may have made a great alteration at his age. My friendſhip for his parents intereſts me much in his well doing.

LETTER IX.

Count Roſeville to the Baron.

AT laſt, my dear Baron, I am going to give you the promiſed deſcription of the Chevalier de *Murville*'s gardens, which my occupations during the laſt three months have hitherto prevented;—You will not loſe by the delay, it being all preſent to my memory. Three weeks before Mr. *D'Aimeri*'s departure I took the prince, accompanied by the Chevalier de *Valmont*, to Mr. *Murville*'s, who you will eaſily believe did not receive the nephew of *Cecilia* without manifeſt emotion. After ſurveying the houſe, Mr. *M*—— conducted us into the garden *, where he has collected an exact repreſentation of all the moſt intereſting things he has ſeen in his travels. We went out of the houſe on to a large irregular lawn, formerly an immenſe parterre, but now filled with ſtatues and antique monuments faithfully copied, (but in leſs proportion) from the beſt ruins in Italy. Amongſt others the magnificent temples of *Serapis*, of *Minerva Medica*, *Trajan*'s pillar, &c. Various foreign plants of different ſhapes and colours are artfully interſperſed among the ruins. Willows and cyprus ſhade the tombs; majeſtic pines and palm-trees ſurround the temples; laurels grow

* This idea, ſo beautiful and magnificent, is not new; for the Emperor *Adrian* had a garden of this kind.

at the foot of the *Apollo* of *Belvedere*; myrtles and roſes encompaſs the *Venus* of *Medicis*. To the right of this kind of muſeum, there is the grotto of *Pauſilipo*; which is a long paſſage built with brick, but ſo covered with rock and verdure, that it appears hewn out of the ſolid ſtone, like the cavern it repreſents.—At the bottom of this grotto, one diſcovers a charming perſpective, which conducts you to the lake of Agnano, one of the moſt delightful views near Naples; and very eaſily imitated in a garden, being entirely ſurrounded by trees, which hide the reſt of the country. On the other ſide of the park, you travel in Spain. After ſeeing all the Gothick ruins which ornament this part, we entered a meadow, divided by a ſtream, over which he has built a bridge, of a plain but elegant architecture; and here the Chevalier de *Murville* made us ſtop.—Obſerve, ſaid he, this bridge; no monument in the garden better deſerves to fix your attention, or retain a place in your remembrance. It is called the Widow's Bridge. A woman of St. Philip's, in Spain, having had her ſon drowned in a flood, cauſed a bridge to be built acroſs the fatal torrent, that for the future no mother might mourn a ſimilar misfortune. Thus, by a ſentiment truly angelic, ſhe derived conſolation from erecting an edifice, the ſight of which would have redoubled the grief of any other perſon. There are many actions which appear more brilliant, but none more generous. In ſhort, my Lord, continued the Chevalier, when you read this maxim of Mr. de *Rochefoucault*, "in the adverſity of our "beſt friends we often find ſomething not diſ-

"pleaſing to ourſelves;" when you hear human nature aſperſed, recollect "the Widow's "Bridge." After this diſcourſe, he led us to the bottom of the garden, where he has a village built in imitation of Brock, in Holland. You will eaſily believe, that this is not ſo ſpacious as the original; it only conſiſts of fourteen houſes in one little ſtreet. In the firſt there is a delightful hermitage and dairy; four others are inhabited by gardeners; and the reſt by old ſervants of his, or poor families which he has extricated from diſtreſs, and given an aſylum to in this charming retreat. The Prince and the Chevalier de *Valmont* left this delicious abode with regret, where taſte has aſſembled ſuch a collection of intereſting and inſtructive objects. Mr. de *Murville* was much affected by the adieus of young *Charles*, and begged permiſſion of the Prince to embrace him; when claſping him in his arms with inexpreſſible tenderneſs—Oh *Charles!* cried he, may you be ever happy! Love virtue; and preſerve your heart, if it be poſſible, from a dangerous paſſion which perhaps will embitter your whole life!—

The ſun was ſet before we left the Chevalier de *Murville*; and being very near the houſe of *Alexis Steten* (the unhappy father of the family whom we ſettled on the banks of the Lake * * * *), the Prince deſired to go there, that he might ſee if the good people continued happy. Since the affecting ſcene, which I recounted to you, my dear Baron, three years are paſt, and in all that time I had not once found a leiſure hour to viſit them. The Prince's curioſity appeared

peared ſo natural, that I conſented to gratify it. When we reached the houſe, it was near dark; and we found the family in the lower room, ſetting in a circle (without a candle) amuſing themſelves in ſinging romances. We ſtopt to liſten to a voice, which was finiſhing a ſtanza, and ſounded as young as it was melodious. The ſinging being over, we opened the door; but the darkneſs prevented our diſtinguiſhing objects. A ſervant announced us; at the name of the Prince they all ſtarted up in the greateſt agitation! *Alexis* called for lights; his wife and children ran to fetch them; and a moment after our eyes were riveted to one object; it was a young woman of thirteen who entered precipitately with a candle in her hand, which ſhe ſet on a table. Imagine all the ingenuous graces of childhood united to the bloom and beauty of youth, a noble and ſlender ſhape, features equally delicate and regular, an animated countenance full of expreſſion, a ſmile all innocence and ſenſibility: figure to yourſelf this ſeducing aſſemblage, and you will yet have but an imperfect idea of this bewitching form. *Alexis* took her hand, and preſenting her to the Prince, ſaid, this is *Stolina*, my eldeſt daughter; that child, to whom you, Sir, gave your cloak. Theſe words made the Prince and the girl both bluſh; and he changed the diſcourſe by aſking, if we had not heard her voice as we entered. It was indeed hers. The Chevalier begged her to ſing again; and *Stolina*, with a modeſt confuſion, which added to her charms, in a trembling voice, ſung two verſes; which were thought much too ſhort by the Prince and *Valmont*. I

believe, was my pupil two or three years older, this viſit would have been a dangerous one. Be that as it will, I left *Alexis Steten*'s houſe, fully reſolved never to take the Prince there again, who could talk the whole evening of nothing but *Stolina*, and the next day was thoughtful and melancholy to a ſurpriſing degree for a child of thirteen and a half; but fortunately at that age ſuch impreſſions can be neither deep nor laſting. Adieu, my dear Baron! and be aſſured, I highly approve the reaſons, which determine you on travelling with your children, and the preference you at this time give to Italy beyond all other countries; but I hope a day will come, when I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing you in this.—Were it not in itſelf intereſting and curious, you would here find a great King, glorioufly reigning over a virtuous people; a ſight far exceeding all the temples and ruins about Rome.

LETTER X.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

OH the charming creature! . . . ſo intereſting a figure! ſo modeſt an air! . . . a countenance all ſweetneſs! I lay any wager you gueſs who I mean:—Well, yes, it is the Chevalier de *Valmont*. Now it will be in vain for you to deny your deſigns; he muſt be *Adelaide*'s huſband;

huſband; I ſaw that clearly on the very firſt viſit. I queſtioned him very much concerning his travels. All his anſwers were ſhort, plain, and modeſt: and then he bluſhes with ſo much grace! without being diſconcerted at bluſhing; he is timid, but never embarraſſed. Beſides, he is ſo like our amiable *Cecilia!* In ſhort, I am quite infatuated. As to Mr. *D'Aimeri*, you may ſay what you will, my dear friend, but I feel that I can never eſteem him; my memory is too faithful to poor *Cecilia*. He may well weep for her, but he is not the leſs guilty of her death. His ſorrows grieve, but can never intereſt me: however, I deſired him to look on my houſe as his own; and I believe he was ſatisfied with my manner of receiving him. He goes in a month to conduct his grandſon to his gariſon; but they will return hither towards the end of December; therefore you will ſee them this winter. I poſitively will be preſent at *Adelaide*'s firſt interview with the Chevalier. I am certain, ſympathy will be viſible the firſt moment; they are made for each other; and will love one another paſſionately.—Remember this prediction.

Well, my dear friend, I have made an acquaintance with Madame de *M*——; have already been with her thrice, therefore I can now ſatisfy your curioſity. You inſiſt on a true and circumſtantial account:—Liſten then; this is what happened on my firſt viſit. I got there at half an hour paſt eight in the evening; was conducted into a diſmal ſaloon, very ill lighted, where I found a very ſolemn circle:—the miſtreſs of the houſe ſeated me by her; I caſt my

eyes on all the company; and ſaw only two women, and ten or twelve men; and could not find a ſingle face I knew, except *Porphire*'s, whom I call to inform me of the company. He whiſpers all their names; amongſt them three or four, who are equally known and eſteemed by their works. I immediately looked on thoſe celebrated perſons with an admiration, which inſpired me with ſo extraordinary an emotion of ſelf-love, that it ſuſpended my curioſity; for inſtead of liſtening to the converſation, I only felt the deſire of being heard myſelf, and of drawing the attention of thoſe, who ought naturally to have fixed all mine. Here was I then ſolely employed in ſeeking an opportunity of ſaying ſomething witty; I thought a long time, and at laſt hazarded a very abſtruſe reflection; and then another ſtill more far-fetched; I grew bold, vehement, and fell into a diſſertation; was dull, and all at once found I had not common ſenſe, and that I was compleatly ridiculous. Very much diſconcerted at this diſcovery, I could think of nothing better than to retire; and I went out with the double regret of having been very abſurd myſelf, and of not having heard a word of what others ſaid. I reflected on this accident, and concluded I ſhould never ſucceed in pretending to wit and a deſire of ſhining. I reſolved for the future to be always ſimple and natural; and I returned to Madame de *M*——'s with this intention.—But ſcarcely was I ſeated, when the frenzy of ſhewing my wit and knowledge ſeiſed me with redoubled fury. At firſt I courageouſly reſiſted all temptation; at length I yielded, and ſucceeded

ceeded no better than the firſt time.—I left the houſe abſolutely enraged with myſelf; and with a firm reſolution to obſerve a ſtrict ſilence for the future, ſince it was impoſſible for me to talk there, as I did elſewhere. Behold me then making my third viſit. This time I did hold my tongue: I obſerved and liſtened with extreme attention. I heard the company ſpeak ſenſibly, and remarked ſeveral ſtrokes which deſerved to be remembered and quoted:—Yet I found the converſation in general languid and heavy; and when it was animated by diſcuſſions, it ſeemed to me degenerating into diſputes. In ſhort, it frequently aſtoniſhed, but never charmed me; and I ſaid to myſelf, every one of theſe people have more wit than I, but I am certainly more amiable than them. What miſmanagement then is it that deprives them of the advantage they ought to have over me? After having reflected on this ſingularity I diſcovered, that they had preciſely the ſame madneſs, which had inſpired me the two firſt days; that they knew not how to attend to others, and inſtead of wiſhing to pleaſe, ſought only to be admired. I alſo obſerved them often guilty of little inattentions and rudeneſſes, either from ſelf-love ill underſtood, or the want of a knowledge of the world, which alone can teach us to be obſervant of others, never to be angry, and to maintain one's opinion without peeviſhneſs or pedantry. From all theſe obſervations I infer, that men of letters ſhould mix more in ſociety. They only go into three or four houſes, where they engroſs almoſt all the converſation. Mildneſs, complaiſance, delicate attentions, in a

word the graces, are not to be acquired where they preſide; and this is the reaſon learned men are ſo often reproached with an arrogant and ſupercilious manner; if they were more at large, they would loſe many of their little failings; they would then be met with pleaſure, and ſought with eagerneſs. Inſtead of producing pain and conſtraint, they would be the delight of ſociety. A thorough knowledge of the world would enable them to deſcribe it; and to give faithful and ſtriking pictures of our faults, our vices, and our manners; and we ſhould find their works replete with wit and modern ſentiments. But I will dwell no longer upon theſe reflections, as *Porphire* has had a letter from Mr. *Lagaraye*, in which that ſubject is much better explained than I can pretend to explain it. I have leave to ſend you a copy, which I am ſure you will read with pleaſure. Farewell, my dear! embrace Madame *D'Oſtalis* for me, and tell her I am no longer jealous of her; but I am of Madame *Valmont*; yes, ſtill more ſince I ſaw her ſon. As the mother-in-law of *Adelaide*, how you will love her!—At leaſt own to me the truth; I am ſure you are not ſincere on that ſcore.—Alas! you have not that confidence in me, which I have in you. I cannot think, why I love you ſo much;—I ought only to eſteem you. Notwithſtanding your eaſy, natural and unaffected air, you are in reality very proud, and very reſerved; reſerved beyond expreſſion. Oh you are! and you are even vain of your reſerve. You call it prudence and diſcretion; but if you do not confeſs, that in the bottom of your heart you have deſtined *Adelaide* for the

Chevalier

Chevalier de *Valmont*, I ſhall think you never loved me, and only have that kind of ſentiment for me, that one feels for a child which amuſes one.

LETTER XI.

The Copy of Mr. Lagaraye's Letter to Porphiry.

WELL, my dear *Porphiry*, you are going to profeſs yourſelf a man of letters! I certainly ſhall not oppoſe that deſign. Falſe devotion or bigotry can alone condemn it. You have learning, a feeling heart, and have read a great deal;—leave then your cloſet, ſhut your books, and ſtudy mankind; unleſs you acquire a perfect knowledge of the human heart, you will write nothing but what is trifling or imperfect. See men of all ranks; examine them in all the different ſituations, from the humble labourer to the exalted courtier. Know them accurately; and do not deſpiſe amiable infants. As a painter, copy the ſtriking and natural features they preſent; as a philoſopher, obſerve the ſeed, from which ſpring all the virtues and paſſions of man. Be particularly aſſiduous in ſeparating our natural faults and inclinations from that croud of irregularities and vices we derive from education. A mere ſcholar ſhould remain in his ſtudy: an author ſhould live in the great world.—

world.—If he dedicates to ſociety four hours of the day, there will ſtill remain time enough to reflect on what he has ſeen. But all this is inſufficient;—you, my dear *Porphiry*, muſt ſtill preſerve your ſenſibility and your principles—if your heart and manners be corrupted, you will never produce a work of genius. From wit alone may flow amuſing things, thoſe works of a moment, made to dazzle but not to laſt; read with eagerneſs, praiſed and quoted during three months, and then conſigned to oblivion. It was not to his wit, that *Pierre Corneille* was indebted for his fame;—it was his greatneſs of ſoul, that acquired him his ſurname, and the admiration of his cotemporaries, and of poſterity. Oh, my *Porphiry!* be honeſt, indulgent, and beneficent, that thy writings may inſpire men with the love of virtue. There will then not be found (in them) exaggeration nor inconſiſtency; for he who is inſpired by love of truth, can never contradict himſelf. Would you give uſeful and moral leſſons, begin by reforming yourſelf; ſubdue your paſſions, ſhut your heart againſt hatred and reſentment; learn to forgive: you will then know how to beſtow eloquent praiſes on greatneſs of ſoul and generoſity. For what a delightful career are you deſtined; to what a noble vocation your taſte and genius call you; if you are ſenſible of all its dignity! but alas, if you ſhould be led aſtray; if, too weak to reſiſt the vain deſire of temporary fame, you ſhould prove an apoſtate to truth, and to your principles; if you ſhould ſuffer yourſelf to be miſled by the ſpirit of party and faction! . . . . Oh, my ſon! thoſe talents which

which you poſſeſs, they were given you by heaven; they were cultivated by me, not to flatter vice, to amuſe the immoral, or to ſeduce the ignorant; but to obtain the approbation of men of taſte and virtue. In fine, my dear *Porphiry*, remember that the ſeaſon, in which we can work and write, flies rapidly away. When that is paſt, what happineſs will be yours, if you can ſay, "I have never written any thing, but in conformity to reaſon and truth: humanity and the love of order and of virtue inſpired me. I ſought only pure and ſpotleſs glory: at leaſt in the hour of death, at that awful moment, when the recollection of one good action yields a thouſand times more ſatisfaction, than the moſt brilliant ſucceſſes, how ſweet will be the thought, that my works will never be productive of dangerous conſequences; that a young man at his firſt entrance into the world may read them with advantage, and that the enlightened and tender mother will be eager to give them to her daughter." This, my dear *Porphiry*, is what ought to be your ambition, if you would anſwer my expectations, and juſtify the tenderneſs I feel for you. Farewel! I expect you towards the end of the month.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

I THANK you, my dear friend, for the accounts you have given me of our little *Conſtantia.* I am ſorry ſhe is ſlatternly; it is a fault too little attended to. Yet it occaſions a great loſs of time, and is frequently the cauſe of more expence than prodigality itſelf. I have corrected *Adelaide* of this fault, natural to all children, by puniſhments, provided the thing loſt was abſolutely to be replaced; or if it was a thing of entertainment rather than of uſe; a play thing for inſtance, by making her long wiſh for ſuch another, before I gave it her; and at laſt by giving her a large cheſt of drawers, in which ſhe might lock up and ſet all her things to rights. But read Mr. de *Fenelon* * *ſur l'Edu-*

* Make your daughters obſerve that nothing contributes ſo much to œconomy and neatneſs, as keeping every thing in its proper place. This rule appears trifling, but would be very efficacious if ſtrictly attended to. You never loſe time in ſeeking any thing you want, there is neither trouble, diſpute, nor embarraſſment; whatever you want will be ready to your hand. . . . Add to theſe advantages, that of removing from your ſervants the ſpirit of idleneſs and confuſion.—Moreover, it is a great thing to render their ſervices quick and eaſy; and to free ourſelves from the temptation of being frequently offended by the delays occaſioned from things being in diſorder, and conſequently long in finding.

Education of Daughters by M. de *Fenelon.*

cation

cation des Filles, and there you will find all the advice neceſſary on this ſubject.

I ſhewed my children a melancholy ſight this morning; and I will preſently give you my reaſons for ſo doing. My gardener's daughter died laſt night; ſhe was pretty, and only twenty years old. I was told of it, when I was getting up, by Mademoiſelle *Victoire*, who added, that ſhe was juſt come from ſprinkling her with holy water, that ſhe had ſeen her face, and that it was not in the leaſt diſfigured. This particularity being confirmed by many people, I reſolved on ſhewing her to my children. When we were all met for breakfaſt, the gardener's daughter was talked on, and Miſs *Bridget* ſaid ſhe had never ſeen a corpſe; *Theodore* and *Adelaide* repeated the ſame;—I propoſed our going to the gardener's as ſoon as breakfaſt was over; we went; on entering the chamber, I obſerved *Adelaide*'s countenance change; we all knelt down; and our prayers ended, I approached the bed, lifted up the cloth, entirely uncovered the face of the deceaſed, which I could not look on without feeling an inexpreſſible anxiety of mind; from the thought, that ſhe was an only daughter, and that her parents ſurvived her.—Taking *Adelaide*'s hand, I ſaid to her—See my child that affecting object; it can only inſpire compaſſion.—Really, ſhe replied, there is nothing hideous in it; I had formed quite a different idea; but I now ſee that many diſorders are more diſfiguring than death itſelf. After ſome reflections on this ſubject we returned to the caſtle. I have forbid all farther mention of the deceaſed before my children, and took care to entertain them that whole

whole day in the moſt lively manner.—I remembered in my infancy having heard many ſtories of ghoſts, &c. I was abſolutely frantic with that kind of fear, which, altho' the moſt abſurd of any, has the greater effect on the imagination. At thirteen or fourteen I determined to ſee a corpſe; unfortunately it was that of an old man, horridly disfigured. This hideous object made ſuch an impreſſion on me, that it was more than a month before I could get it out of my thoughts. Age and reaſon at laſt cured me of thoſe ridiculous apprehenſions, which had but too much influence on my health, and brought on that nervous diſorder which ſtill affects me. *Adelaide*, thanks to my care, never had any idea of thoſe vain terrors. But as ſhe had not ſeen a dead perſon, I was fearful her imagination might repreſent it as much more terrible than it often really is; I therefore determined to ſhew her the corpſe of this young woman; and I applaud myſelf ſo much the more, as *Adelaide*, before ſhe ſaw it, was agitated and trembling; and that ſhe looked upon it without alarm, becauſe ſhe found it infinitely leſs frightful than ſhe had imagined. *Adelaide* and I often walk in the environs of the caſtle; and generally in the duſk of the evening return acroſs a church-yard, where we ſometimes ſet and reſt ourſelves; and converſe (at leaſt *Adelaide* does) with as much eaſe, as if we were in a meadow.—Great addreſs and apparent ſimplicity are neceſſary to accuſtom a child to all theſe things; for they will be moſt afraid, when they ſuſpect you mean to embolden them. Therefore you muſt uſe the utmoſt precaution; but,

but, above all, every thing muſt appear the effect of chance.— Adieu, my dear friend! *Adelaide* makes her firſt communion in a fortnight. Madame *D'Oſtalis* ſets out towards the end of the month, and I ſhall ſoon follow her; for we ſhall certainly be at Paris by the beginning of November at fartheſt.

LETTER XIII.

Madame D'Oſtalis to the Viſcounteſs Limours.

CERTAINLY, Madam, I am here as much inſtructed as entertained. I learn of the beſt of mothers the value of thoſe duties, which ſhe fulfils with ſo much delight. Living with her, and obſerving her in the midſt of her family, we ſee her ſo perfectly contented, that all our aſtoniſhment at the ſacrifices ſhe has made, in order to arrive at ſuch pure felicity, entirely ceaſes. Such is the power of true virtue! At a diſtance her brilliancy ſtrikes, and excites aſtoniſhment and admiration; but near us, ſhe is ſo beautiful, ſo affecting, and ſo perſuaſive, that her dictates ceaſe to appear difficult. She does better than dazzle; ſhe engroſſes, ſhe charms, ſhe attaches.

Adelaide and *Theodore* this day received the ſacrament for the firſt time. After our return from church, my aunt retired with *Adelaide* and me into her cloſet, and, ſeating herſelf between us, ſhe took one of her daughter's hands, and putting

ting it in mine, ſaid,—Now I flatter myſelf you will look on *Adelaide* as your friend. It is true, ſhe has neither your experience nor your underſtanding; but you well know ſhe would not have been admitted to the ſacrament, was I not perfectly ſure ſhe is no longer a child; therefore we can now talk before her without conſtraint, and truſt her with our moſt ſecret converſations. At theſe words *Adelaide*, quite ſoftened, leant gently on her mother's ſhoulder, and tenderly claſped my hand, which ſhe ſtill held: my aunt continued her diſcourſe, thus — I am now going to reap the fruits of thoſe cares I dedicated to you, my dear *Adelaide*. I ſhall never more be compelled to impoſe penances on you, or humiliating puniſhments. You will now become my moſt pleaſing companion, and my tendereſt friend. On pronouncing theſe words, my aunt could not refrain from tears. *Adelaide* threw herſelf at her feet; and with an expreſſion and ſenſibility as earneſt as it was natural and affecting, ſaid to her happy mother all that the beſt-founded gratitude could inſpire. Although you, Madam, accuſe me of envying *Adelaide*'s deſtiny, yet this kind of jealouſy does not prevent my aſſerting, that there is no child of her age to whom ſhe can be compared; and in theſe laſt ſix months ſhe has made a moſt ſurpriſing progreſs, which ought entirely to be attributed to that extreme deſire ſhe had to take the ſacrament. What I can never ſufficiently admire, is the manner in which my aunt knew how to gain her affection; though overlooking nothing, but puniſhing her ſeverely, and reprehending her before all company; and yet, in ſpite of this apparent rigour, ſhe is

paſſionately

paſſionately beloved by her daughter, who places an unlimited confidence in her. She is never perfectly happy but with her mother; and I always obſerve, ſhe prefers converſing with her to every pleaſure accommodated to her age. This is without doubt the great ſecret in education, and never to be obtained by ſpoiling a child, and indulging all its whims. *Adelaide* being now admitted into the "company of rational people," ſhe is for the future to aſſiſt my aunt in all family affairs; the maitre d'hotel and cook are to bring their account book to her every morning. This will teach her (let her fortune be what it may, never to look on theſe very neceſſary cares as below her notice; which moſt women neglect only through idleneſs, or want of abilities. Ignorance is commonly envious and ſlanderous; and would, if it were poſſible, villify every thing which ſhows its inferiority; it ſtrives to conceal its ſhame under the appearance of careleſſneſs, and even often of diſdain. This is the reaſon why we frequently ſee learned and reaſonable perſons derided by fools: and this is the cauſe that Madame de *G . . .*, who never knew one rule in addition, makes ſuch a joke of women, who are ſo unemployed that they can find amuſement in caſting up their ſervants bills. Adieu, madam! I depart in eight days. I do not expect to find you at Paris; but, I flatter myſelf, you are aſſured my firſt care on my arrival will be to ſeek you, that I may inform myſelf of your health, and give you an account of my aunt's.

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LETTER XIV.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

NO, my dear friend, *Adelaide* does not yet read any of the books you mention. Although ſhe has as much ſenſe and reaſon as is poſſible at her age, yet there requires a great deal more to make her feel the merits of the good authors of the age of *Lewis* XIV. As yet ſhe has read very little but what I have compoſed for her. But now we are going into longer and more inſtructive leſſons. She has begun *Rollin*'s Ancient Hiſtory; which will be ſucceeded by thoſe of Rome and France; then the Age of *Lewis* XIV. and ſome Engliſh hiſtorians; and this will finiſh our courſe of hiſtory, containing in all fifty volumes. As to works of amuſement, we are at preſent reading ſome plays. In three years we ſhall have read *Campiſtron*, *Lagrange*, *Chancel*, *Lachauſſée*, *Deſtouches*, *Marivaux*, *Les Poeſies de Fontenelle*, *de Pavillon*, *de Deſmahis*, &c. All theſe pleaſing, but ſecond-rate authors, will amuſe her, till an age in which her taſte will be ſufficiently formed to read, with tranſport, books of true genius. We laſt night finiſhed the tragedy of *Andronicus*; and, in ſpite of my commentaries and criticiſms, *Adelaide* was drowned in tears, and aſked me if it was poſſible to form a more intereſting and affecting piece. — Yes, doubtleſs, replied I, you yourſelf will be convinced of that when you come to read thoſe immortal

mortal authors, *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Voltaire*, *Crebillon*, &c. who are at preſent known to you only by name.—But, mamma, ſince a moderate performance makes ſuch an impreſſion on me, what pleaſure would a tragedy of *Corneille*'s give me! and why deprive me of it?—It is preciſely the tranſports and admiration you profeſs for *Andronicus*, which proves you not yet worthy to read *Cinna*. Was you ſenſible of the faults of *Andronicus*, you would be ſcarcely affected by what has made you ſhed ſo many tears; and for the ſame reaſon *Cinna* would not move you, becauſe you could not feel his ſublime beauties.—But, mamma, *Les Horaces*; I am ſure I ſhould be ſtruck with the beauties of that.—How ſo?—The day before we left Paris, Madame . . . . . came to ſee you, and brought her daughter, who is exactly my age.—Well.—Why, mamma, this young lady made me a viſit in my room, and told me ſhe was juſt come from the play; it was *Les Horaces*, and ſhe ſpoke of it with delight.—So much the worſe for her; ſince it proves only that ſhe unites affectation to ignorance.—At what age then may I read *Racine* and *Corneille?*—When you have underſtanding ſufficient to diſcover the faults of thoſe we now read.—I perfectly comprehend all thoſe in *Andronicus*.—Yes, becauſe I pointed them out to you: that will not do: you muſt know and be ſtruck by them, without my being obliged to explain them.—Oh! how impatient am I to read thoſe charming works, which I hear ſpoken of with ſo much applauſe! But, mamma, you ſurely have all theſe books: I have even read their titles in your catalogue, but I do not

ſee

ſee them in the library: where then are they?—In the preſſes in my room: I took them out of the library, when I gave you the key.—Would it not have been ſufficient to have forbidden me to read them?—Certainly, you are convinced I depend on your obedience and integrity. If I doubted it, *Adelaide*, could I love you? I was only deſirous of ſparing you the mortification of having daily before your eyes ſo juſt a ſubject of regret and curioſity.—But, mamma, you have promiſed to take me this winter to the play ſometimes: I ſhall then ſee ſome pieces of *Racine*'s and *Voltaire*'s.—Not at all; I ſhall not go on thoſe nights.—You will then chuſe only the indifferent ones.—Yes, all thoſe which are in your own liſt.—How ſad this is! So we ſhall not ſee any new plays: I ſhall never be at a firſt repreſentation.—Be comforted: I may take you ſometimes without inconvenience. You ſee, my dear friend, from this converſation, the deſire *Adelaide* has to know all thoſe intereſting works, which it is neceſſary ſhe ſhould read with attention. Judge, then, if ſhe will not read them eagerly, after having wiſhed for them ſo long; and how I ſhall enjoy her ſurpriſe. All you tell me of *Conſtantia*'s ſenſibility does not ſurpriſe me; I have in myſelf a proof how ſuſceptible ſhe is of tender attachments: but permit me, my dear friend, to repeat to you, that inſtead of endeavouring to render her ſenſibility more lively and paſſionate, you ſhould ſtrive to ſuppreſs it. You had a ſlight fever, and did not ſee her for two days. She was in deſpair, cried, and would not eat: they were obliged to bring her to you; and ſhe was quite ſick with grief: yet you had the

cruelty

cruelty to applaud yourſelf for having inſpired ſuch an unreaſonable tenderneſs, and which might have had the moſt diſmal conſequences to that charming child. Suppoſe you were to have a tedious and dangerous illneſs, what would become of her? Were you to be ſeparated for months, how would ſhe bear your abſence? And you neglect correcting a weakneſs, that may make her life miſerable, becauſe it flatters your vanity. Is it thus a mother ought to love? Oh! it is from the virtues and felicity of *Adelaide*, that I expect my happineſs! The maternal ſhould be the moſt diſintereſted of all affections, ſince it cannot expect an equal return. For that ſame reaſon it ought to be more lively than friendſhip, more powerful than love; that alone can ſuffer, and ſacrifice all, with the certainty of being rewarded but by halves. Brothers, friends, and lovers may feel a mutual affection; but did ever the beſt-educated daughter love her mother to the degree ſhe was beloved? The diſproportion of age alone, and the idea that the child will of courſe long outlive the parent, ought to make a prodigious difference in their ſentiments. Let us not require from our children a tenderneſs equal to that we feel for them. I poſſeſs at preſent the firſt place in *Adelaide*'s affections: but ſhe will one day have a huſband, children, a daughter .... What then would be my folly to expect to maintain that preference! I would have her feel for me the ſame affection now, which I may reaſonably expect from her always. I wiſh her to leave me with regret, but without tears; ſee me in a ſlight fever, and not fall ſick of ſorrow. In ſhort, that her tenderneſs, being

founded on gratitude, ſhould be deep and unalterable; but that reaſon ſhould guide all her thoughts and actions. And you, my dear friend, by allowing your daughter to love you without meaſure, and almoſt to folly, ſoften her heart, and diſpoſe her to abandon herſelf blindly to thoſe dangerous paſſions, from which it is your duty to guard her. You inſtil excellent principles; but what will they avail, if ſhe does not at the ſame time acquire an empire over herſelf? Are we not agreed, that a woman of ſtrong feelings can never be happy? Vehement paſſions will lead her aſtray, or make her miſerable through life. Teach then *Conſtantia* not only to oppoſe, but to conquer, hers. You will ſay, ſhe will have no unlawful ones. Alas! can you anſwer for that? I hope and believe ſo. She will love her huſband paſſionately; but who can aſſure you ſhe will be as paſſionately beloved? But if that is the caſe, will ſhe not feel all the fears and horrors of jealouſy, juſtified ſooner or later by a change which will reduce her to deſperation? Recal to your mind all we have ſaid heretofore on this ſubject. *Conſtantia*, I aver, is inexpreſſibly dear to me; her diſpoſition is as engaging, as her perſon is charming: but if you do not moderate her ſenſibility, her virtues will depend on chance and circumſtances, and ſhe will never enjoy pure and permanent felicity.

LETTER XV.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

OH, my dear friend, how I want you! my ſituation becomes every day more painful:—my daughter!—But you ſhall have all theſe melancholy accounts when we meet; it is impoſſible to write them. Mr. *Valcé* too gives me all the uneaſineſs in his power. I now ſee him very ſeldom; but I am aſſured, he is ruining himſelf by gaming and fooliſh expences; and that he is paſſionately in love with a dancer juſt come on the ſtage. You will feel into what difficulties this taſte will lead him, and what a proſpect I have for my daughter!—and what encreaſes my trouble, is, that ſhe appears abſolutely inſenſible not only of her huſband's conduct, but of the loſs of her own reputation. It is true, all circumſtances ſeem to unite in prolonging her errors and her blindneſs. Notwithſtanding her glaring imprudencies, ſhe is ſought after and well received; without doubt they abuſe her when abſent, but ſhe is not leſs in faſhion; and this makes her think, that her birth and accompliſhments allow her to act with impunity. We muſt admit one thing, namely, that in our time, that fifteen years ago the world was infinitely leſs dangerous than it now is. A beauty muſt then have been very ſtrict in her carriage to be received in it.—What formerly would have coſt a young perſon her reputation, is now

ſcarcely taken notice of. A woman appears alone at twenty, receives all the young people of that age at their houſes, has her little boxes, where ſhe is alone with men, or at leaſt without a *chaperon*; and the ſame is allowed at the balls after the opera, where they are ſometimes accompanied only by a female attendant. Any one of theſe things in our day would have diſhonoured and made a young woman the town talk. Cuſtom familiariſes every thing. Then there was no having a lover without expoſing oneſelf to a thouſand dangers; to receive them at home was impoſſible; and very difficult to make an aſſignation elſewhere. It was then neceſſary to have recourſe to means, which required more aſſurance than the generality of women are capable of. Thus baſhfulneſs and fear frequently ſtopt thoſe, whom virtue alone would not have withheld. At preſent there is no ſuch thing as being talked of, or diſgraced; and it appears to me equally difficult intirely to preſerve, or to loſe one's reputation. Thus liberty, degenerating into licentiouſneſs, manifeſts itſelf in every action and diſcourſe; our taſte is as much corrupted as our manners. We ſee young people, who have been in the world ſix or ſeven years, boaſting publicly of their irreligion; conſidering impiety as a good ſubſtitute for wit, and atheiſm for philoſophy. Modeſty is now eſteemed only a ceremony, required in a circle, but utterly renounced when one is not ſurrounded by fifty people. In a word, this revolution is remarkable even down to the female dreſs. I cannot bear to ſee them on the public walks, and at exhibitions, with their naked throats,

throats, hair flowing on their ſhoulders, diſordered and without powder; that dreſs at once ſo negligent, and ſo ſtudied; and all this after ſpending three hours at a toilet.—I think the men ought to be leſs attracted by theſe affectations of negligence, and abandoned airs, than by thoſe noble and decent dreſſes we were obliged to wear in our youth. Oh, my dear friend! what a cruel thought it is, that *Adelaide* and *Conſtantia* are on the eve of entering a world ſo full of dangers! How ſhall we arm them againſt all theſe perils, or how prevent them from availing themſelves of the ready path to error and deſtruction? Can I behold with indifference what paſſes in the world? All that I obſerve, affects me; and I bear a part in all, ſince it is here that *Conſtantia* is to ſpend her days. Trifles, follies and ſingularities are no longer ſubjects of deriſion and pleaſantry to me. I am now really afflicted with what uſed to divert me: I have alſo loſt all that gaiety, for which I was ſo envied. Reaſon is of no value to me, ſince ſhe has robbed me of the graces; ſhe is only becoming to thoſe, who have always been guided by her; and thus it is, that ſhe fits you ſo well, and ſets ſo aukwardly on me. Adieu! my beloved. Madame *D'Oſtalis* arrived in perfect health laſt Monday; ſhe aſſures me, that you will be here towards the end of November: but I dare not flatter myſelf, and will not expect you till December.

LETTER XVI.

The Baroneſs's Anſwer.

ALL your obſervations, my dear friend, are perfectly juſt. It is very true, that the world is infinitely more dangerous now, than it was in our day: but I think a young woman well born and educated may very eaſily avoid all the rocks it preſents. The greateſt is certainly, as you remark, the exceſſive liberty which cuſtom has granted to all young women for ſome years. But when my daughter enters into company, ſhe will certainly poſſeſs a clear underſtanding, ſound principles, purity of heart, diſcernment, noble ſentiments, and a great deſire to diſtinguiſh herſelf by her conduct and virtue. I will then give her this picture of the world, which you have drawn ſo correctly, and will ſay to her, "Remember that the liberty "young women now enjoy, prejudices their "reputations much more, than it can aſſiſt "their pleaſures: never avail yourſelf of it, if "you would wiſh to be eſteemed irreproach-"able." But, you will aſk me, are you very ſure, that in ſpite of faſhion and example *Adelaide* will have the courage to follow this advice? Doubtleſs ſhe will; or all I have done for her, will be loſt and uſeleſs. I will go farther and aſſert, that ſhe will follow this advice without conſtraint, and even with delight. When one is truly virtuous, and firmly reſolved

ſolved to continue ſo; in ſhort, when one is totally free from coquetry, one pays a due reſpect to all the laws of decency, becauſe none of them will then appear troubleſome. Did you ever ſee a beauty dread the clear light of the ſun? Neither does unſuſpecting innocence avoid witneſſes, or ſhrink from obſervations. Therefore my daughter will not go ſecretly to the balls after the opera with her chambermaid; at twenty ſhe will have no little boxes; ſhe will never go unaccompanied by a woman older than herſelf; nor will ſhe be met on horſeback, attended only by a groom, &c. When one has no intrigues, it is very eaſy to make ſuch ſlight ſacrifices to reputation. Beſides, do you ſet no value on thoſe noble and ſatisfactory enjoyments of diſtinguiſhing oneſelf, and being never confounded in the ſenſeleſs croud of flirts and coquets? To conclude; the contagion is not ſo general, but we may ſtill name many examples, and models worthy of imitation. I dare boaſt of Madame *D'Oſtalis* as one. Madame de *L*. . . yet older, (but ſtill young) has ſhe ever made one falſe or imprudent ſtep? With ſo noble and engaging a figure, ſo much life and bloom, has ſhe even given room to ſay any man was in love with her? Her modeſty has ſo many charms, that all the young women at one time attempted to imitate her timidity;—but unfortunately "Bluſhes are not voluntary:" ſo that this faſhion was of very ſhort duration. There are many other young women as conſpicuous for their conduct as their accompliſhments; amongſt others Madame de *P*. . . who with the moſt ſeducing wit, the moſt charming countenance,

and all the ſprightlineſs of youth, has nevertheleſs eſtabliſhed a reputation, which envy itſelf never dared to attack. Theſe examples ought to convince you, my dear friend, that it is very poſſible with a good diſpoſition to eſcape all the dangers you dread ſo much for *Conſtantia*. Educate her well, continue your attention to her, and have no fear for the future.

LETTER XVII.

Madame D'Oſtalis to the Baroneſs.

I HAVE already told you, my dear aunt, that I had ſeen the Chevalier *de Valmont*, and how amiable he appeared to me; but I can now ſpeak with more certainty, as I ſupped with him yeſterday at Madame *de Limours*'s. Madame *de Valcé* was there; and I never ſaw her more adorned, lively, and brilliant; all this was not without deſign, and perhaps not without ſucceſs. . . The Chevalier is very young, and inexperienced. . . Yet I thought I could perceive he was more aſtoniſhed at, than ſeduced by her coquetry. . . Ah, if he could but look into futurity, and foreſee the happineſs deſigned for him, if he knows how to deſerve it! . . . He would I am ſure eſcape all the ſnares preparing for him! . . . He drew near to me after ſupper, and made enquiries concerning you with an eagerneſs, that affected me. He aſked two

or

or three queſtions about *Adelaide*; and when I told him ſhe was prodigiouſly grown and improved; indeed I believe he bluſhed, but I am ſure he ſighed. Madame *de Valcé* came and interrupted us, offering him a card for whiſt; and he left me, to play with her, all the remainder of the evening.—I could not diſcover, if Madame *de Limours* ſees into her daughter's ſchemes. She has naturally a great deal of penetration; but then ſhe muſt be quite unbiaſſed; the leaſt degree of intereſt will blind her. There are moments, when ſhe even perſuades herſelf, that Madame *de Valcé* has only imprudencies to reproach herſelf with;—for example, ſhe firmly believes her as well received in the world as ever. With high rank, youth, and an huſband who will be offended at nothing, we are not wholly baniſhed from ſociety. Madame *de Valcé* is pretty; ſhe dreſſes well, dances admirably, and graces an aſſembly; ſhe is invited to all the balls and ſuppers: this will laſt, till age obliges her to leave off feathers, flowers, and dancing:—On theſe depend all her conſequence. Beſides, ſhe continually experiences all thoſe humiliations, to which bad conduct expoſes itſelf. There is not one new-married woman, who will appear with her in public. Even thoſe women who receive her, carefully avoid every advance towards intimacy. In ſhort, all the mothers-in-law, and mothers who dread that kind of connection for their daughters, treat her with a diſdain frequently amounting to rudeneſs. She is perpetually ſeen making advances, either coldly received, or openly rejected; bearing all theſe ſlights without

daring to complain, and ſeeking to revenge herſelf by ſcandaliſing all the women, who enjoy an unblemiſhed reputation. She has juſt loſt (at leaſt for a time) her friend, Madame *de Germeuil*, whoſe huſband, leſs careleſs than Mr. *de Valcé*, is out of humour; and, after expoſing himſelf and making a great clamour, has taken her to an eſtate ſixty leagues from Paris. He (it is ſaid) intends returning towards the end of the winter; but will leave her in exile at leaſt two years.

Adieu, my dear aunt! I have begun the portraits of my two girls, and you will certainly find them in your cloſet. *Seraphina* is a little ſpoilt by my mother-in-law, who was too much diverted with her frolickſome diſpoſition; and this has greatly increaſed it: but *Diana* continues all mildneſs and good humour. I myſelf teach them muſic and drawing. Being both of an age, and learning together, they have a great deal of emulation;—a ſentiment I ſhall encourage as much as poſſible, as it is very uſeful in proper hands.

LETTER XVIII.

The Baroneſs's Anſwer.

I SHALL be at Paris within three weeks, my dear child; and I write by this courier to inform the Viſcounteſs of my intentions of travelling

velling into Italy this ſpring. I beg you to wait on her and explain my reaſons, for it is impoſſible to make her comprehend them by letter.

Let us now talk of your children. Uſe your utmoſt endeavours to correct *Seraphina* of that frolickſomeneſs and ſpirit, which may ſo eaſily degenerate into downright malice.

Montaigne has ſaid, "and what father is ſo fooliſh to take as a good omen, his ſon's ſtriking a ſervant or peaſant, who does not defend himſelf. This is the real ſeed and root of cruelty, tyranny, and treaſon." *Rouſſeau*, in the firſt volume of his *Emilius*, makes a ſimilar obſervation; "if a child dares give a ſerious blow to any one, be it a ſervant, or any very inferior perſon, make them return his blows with intereſt." I have ſeen ſimple governeſſes animate the fury of a child, encourage it to fight, ſuffer themſelves to be beat, and laugh at its weak blows, without thinking that they were ſo many bruiſes in the little fury's intention; and "that he who ſtrikes in his childhood will grow up an aſſaſſin." Therefore puniſh *Seraphina* ſeverely for the very firſt malicious act; be particularly careful never to laugh at any of her tricks, or repeat them ſportively before her; for ſelf-love is more powerful than the fear of puniſhment. The pleaſure of amuſing others, and of being talked of, will make her brave all the chaſtiſements in the world. It is of great importance to convince children, that what is bad is hateful, and can only inſpire diſdain. But when you puniſh, and at the ſame time laugh at their fault, they may reaſonably believe there are deceitful vices, which can even contribute to

make perſons liked. This pernicious idea has ſpoilt more than one character. You know Madam *Clarence*; ſhe owes all her faults to the deſire of appearing keen; becauſe ſhe is perſuaded, that a mild perſon is always inſipid. One muſt have very little ſenſe to believe, that beauty, meekneſs, and complacency, are incompatible with other accompliſhments; and that bluntneſs, caprice, and contradiction, can be graceful, and ſupply the place of underſtanding.

I alſo recommend to you, my dear, never to avail yourſelf, but with the utmoſt precaution, of the dangerous ſtimulus of emulation. Take great care of making them envious of each other. If ever they are infected by that dangerous ſentiment, their hearts will be corrupted without remedy. To preſerve them, be you always juſt. A merited encomium excites envy and hatred only in hearts that are intirely perverted. For example, if *Diana* diſcovers that you think ſhe does not love you as tenderly as *Seraphina* does, ſhe will certainly feel a jealous ſorrow, which will make her diſlike her ſiſter. There is no child in whom this idea, with or without foundation, does not inſpire an extreme jealouſy; even in thoſe who can hear their brother or ſiſter praiſed for accompliſhments they do not poſſeſs without envy. Natural juſtice perſuades us, they beſtow on us only that degree of affection they think us capable of feeling; and at that innocent age we prefer the happineſs of being beloved to the vain pleaſure of being applauded: for this reaſon the child who would enjoy the commendations given

to

to her ſiſter, cannot ſupport the thought of that ſiſter's being more beloved. Convince your daughters, that your heart knows no partiality, and that you believe them equally affectionate. Be equally juſt in your praiſe and blame, and your decrees will never produce animoſities. Should you be weak enough to ſhew the ſlighteſt preference on account of trifles or perſonal advantages; if, for example, you ſhould careſs *Diana* moſt becauſe ſhe is prettieſt, or appear to delight moſt in *Seraphina*'s converſation becauſe ſhe is wittieſt, you would raiſe a jealouſy, that would annihilate all the qualifications they derive from nature and your attentions. I ſee clearly from the accounts you ſend me, that the Chevalier *de Valmont* will be enamoured of Madame *de Valcé*. From the opinion I had formed of his heart and underſtanding, I could not have thought he would have been ſo eaſily enſnared by a coquette. Alas! if he is vain, if he is weak, all is over; nevertheleſs I muſt own to you, I ſhall not relinquiſh, without regret, a plan, which, in ſpite of me, has engroſſed me ever ſince I have known him: I ſtudied him well in his infancy, he was ſo promiſing! . . . His grandfather and the Count *de Roſeville*'s letters were ſo full of encomiums! . . . His perſon is ſo pleaſing! . . . In ſhort, I ſhall ſee him, I ſhall obſerve him myſelf; and aſſuredly I ſhall be able to form a deciſive opinion before I ſet out for Italy.—To conclude, be particularly careful, that Madame *de Limours* does not perceive the intereſt you take in him; for ſhe will eaſily gueſs the reaſon, and it is a ſecret I ſhall never confide to her. Even if the Chevalier

valier anſwers my expectation, if I carry into Italy the hopes I have conceived, I would not have my daughter entertain the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of my deſigns. The thoughts of matrimony ſhould not only never occupy for a moment a young woman's thoughts; but ſhe ſhould be inſpired with a belief, that it is very poſſible ſhe may never be married. A condition ceaſes to be loved, which we know we are ſoon to change. Moreover to make known to your daughter the huſband you deſign her, is authoriſing her to place her happineſs on a project, that a thouſand events may defeat; but even ſuppoſing it ſhould be realiſed, ſuch a confidence would always be imprudent. It muſt naturally inflame her imagination, raiſe her ideas, and give her up to the ſeducing illuſions of the moſt dangerous of all paſſions. You know Madame *de Limours*; ſhe is a real friend; but ſhe is only capable of keeping thoſe ſecrets, which do not concern her; and it is impoſſible for her not to betray every ſecret that intereſts her. She has ſo much ſenſibility, that it is impoſſible not to be attached to her; but ſhe is too imprudent to inſpire confidence. When her heart takes but little part in what is told her, ſhe gives proofs of diſcretion and reſerve that can withſtand all trials; ſhe is then impenetrable; but when the ſecret gives her either grief or joy, it is ſo legible in her eyes and countenance, that the leaſt clear-ſighted perſon may diſcover it. Thus by a moſt uncommon caprice, of all her acquaintance her intimate friend is the only perſon who ſhould not truſt her. Has ſhe been able to keep the ſecret of the intended match between

between *Theodore* and *Conſtantia?* I am certain that even her child knows it. Thanks to my precautions, *Theodore* is ſtill ignorant of it; but I may perhaps not be able to conceal it from him as long as I would; however, ſuch a diſcovery is attended with much leſs inconvenience to a man than to a young woman. Farewell, my dear child! I will write to you again before I leave this place.

LETTER XIX.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

I Have, my dear friend, ſomething to tell you, which I own hurts me much; and I even feel I ſhall not have reſolution to talk to you myſelf of a ſcheme, which, believe me, will coſt my heart as much as yours. I am again obliged to ſeparate myſelf from you, and for a long time. I ſhall ſpend the winter at Paris; but we ſet out in the ſpring for Italy, not to return for eighteen months. You will doubtleſs ſay, that my children are very young to travel; yet you muſt allow their reaſon far exceeds their years. Moreover, it is neither men nor laws that we are to ſtudy in Italy: my children will acquire a taſte for the polite arts, and perfect themſelves in drawing. Whilſt they amuſe themſelves in admiring the monuments and ruins of Roman grandeur, they will gain a complete knowledge of

of that intereſting hiſtory. In ſhort, my ſon, conducted by a father, whoſe tenderneſs can only be equalled by his knowledge, will learn to write a good journal, and inſert nothing frivolous; in a word, reap all the fruits of travelling. I ſhall bring back *Adelaide* at fourteen, an excellent muſician, an adept in drawing, talking and ſinging like a native Italian; and intirely diveſted of all thoſe little feminine delicacies, which nothing but travelling can radically cure. She will neither fear the ſea, nor bad roads; ſleep as well in an alehouſe, as in her own apartment. She will learn to be contented with a bad ſupper, and to do without a thouſand things ſhe now looks on as abſolutely neceſſary. I alſo ſee in this project many more advantages than I can enumerate in one letter, but which you ſhall be informed of, and I am ſure will feel their importance. Do not, my dear friend, add to the grief I experience in ſeparating myſelf from you, the chagrin of ſeeing you fretful and unjuſt. Do you think I have not occaſion for all my courage to reſolve to leave you and Madame *D'Oſtalis?* But can I refuſe any thing to my children? .... Farewell, my dear, my real friend! for Heaven's ſake, do not write during your firſt emotions: ſpare me thoſe reproaches, which will afflict my heart, without relieving yours. Adieu! I ſet out in a few days: write not to me, I beg; wait my arrival; hear me before you complain or accuſe me.

LET-

LETTER XX.

The Chevalier Herbain to the Baroneſs.

I Muſt abſolutely, Madam, aſk you the reaſon of Madame *D'Oſtalis*'s conduct and behaviour. I can no longer bear it; ſhe is become quite unſociable. I allow ſhe has ſtill many good qualities: ſhe has ſenſe and ſweetneſs; ſhe ſpeaks ill of nobody; ſhe ſeems to blame nothing ſhe ſees; but there is vaſt hypocriſy hidden under that apparent mildneſs, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſhe has a manner of criticiſing ſtill more ſevere than detraction; for ſhe cenſures not by her words, but by her actions. I am going to relate a few anecdotes, that will convince you to what a height ſhe carries her diſſimulation and malice. It is about three weeks ago, ſince I took a little trip into the country to viſit Madame de *R*—, where I found a good deal of company, and Madame *D'Oſtalis*: She behaved pretty well for the firſt twenty-four hours. After dinner the men went to billiards, and the ladies retired, and ſhut themſelves up in a little cloſet, to untwiſt gold at their eaſe. Madame *D'Oſtalis*'s complaiſance made her quit her embroidery to read aloud fooliſh novels, which muſt have tired her, and which none of the reſt attended to. One day, that we were all aſſembled in the hall before the hour of walking, Madame *de R*— ſuddenly obſerved, that the fringe on my dreſs would be excellent for untwiſting; at that inſtant her ſprightlineſs

ſprightlineſs induced her to cut off one of my taſſels. I was directly ſurrounded by ten women, who with an enchanting grace and vivacity, ſtripped me, ran away with my dreſs, and put all the fringes and gold bindings into their work-bags. Madame *D'Oſtalis* alone did not condeſcend to take the leaſt bit, alledging, that ſhe did not underſtand untwiſting; but ſhe laughed heartily, and ſeemed to think it a very good joke. I own to you her deceit exaſperated me, and I reſolved to unmaſk her. I immmediately diſpatched my valet de chambre to Paris; who brought me the next day a ſuperb cloak for a woman, full trimmed all round with an elegant gold fringe. I carried it into the hall. At the ſight of the cloak, all the women aroſe. I avoided them; and approaching Madame *D'Oſtalis*, ſaid to her, Madam, as you are the only one who has not robbed me, nor would have any hand in the plot on my fringes, I give you all this gold as a reward for your honeſty. At theſe words I preſented her the cloak. Madame *D'Oſtalis*, looking on this pleaſantry as a ſevere reproof on the reſt, bluſhed, and told me, laughing, ſhe did not underſtand untwiſting, therefore my preſent was of no uſe to her . . . Nay, madam, I have ſeen you an hundred times untwiſting Mr. *Oſtalis*'s ſhoulder-knots, and your own trimmings. This reply embarraſſed her ſtill more, as ſhe clearly diſcovered my intention of giving a public proof of her nonconformity with the manner of thinking of all the world, even in the moſt inſignificant things. Her ſituation was diſtreſſing. One of her whims is, never to accept (particularly from a man) either

either gold or ſilver, under whatever form it could be offered; yet ſhe did not chuſe to affect a delicacy that might offend ten women. At length recovering from her diſtreſs, and reſuming her open and lively countenance: I tell you once more, ſaid ſhe, I no longer untwiſt; I have entirely quitted that work for embroidery; therefore I will not accept a very pretty thing, which would give me little pleaſure: but ſell it us, that is to ſay, let us raffle for it. This propoſition, which pleaſed the whole aſſembly, confounded me. Madame *D'Oſtalis*, without deigning to liſten to me, valued the cloak, had the lots made, took one, and diſtributed the reſt; put the money into my hat, and ſettled the raffle. Fortune gave the cloak to Madame de *R*—, who was perfectly ſatisfied with the concluſion of this adventure, and found this joke juſt as good as the preceding. The next day I deſired an explanation from Madame *D'Oſtalis*: wherefore, ſays I, do you refuſe a preſent, which every other woman not only would accept but ſolicit? Madame *de L*—, whom you meet perpetually, does ſhe not make all the men of her acquaintance preſent her with golden dolls, dogs, laces, and even new gold thread? The Ladies *G*——, *de C*——, *de R*——, &c. have not they all the ſame madneſs?—Very well; but I have not.—Do you then blame thoſe women? . . . Me! not at all; I have, on the contrary, a very good opinion of all thoſe you have juſt named, particularly Madame *de R*—, for whom I have a great friendſhip, and believe her poſſeſſed of the nobleſt ſentiments.—And you think it *very noble* to be continually aſking preſents,

ſents, for no other intent but to ſell them? For example, yeſterday, inſtead of pulling off my gold, would it not have been more honeſt, natural, and ſincere, to have aſked for ten Louis-d'ors? . . . Believe me, if Madame *de R*— had thought a moment, ſhe would not have ſubjected herſelf to your cenſure; and I might have been guilty of a ſimilar folly, had I received a different education. This laſt reply, I own, touched me; for I ought to allow, that by excuſing in others the faults ſhe herſelf is incapable of, Madame *D'Oſtalis* diſplays a frankneſs which convinces one ſhe thinks as ſhe ſpeaks, and that the indulgence ſhe grants is as ſincere as it is eſtimable.

But it is far from my intention to commend her; ſo let us reſume the ſubjects of my complaint. On my return to Paris, I ſupped with her at Madame *de Limours*'s. Madame *de Valci* and two more women came in at ten o'clock, and told us they were come from the *Variétés Amuſantes*; that they had ſeen *Jerome Pointu*, *Euſtache Pointu*, and *Le Fou raiſonable*. The world is full of the fame of theſe pieces; and every one in the party extolled them with enthuſiaſm, except Madame *D'Oſtalis*, who was perfectly ſilent. At laſt we queſtioned her, and ſhe was obliged to own that ſhe knew none of them. Although theſe plays are new, yet all Paris knows them by heart already: it is as ſhameful not to have ſeen them, as it would be extraordinary never to have been preſent when *Phædra* or *Cinna* was performed. She was laughed at by the whole company. We unanimouſly intreated her to go the very firſt opportunity. Two or three women preſſed her.

ner to fix the day, and engaged to ſecure a box. Madame *D'Oſtalis*, to rid herſelf of our importunities, promiſed to attend them in two days, provided ſhe was not obliged to go to Verſailles on that day. But on that day ſhe did go to Verſailles; and at the inſtant I am writing to you, Madam, ſhe knows no more of *Jerome Pointu*, *le Fou Raiſonable*, &c. than what ſhe has learned from common report, which can convey but a very imperfect idea of them; for the moſt brilliant ſallies are preciſely thoſe which cannot be quoted in converſation. I thought myſelf obliged to talk to her again on this ſubject. Acknowledge, ſaid I, that you will not go to the *Variétés Amuſantes*, becauſe you have been told they are not ſtrictly decent. Yet you are fond of the French comedy, and there you often ſee acted ſuch pieces as are very free; all *Dancourt*'s, for example .... Did they act only thoſe, I ſhould not go; for then this diverſion would be diſgraced, and one could not appear there without incurring a character, which of all others a woman ſhould avoid, that of indelicacy. Beſides, do you think the moſt licentious comedy ſo indecent as the maſter-piece of the *Variété Amuſantes?*—Oh! certainly not; but all the world goes there .... I could name ſeveral women, who have not been ſeduced by example; the Ladies *de L—*, *de Cr—*, and doubtleſs many more whom I know not. Moreover, ſhould it be abſolutely a univerſal faſhion to go, I ſhould only be ſtill more tempted to refrain, as I ſhould diſtinguiſh myſelf the more by not following it. What, Madam, do you think of this exceſſive vanity, in a young perſon apparently

apparently ſo unaffected and modeſt? Such pride is ſtill more diſguſting, as it is by no means the fault of the preſent age. One may aſſert, without flattery, that excepting a ſlight pretenſion to particularity in dreſs, their humility is ſtriking; they have not the leaſt deſire to diſtinguiſh themſelves. All women are alike, ſpeak and act in the ſame manner; and ſurely, if one may judge by their conduct, they are not deſirous of admiration. As for Madame *D'Oſtalis*, I muſt own ſhe gains her end; ſhe diſtinguiſhes herſelf; ſhe enjoys a great reputation; ſhe is ſo mild, conſiſtent, and obliging, that thoſe who envy, cannot hate her. She has ſincere friends; ſhe is adored by her huſband and family: but in ſpite of all theſe apparent advantages, the ſingularity of her conduct expoſes her to all the bittereſt ſtrokes, with which detraction and calumny can oppreſs a young woman. For example, they accuſe her of wanting wit, becauſe ſhe is neither ſcornful, coquettiſh, nor capricious. They ſet no price on her attachment to you, to her huſband and children; and they aſſign her having no lover to her want of ſenſibility. Theſe outrages extend ſtill farther: although the men think her both beautiful and charming, the women only ſay *ſhe has beauty*; an expreſſion which malice has invented, ſignifying, *regular features without the graces and allurements*. Others maintain, that ſhe has no elegance nor eaſe in her ſhape, &c. In ſhort, Madam, you cannot conceive how they ridicule her; and this, you muſt allow, ſhe draws on herſelf by affectation, which become every day more abſurd and inſupportable. My attachment for you, and my liking for her,

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to all around. Theſe manners are more dangerous, and may very probably ſeduce an inexperienced youth of ſenſibility. But you, my dear aunt, are coming; and my uncle can give the Chevalier the beſt advice, which I hope will prevent him from being duped by all thoſe artifices, which are ſet at work to deprive him of his liberty. You will not find him here on your arrival: Mr. *D'Aimeri* hurries him from Paris, deſignedly no doubt. They ſet out to-morrow on a viſit to a relation in Picardy, and intend ſtaying a fortnight. I muſt own to you, he appears to leave Paris with regret. He dined today at my mother-in-law's: his departure was talked on, and I was ſorry to obſerve the converſation ſeemed to give him pain.

I was yeſterday, for the firſt time in my life, at a party at blind-man's-buff, at Madame *de Clarence*'s; for it is proper you ſhould be informed, my dear aunt, that for ſix months paſt, inſtead of giving balls after ſupper, it is the faſhion to play at blind-man's-buff, *traine ballet*, &c. You will naturally imagine, that theſe childiſh amuſements are unpremeditated, and that they only ſpring from the ſprightlineſs of a ſmall and ſelect company: no ſuch thing. You receive a card of invitation to *Traine Ballet* a fortnight before-hand, and frequently from a perſon with whom you have no particular connection, as in the inſtance of me and Madame *Clarence*. I went yeſterday to her houſe at half paſt nine, dreſt for blind-man's-buff, that is to ſay in a *Levée*. I found eight or ten young ladies, as many young men, and five or ſix mothers-in-law: all this company, ſeated in a dull circle,

appeared to wait without impatience the appointed hour for playing, which is not till after ſupper, for they cannot reſolve to diſcompoſe their dreſs till near midnight; a diſpoſition which ill agrees with the mirth, which ought to belong to theſe parties. Madame *de Valcé* and the Chevalier *de Valmont* were at this ſupper; ſhe affecting to mind nothing, but ſunk in a profound reverie; yet from time to time ſeeking him with her eyes, and caſting looks at him equally mild and deceitful. . . . At length it ſtrikes eleven; the mothers-in-law ſit down to whiſt, and the romps begin. Then were ſeveral attachments revealed, which were hitherto unknown, or merely ſuſpected. The blinded perſon is ſeen to attempt catching only her, who engroſſes his affections. Feigned or real embarraſſments on one ſide; eagerneſs, folly, and coquetry on the other: all theſe haſty emotions diſcover, to the leaſt diſcerning, all the little intrigues of the party. The game was very animated; all ran and ſcreamed, except two or three indifferent perſons. But innocent mirth is the only mirth that is true and ſociable: by making a vaſt noiſe, and playing the fool, it may be counterfeited, but cannot be inſpired. To Mr. *D'Oſtalis*, the ladies of S———, and myſelf, the entertainment was intolerably dull; and *Traine Ballet*, which you have ſeen us enjoy ſo much in the country, could not enliven us an inſtant. I own to you, I was inſupportably diſtreſſed every time I was compelled to hunt five or ſix young men, whom I ſcarcely knew; and certainly ſtruck them very aukwardly with the handkerchief, and I received their blows with

ſtill more diſguſt. A general riot concluded this charming evening: the tables, chairs, &c. were overturned: twenty bottles of water were thrown over the room. In ſhort, I retired at half paſt one, ſinking with fatigue, benumbed with blows, leaving Madame *de Clarence* abſolutely hoarſe; her gown torn in a thouſand pieces, the ſkin ſtripped off her arm, and a contuſion on her head; but applauding herſelf for having given ſo gay a ſupper, and flattering herſelf it would be all the talk next day. I truſt my dear aunt is aſſured, I ſhall be no more ſeen at theſe noiſy aſſemblies; and that I ſhould not have appeared at one, had I been two or three years younger. Adieu, my dear aunt! Be ſo good as to ſend faithful *Brunel* to inform me of the day you propoſe to be here, that I may meet you.

LETTER XXII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

——— Paris.

I Arrived the day before yeſterday, Madam; and can as yet give you no intelligence of Mr. *D'Aimeri*, nor of the Chevalier *de Valmont*; but I this day received a letter from Mr. *D'Aimeri*, which informs me I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing them in four or five days at fartheſt. But every body, that knows the Chevalier, is delighted with him; and they praiſe him equally for his accom-

accompliſhments, underſtanding, ſweetneſs, and good conduct. It is much to be wiſhed, that Mr. *D'Aimeri* may not leave him to himſelf for two or three years to come; that is to ſay, that he may attend him till that time as he has hitherto done. Mr. *D'Aimeri* does not love company; but we are not permitted to follow our own taſte till we have fulfilled our duties; and we cannot think of living for ourſelves, as long as we can be uſeful to our children.

I received a viſit yeſterday from Madame *d'Olcy*. The Chevalier's ſucceſs in the world inſures to him, from her, not only the affections of an aunt, but thoſe of *a mother*; that was her expreſſion. She gave me to underſtand, that ſhe had already a view to ſettle him. It ſeems to me very early for her to buſy herſelf in that matter; and, I own, it would not be Madame *d'Olcy* who ſhould determine my choice; for I imagine ſhe ſets very little value on perſonal merit, and none at all on the advantages of a good education. In an affair, on which depends the happineſs of one's life, it is my opinion, we ought not to conſult thoſe who would be led and determined by vanity alone. I ſend you, Madam, the books you deſired; and add a new one, which is much admired. It is the firſt production of *Porphiry*, that young man you have heard me mention ſo often, as educated by Mr. *Lagaraye*. This work appears to me worthy your attention; and although it is modern, you will read it more than once with pleaſure. The ſtile of it is pure and natural; there are no obſcure, far-fetched, and ambiguous phraſes; nor thoſe ſtriking inaccuracies, which at once diſ-

cover the bad taſte of an author. It is well known, that the beſt works have their faults and weak parts; but an author, who knows how to write, will always poſſeſs clearneſs, truth, and the ſtile which ſuits the ſubject of which he treats.

LETTER XXIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame D'Oſtalis.

ALAS! my dear child, notwithſtanding the wiſh of us both, you were not witneſs to *Adelaide*'s firſt interview with the Chevalier *de Valmont!* Mr. *D'Aimeri*, who was not to leave S— till the 20th, arrived here laſt night, and viſited me this morning. *Adelaide* had juſt left me to go and write. I was alone in my cloſet, when, all at once, Mr. *D'Aimeri* and the Chevalier were announced. This laſt name raiſed in me a kind of emotion, which muſt have diſcovered my ſecret to Madame *de Limours*, had ſhe been preſent. We muſt not value ourſelves on our prudence, for there are moments when the moſt cautious women are very indiſcreet.—But to return to the Chevalier; I am equally pleaſed with his deportment, his countenance, and his manners. After a quarter of an hour's converſation, Mr. *D'Aimeri* aſked me to let him ſee *Adelaide:* I rang directly, and ordered her to be called, and ſhe came running in directly: but perceiving

perceiving Mr. *D'Aimeri* and his grand-ſon, ſhe ſtopped all on a ſudden with an embarraſſed air, made a low curtſey, looked ſimple, and bluſhed in a very particular manner. What emotion was it made her bluſh? was it ſhyneſs, ſurpriſe, inſtinct, or foreſight? This is what perhaps we may never know. You will readily imagine my looks were directed to the Chevalier at that inſtant, and I was very well ſatisfied with the impreſſion I ſaw on his countenance. He looked on *Adelaide* with as much pleaſure as curioſity, and I am certain he was charmed with her. Mrs. *D'Almane* came into my cloſet, and preſſed Mr. *D'Aimeri* to ſtay dinner. When we roſe from table, Mr. *D'Aimeri* went up to *Adelaide*, and told her, the Chevalier *de Valmont*, recollecting the taſte ſhe ſhewed in her childhood for natural hiſtory, made a collection of choice pebbles during his travels; "and my grand-ſon," continued he, "not daring to preſume to offer them to you himſelf, has intreated me to preſent them." At theſe words, Mr. *D'Aimeri* took a large box from the Chevalier; containing a moſt beautiful aſſortment of the rareſt ſtones, and beſought *Adelaide* to accept them. My child, at a loſs, ſought counſel in my eyes: I made a ſign of approbation, and the box was received with a little confuſion, and much gratitude. I repeat it again, I am quite enchanted with *Charles*. It is impoſſible, at eighteen, to be formed more amiable, and at the ſame time to have more reſerve and ſimplicity; but his heart is no longer his own, I am certain. He is melancholy, and inattentive; he is thoughtful, and ſighs. In ſhort, he is paſſionately in love; and I am ſure,

from all you have told me, and from what I have ſeen myſelf, it can be only Madame *de Valcé*. I own I am more afflicted at the choice than at the ſentiment!—Alas! if he is really in love with Madame *de Valcé*, he never can love *Adelaide!*—I am indeed too ſure Madame *Valcé* has infatuated him. I was dying to talk to him of her; and I found a very natural opportunity. You know, that one of the prettieſt miniatures you gave me repreſents Madame *de Limours* and her two daughters. Painting was the ſubject of converſation; and I ſaid, that the likeſt portrait I had ever ſeen was one you drew of Madame *de Valcé*. This ſpeech made him bluſh, and put him quite out of countenance; I appeared not to take notice of it. When he was a little compoſed, I ſent for the picture. Mr. *D'Aimeri* applauded it highly: as for the Chevalier, his admiration deprived him even of the fear of betraying himſelf. He contemplated her image with a rapture which (I will not hide it from you) occaſioned me as much ſurpriſe as diſpleaſure. I cannot conceive how ſo manifeſt a coquet, with ſuch free behaviour, ſo moderate an underſtanding; a woman, in ſhort, whoſe whole merit conſiſts in an agreeable figure, could inſpire ſo deep an impreſſion. A young man's firſt attachment generally decides his character and his principles. What then muſt we think of the delicacy of his heart, who makes ſo deſpicable a choice? Moreover, a man always judges of all women from one, that is to ſay, from her he has moſt loved: and it is uſually the object of his firſt affection which fixes his opinion in this reſpect. I ſhould be much concerned, if my

my daughter's huſband had an ill opinion of women in general. Therefore you ſee, that if *Charles* is really attached to *Flora*, he will ceaſe to be ſuitable to me. I ſhall regret it much, I confeſs; but we ſhall ſee. I will not relinquiſh a hope, which is become more dear to me, ſince I have ſeen him a ſecond time. Adieu, my child! Mr. *D'Oſtalis* told me to-night, that you may perhaps ſtay at Verſailles till Thurſday. I beg you to ſend me word what day you poſitively will return.

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. D'Aimeri to Madame de Valmont.

AT length, my dear daughter, I am acquainted with *Charles*'s ſentiments. His 'ſecret' is no longer ſuch to me; and aſſuredly your ſurpriſe will be as great as mine at the unexpected avowal. You was informed of the real motive for my journey into Picardy. I was deſirous of ſeparating him from Madame *de Valcé* for a ſhort time, flattering myſelf, that the neceſſity of talking of her would induce him to lay open his heart to me; but my hopes deceived me. *Charles*, melancholy and thoughtful, ſought ſolitude, avoided me, and, for the firſt time in his life, ſeemed to fear being alone with me. Walking with him one day alone, I began talking of Madame *de Valcé*, and I mentioned

tioned her with contempt. *Charles* did not betray the leaſt emotion. So profound a diſſimulation afflicted, as much as it ſurpriſed me: but wiſhing to ſee to what a length he would carry it, I reſolved to urge him no farther; and returned to Paris without having obtained the confidence I ſo anxiouſly deſired. The day after our arrival, that is laſt Monday, we waited on Madame *D'Almane*; and there it was *Charles* betrayed himſelf intirely. She ſhewed us a picture of Madame *de Valcé*, painted by Madame *D'Oſtalis*. His confuſion at the ſight of this picture was ſo viſible, that it certainly could not eſcape the penetrating eyes of Madame *D'Almane*.—I felt the neceſſity of an immediate explanation. I went into *Charles*'s room the next morning, as he was riſing; I ſent away his attendants, and ſat down by his bed-ſide. "*Charles*, ſays I, "it is time to break a ſilence which afflicts and "diſtreſſes me. As your governor and your "father, I come to demand a ſecret, which I "could not obtain as your friend. It is no "longer a confidence I require; you have loſt "the opportunity of beſtowing that. I have, "in ſpite of you, read your heart: now at "leaſt I expect ſincerity. But remember, that "in this inſtance the ſlighteſt diſſimulation will "rob me for ever of the only hope of happineſs "Heaven has left me." At theſe words *Charles* was too much affected to be able to ſpeak, ſeized my hand, and preſſed it between his. He trembled, and I myſelf was greatly moved.—We were ſome minutes ſilent: at laſt *Charles* reſumed the diſcourſe.—I might fear to own a folly to you; but could you think me capable of diſſimulation with

with you?—Nevertheleſs, I have had cauſe to accuſe you of it more than once: but be that as it may, you are in love; you have delivered up your heart to a paſſion the moſt criminal; and what conflicts have you ſuſtained to defend yourſelf, or overcome it?—In never ſeeking, and even avoiding, the object which gave it birth.—But you meet her every-where: hitherto, indeed, you have received her advances with proper reſerve.—Her advances! what ſay you? of whom are you ſpeaking?—Of whom! why of Madame *de Valcé*.—At theſe words his face flushed with anger and diſdain. Madame *de Valcé!* who, me! what, I love ſo deſpicable a woman! Ah! ceaſe to deceive yourſelf: the ſentiment I feel is more excuſable; but it is yet more dangerous.—Ah! who is then the object which inſpires it? What! can it be Madame *D'Oſtalis?* At theſe words he caſt his eyes down and bluſhed; and by that tacit avowal filled me with an aſtoniſhment, which you no doubt will ſhare. I felt at the ſame time a ſecret joy, which I concealed with difficulty. I interrupted a pretty long ſilence, with ſaying, Well, what hopes have you?—I have none.—If you think ſo, my child, you deceive yourſelf: love never exiſts without hope. I can eaſily conceive that you are a little frighted by Madame *D'Oſtalis*'s reputation; but you have a kind of flattering hope, that a ſincere paſſion, an unſhaken conſtancy, meet their reward at laſt, eſpecially in a form like yours.—No, no; I have too high an eſteem for Madame *D'Oſtalis*.—Well then! are you firmly reſolved never to mention your paſſion? Have you promiſed yourſelf to leave her ignorant

of it for ever? No ſuch thing: on the contrary, at the bottom of your heart you have perhaps fixed the moment to declare your ſentiments, and you think ſhe will give you credit for your diſcretion in concealing it ſo long; but this pretended diſcretion is only an artful policy, an additional ſnare, which you prepare in order to ſurpriſe her the more readily. Such are the chimeras which ſeduce you. Ah *Charles!* ſhould you be ſo unfortunate not to truſt in virtue?—Alas! I believe that of Madame *D'Oſtalis* to be as ſolid as ſincere.—Why then would you wiſh to corrupt it?—I only deſire her compaſſion.—Vain error! you diſguiſe your real intentions even to yourſelf. Search the bottom of your heart; examine it ſtrictly, and you will be terrified at its ſituation. I have but one more reflection to make: if Madame *D'Oſtalis* is (as I firmly believe her) truly virtuous, the deluſive hope you have nouriſhed can only ſerve to render you miſerable: if, on the contrary, ſhe owes the preſervation of her reputation to circumſtances rather than to principles, you may poſſibly deſtroy it; but in this ſuppoſition can you look forward, without trembling, to the dreadful abyſs into which you will plunge her? Reflect on the happineſs ſhe now enjoys, admired by all her acquaintance, cheriſhed by a virtuous huſband and family, who look on her as their glory and felicity. Are you capable of the cruel deſign of robbing her for ever of a bliſs ſo pure? You love her to diſtraction: well then, if that is true, reverence her duties, her reputation, and her happineſs; conquer this mad paſſion, which, if known, can only make you ridiculous.—Ridiculous!

diculous! is it poſſible to be ſo by loving the perſon in the world the moſt worthy to be adored? —By daring to appear in love with her, you will diſplay a raſhneſs which no man has hitherto ſhewn. Beſides, recollect the diſproportion of age; ſhe is twenty-ſix, and you only in your nineteenth year; ſhe is a mother of a family, and I cannot yet even think of ſettling you. This idea alone ought to convince you of the folly of an attachment, which your reaſon would readily cure, if you ſincerely deſired it.—Our converſation ended with *Charles*'s reiterated proteſtations to follow my advice with a ſcrupulous exactneſs. To deal ſincerely with you, my dear daughter, an attachment for ſo eſtimable an object cannot give me any ſerious uneaſineſs: the diſproportion of years neceſſarily oppoſes its duration. Madame *D'Oſtalis* is ſtill in all the bloom of beauty; but in four or five years ſhe will ceaſe to rank amongſt the young. Oh! if our hopes do not deceive us, before that æra *Charles*'s heart will beat with a more fortunate paſſion!—From the knowledge I have of Madame *D'Almane*'s character, I am convinced ſhe has turned her thoughts more than once on *Charles*; and I am very certain that education, conduct, and perſonal charms, will take the lead in deciding her choice. If it be true that ſhe has formed any ſuch deſigns, I am perſuaded nothing will more effectually deſtroy them than the idea of your ſon's feeling a real paſſion for a woman of Madame *de Valce*'s diſpoſition. Therefore I think it abſolutely neceſſary, for *Charles*'s ſake, to own the whole truth, and undeceive her in this reſpect. Was the charming *Adelaide* but two years older,

Charles would ſoon experience inconſtancy. He was ſo ſtruck with her grace and figure, that it would be very eaſy for me to turn his heart to love. Oh! could my eyes, before they cloſe for ever, but behold this deſirable union, I ſhould die contented with my fate, notwithſtanding all the woes I have ſuffered. Farewell, my dear child; I ſhall talk to Madame *D'Almane* to-morrow, and give you an account of our converſation.

LETTER XXV.

Count Roſeville to the Baron.

I Willingly ſubſcribe, my dear Baron, to all you have advanced concerning the female ſex. I believe I could name more than one mother, who could educate her ſon as well, and perhaps better than the beſt father, or moſt able governor. What man durſt pretend to equal them in delicacy and art, whilſt women elevate themſelves to virtues which ought to characteriſe us, courage and greatneſs of ſoul? I agree with you, that no education can be perfect, which they have not either directed or poliſhed. But this rule holds good only in ſome caſes; and here is doubtleſs the moſt ſtriking difference, remarkable in the two plans of education, for a ſubject (let him be of ever ſo exalted a rank) and for a Prince who is born to reign.

reign. It is of conſequence to your ſon's happineſs, that he ſhould have an advantageous opinion of womankind in general. It is particularly the deſire of pleaſing them, that will make him appear amiable; it is their good opinion alone that can make his life agreeable, and retain him in good company. The wife you chooſe for him will certainly merit his affection: it is therefore neceſſary he ſhould have a great eſteem for, and an intire confidence in her; but a monarch is not born to live in what we call the great world. Women cannot contribute to the ſucceſs he ought to deſire; his glory and happineſs depend ſolely on the eſteem of the warrior, of the magiſtrate, of the virtuous citizen; on the voice of the nation and his people's love. The wife that will be given him, will not be choſen for perſonal qualifications; political motives alone will be preferred. She may be, perhaps, rough, cruel and imperious; perhaps may add a vain deſire of governing, to the greateſt imbecility. It is therefore neceſſary for a Prince to be reſolved never to be governed by her.—In fine, I do not attempt to inſpire my pupil with a diſdain for women in general; but I would have him know how to diſtruſt them, and that he ſhould be convinced of a truth, (of which I myſelf am convinced) namely, that they ſhould never be admitted to great affairs. They may equal us in ſenſe, but very rarely in prudence. Endowed with leſs ſenſibility than they are, after our tender years we are ſecure from thoſe ſudden and violent emotions, which the female ſex ſo often ſuffer; cauſing faintings and hyſteric fits, by

by which they inſtantly diſcover the moſt important ſecrets. The weakneſs of their conſtitutions, the flexibility of their features, the expreſſion in their eyes, the involuntary bluſh raiſed by the leaſt ſurpriſe, the delicacy even of their complexions, which makes thoſe bluſhes ſtill more viſible and remarkable; every thing in ſhort conſpires to make their firſt emotions known. In a word, I cannot look on them as more deſigned by nature as the depoſitaries of ſtate ſecrets, than to command armies. I know that women have gained battles, and reigned as glorioufly as the greateſt Kings: But I only ſpeak in general, and am ready to admit many exceptions; the hiſtory even of our own times would furniſh more than one example. The Abbot *Duguet*, in his *Inſtitution d'un Prince*, judges infinitely more ſeverely of women than I do; and I even deem his picture of them an unjuſt ſatire, dictated by ill humour rather than truth. This diſſertation, which is as long as ungallant, finiſhes thus:

" The court, where they have power, inſenſibly degenerates into a palace of pleaſures, diverſions, frivolous occupations; where luxury, gaming, love, and all the conſequences of thoſe paſſions reign. The city quickly imitates the court, and the provinces ſoon follow the pernicious example. Thus a whole nation, tho' formerly ever ſo courageous, is weakened, and becomes effeminate; avarice and the love of pleaſure ſupplant the love of virtue. It is therefore neceſſary, in order to diſcard all favour, cabals, venality, intereſt and paſſion, never to grant

" to the women the leaſt ſhare in government. " They will be modeſt and reaſonable, when " they are commanded; but they corrupt both " court and ſtate, where they command."

You will without doubt aſk me, how I propoſe to preſerve my pupil from their ſeduction. I do not flatter myſelf with the expectation of ſecuring him from the power of love: but I am ſure, that this dangerous paſſion will never govern, tho' it may ſometimes lead him aſtray. He agrees with me, that no woman can be ſo prudent as a man; he will retain all his life this idea, which I have imprinted on his mind, not only by reaſons, but by all the proofs I could collect. I found means to inſpire him with two cauſes for miſtruſt inſtead of one. I did not content myſelf with telling him, that women in general were fickle, indiſcreet, that they loved talking, and boaſting of ſecrets confided to them. I added, there are nevertheleſs ſome irreproachable in all theſe reſpects; but ſtill they are women; and conſequently liable to all thoſe indiſcreet emotions, which aſtoniſhment, fear, grief, or joy ever produce in them. They will not tell a ſecret confided to them; but they involuntarily betray it. Thus tho' the cauſe is different, the effect is always the ſame. Similar diſcourſes, repeated from his earlieſt youth, could not fail producing the moſt deep impreſſions; particularly when they were elucidated by examples; and ſuch are not ſcarce in a court. An event has juſt happened here, which has furniſhed us with many reflections on this ſubject. A lady of the court, equally celebrated for her behaviour and beauty, dined at the

the Count de * * * with fifty people; her huſband came in juſt as the company were ſitting down to dinner, and ſaid aloud, that the Baron de *L*—— had juſt fallen from his horſe, and broke his leg.—As he finiſhed his recital, he caſt his eyes on his wife, and ſaw her turn pale, change countenance, and at laſt faint away. This fatal imprudence of a too ſenſible heart deprived this hapleſs woman of her reputation, the eſteem and friendſhip of her huſband, and all the tranquility of her life. Many people pretend that ſhe is innocent, and that the ſecret ſhe has betrayed is unknown even to the object of this violent paſſion. This adventure has ſtruck the Prince very forcibly, and confirmed him ſtill more in the opinion I have given him of women. This brought on a long converſation on love.—It is a very dangerous paſſion, ſaid the Prince.—Yes, replied I, for weak characters; therefore its empire is ſo great over women.—Has it moſt empire over the women?—Certainly; for they frequently ſacrifice their honour at its ſhrine; whereas a man of the leaſt delicacy would not heſitate a moment to ſacrifice love to honour.—But amongſt us this alternative is very rare:—Not ſo much as you imagine; I, for example, have been in this ſituation.——Oh! do tell me.—I was in love with a charming girl—Was ſhe fair or brown?—Her hair was bright cheſnut—a fine complexion—a beautiful ſhape?—Yes, ſhe was a perfect beauty; we were both at liberty; we loved each other. Our parents approved and fixed the day, which was to unite us for ever. I was then in the ſea ſervice. War was declared.

clared. I inſtantly flew to Verſailles, aſked for a command, obtained it, but on condition that I ſet out without delay, that is to ſay, the next day. This was impoſing on me a cruel ſacrifice. I muſt defer for four or five months a marriage, on which depended the happineſs of my life. I was obliged to go, to embark, and to leave my love a prey to deſpair.—Yet I did not heſitate; I accepted the command; and promiſed to depart at day-break.—And did you ſee your miſtreſs?—It was neceſſary to tell her the fatal news. She vainly employed tears, intreaties, convulſions, and faintings to retain me: I left her, ſet out, and embarked.—And what became of her after your departure?—She conſoled herſelf; and at my return I found her married.—I did not expect ſuch a concluſion.—Was you older, it would ſurprize you leſs.—But your behaviour does not aſtoniſh me in the leaſt.—In truth it was very natural.——I am ſure I ſhould not heſitate a moment between love and duty.—Neither is love a paſſion made for you.—How?—None but a madman would give himſelf up to it, unleſs he could flatter himſelf with a ſincere return.——Well then?—Well then, conſider your rank; and what aſſurance can you have, that you do not owe the preference ſhewn you to ſecret motives of ambition.—That would be a ſad idea; I muſt then relinquiſh all hopes of poſſeſſing friends.—Oh! that is quite another caſe: a man will ſhew his attachment for you by real ſervices and virtuous actions, and ſuch proofs ought to obtain your confidence and eſteem; whilſt no woman but your wife can manifeſt her affection for

for you, but by rendering herſelf deſpicable, even in your eyes. Suppoſe that a man, entruſted with a ſecret, ſhould reveal it to you, telling you that he can hide nothing from you; that he is only guilty of this treachery from his friendſhip to you; would this pretended proof affect you? Would you be perſuaded that he really loved you? Certainly not;—becauſe a diſhonourable perſon never deſerves to be truſted:—Even the action, which ſhe looks on as a mark of affection, will only ſerve to make her ſuſpected.—There are nevertheleſs men, who think themſelves really beloved by women, who are not eſtimable—aſſuredly. When a woman ſacrifices her reputation, eaſe, and honour for a man, one ought to believe it is love alone that ſeduces her; but in your place, my Lord, how can you ever aſcertain that?—But if a Prince ſhould be beloved by a diſintereſted woman, who apparently deſpiſes riches and honours?—And who will affirm, that this woman may not be at the bottom of her heart as ambitious as ſhe appears the reverſe? But ſuppoſing her to perſevere in ſuch conduct, ſtill a Prince would have reaſon to ſuſpect the ſincerity of her love; for there has been many inſtances of people, who could deſpiſe money and preferment, yet were very ſuſceptible of that ſort of reſpect which attends authority and favour. I will go further: he, who as a private man would never have inſpired this paſſion, as a Prince has frequently been very ſucceſsful.—But why ſo! for my title is in effect nothing to my perſon.—Very true; but rank has a great ſway on the imagination; and imagination

gination alone is the mother and nurſe of love. This weak and imperious paſſion requires equality; it can never exiſt with ambition; and a lover, from whom we expect, or receive a great fortune, ſhould never flatter himſelf with inſpiring a great paſſion.—All this is very true; I feel it; but yet hiſtory celebrates many great Princes, who have loved paſſionately.—They had been much greater, could they have defended themſelves from the ſeducing power of love; but you ought likewiſe to obſerve that it was very rare, that theſe king's miſtreſſes governed them, or obtained any ſecrets of ſtate.—State ſecrets! Why a man muſt be mad who truſts a woman with them.—Moſt ſurely; for excluſive of their imprudence, women underſtand nothing of that ſort. A Prince is convinced of the underſtanding and integrity of a man, before he places any confidence in him; and how is it poſſible to judge of a woman's, ſince ſhe can be employed neither in council nor embaſſies?—Is it poſſible there ſhould ever have been a Prince ſo thoughtleſs as to conſult women on important affairs?—To ſuch an exceſs of blindneſs love may lead them, if they have the frailty to allow themſelves to be enſlaved; judge then if it is not neceſſary for a Prince to know how to reſiſt it at all times.

This converſation, my dear Baron, ought to ſatisfy your curioſity, and anſwers your queſtions better, than a long ſtring of arguments. Finally, it makes you perfectly acquainted with the ideas and opinions, I would inſtill into my Prince relative to love and women.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. D'Aimeri to Madame de Valmont.

AT length I have obtained a private interview with Madame *D'Almane*; I have made a free confeſſion, and applaud myſelf for ſo doing. She told me without diſguiſe, that ſhe was delighted at *Charles*'s proving himſelf more ſenſible to the charms of modeſty and accompliſhments, than to the allurements of coquetry. All my hopes are confirmed by the intereſted and even affectionate manner, with which ſhe ſpoke of him. She was of opinion, that I ought to enjoin *Charles* to conquer his paſſion entirely; that is to ſay, to go away with me directly without ſeeing Madame *D'Oſtalis*, and for us not to return to Paris of a year. But this ſeeming to me too ſevere, we agreed that I ſhould remonſtrate very ſtrongly, and make him promiſe to avoid her as much as poſſible. The very day I had this converſation, I took *Charles* to a little ball; *Adelaide* was there; my grandſon had never ſeen her dance, and ſeemed charmed with her graceful figure.—To day he heard her ſing, and ſaw her draw; he told me to-night, that he was convinced ſhe would one day poſſeſs all the talents, accompliſhments, and virtues of Madame *D'Oſtalis*. As to Madame *de Valcé*, ſhe perſiſts in her ſcheme, and ſhe behaves ſo very imprudently in this reſpect, that every

every body is convinced *Charles* has ſupplanted Mr. *de Creny:* for they do not imagine a youth of eighteen capable of reſiſting ſuch advances. We ſupped laſt Sunday at Madame *D'Almane*'s, and there met (for the firſt time theſe three weeks) Madame *D'Oſtalis. Charles* could not conceal his emotions, and found means to ſeat himſelf next her at ſupper. I was too far from them to be able to obſerve him; but after ſupper ſorrow was ſo viſible in his countenance, that I was quite alarmed. I inquired the cauſe. He preſſed my hand without being able to ſpeak, and I ſaw his eyes filled with tears. Equally diſturbed and ſurpriſed I ſought an occaſion to depart, and took him away immediately. When we were alone, he broke through all conſtraint, and gave free vent to his tears. I entreated him, but in vain, to let me know the motive for ſo violent a grief; I could draw from him only incoherent words. At laſt, becoming a little calmer; I am, ſays he, the moſt wretched of men; I have broke my reſolūtions and promiſes.—Madame *D'Oſtalis* will deſpiſe me; and I am unworthy of your favours.—But what then has happened to you?—I have broke ſilence; I have declared myſelf, or at leaſt I have made known thoſe ſentiments, which I promiſed to conceal.—What! you have then dared to declare your paſſion to Madame *D'Oſtalis?*—Intoxicated with joy at again ſeeing and ſetting by her, I forgot every thing, even the fear of diſobliging her. I do not know what I ſaid, but too well remember the look ſhe caſt on me—that look which manifeſted ſo cold a diſdain, and ſuch ſcornful pride—and which impoſed

poſed on me ſuch abſolute ſilence!—This confeſſion afflicted me very much; I knew that Madame *D'Oſtalis* would not fail informing Madame *D'Almane*, and I reſolved to go and talk to her myſelf; which I did the next day. She ſeemed affected by the confidence I placed in her. After having thanked me, ſhe ſaid, you ſee I was in the right, when I adviſed your going away directly; violent meaſures are always the moſt efficacious: the Chevalier *de Valmont* would then have made an entire ſacrifice of his paſſion. You did not inſiſt on what you have a right to expect; and you have obtained nothing. You have increaſed his weakneſs by humouring it; you would have given ſtrength to his reſolution by appearing to rely on it. Theſe reflections made a deep impreſſion on me; but the time for departure is loſt; *Charles* will not conſent, but with deſpair. Beſides, he is at preſent much leſs occupied by love, than by the deſire of regaining Madame *D'Oſtalis*'s eſteem. He feels, that he cannot obtain that but by avoiding her in earneſt, and convincing her he is radically cured of a ſentiment which offends her. I therefore ſee no inconvenience from our ſtaying here till May. Finally, my dear daughter, if I change my plan, you ſhall be informed directly; and I ſhall not leave Paris but to come to you.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

IS it poſſible, Madam, that you ſhould aſk me ſeriouſly, if *Adelaide* is preſent, when I receive my evening viſitors? Can you figure to yourſelf my little *Adelaide*, ſeated ſorrowfully on the edge of her chair, in the midſt of a circle, liſtening to a very unconnected and frivolous converſation, and making all the little cuſtomary compliments?—No, no, Madam, *Adelaide* is a charming child, but ſhe is ſtill but a child; and ſhe will not ſee the world, till ſhe is of an age to ſee with her own eyes, and judge for herſelf. I have a new anecdote, which will ſerve to add to the collection you make of the trials *Adelaide* has ſuſtained." This courſe of artificial experience will not end theſe two years. When *Adelaide* is above fourteen events will naturally ariſe, and I ſhall be no longer compelled "to create them."

But let us return to the trial of the day before yeſterday.—You muſt know, that for theſe laſt four months ſhe has received two guineas a month by way of pocket money; out of which ſhe is obliged to find herſelf in pins, powder, pomatum, ſhoes, gloves, and writing paper. The firſt month the whole ſum was waſted in three days in ſuperfluities; and ſhe was forced to wear ragged ſhoes and dirty gloves. She felt

felt the neceſſity of order and œconomy. She keeps her accounts exact, and has already learned to ſuit her expences to her income. *Adelaide* came into my cloſet yeſterday noon, juſt as I was going to a cabinet-maker's to buy ſome furniture I was in want of; ſhe intreated me to let her go with me. I have, ſays ſhe, ſome money remaining of my monthly allowance, and I wiſh to buy a little table.—I conſent, replied I, and the more readily, as I wiſh you to begin to know the price of thoſe things you muſt one day purchaſe; which cannot be learnt but by going ſometimes to the ſhops. We ſet out, and went into a very fine ſhop. She inquired for tables, and they ſhewed her a charming one, in which was incloſed an inkhorn and deſk; but unfortunately it came to twenty-ſeven ſhillings, and ſhe had but twelve. This is unlucky, whiſpered I; if you had not ſpent eighteen ſhillings laſt month in cut paper, ſtraw boxes, Bergamot toothpick-caſes, toys in ſhort, all of which you have already broke or loſt, you could have bought this pretty table. *Adelaide* ſighed; I left her to reflect on this misfortune; and when I had made my purchaſes, called her, and we went away. When we were in the carriage, I perceived a large box of roſe wood under her arm: what, ſays I, have you bought that?—Yes, mamma;—and for how much? For my twelve ſhillings.—But it was a table you wanted? Yes; but I could not find a pretty one for my price—And for that reaſon you bought a thing you did not want, nor have any uſe for—Would it not have been wiſer to have reſerved your twelve ſhillings to aſſiſt in raiſing

a ſuffi-

a ſufficient ſum to pay for ſuch a table as you ſaw?—That is true; I was to blame.—Beſides, we ought never to diveſt ourſelves entirely of money to pleaſe our fancies. Things may happen, which will make us regret it.—But I ſhall receive my allowance in three days.—It is very poſſible you may wiſh for money within that time. The day after this converſation, a footman came into *Adelaide*'s chamber, and delivered a letter which was directed to her, ſaying, a woman, who appears very pale, and ill dreſſed, had juſt brought it. *Adelaide*, ſurprized, gave the letter to Miſs *Bridget*, who opened it directly, and read aloud what follows:

" Mademoiſelle,

" I implore your compaſſion; I have ſeven " children which I have juſt left in a garret, " almoſt dying with hunger. Acquainted with " your mamma's charitable diſpoſition, I came " to beg her to relieve me; but hearing that ſhe " is not yet awake, I addreſs myſelf to you. " I am writing in your kitchen, where I ſee a " fire for the firſt time theſe eight days. But, " alas! my poor children are at this inſtant periſhing perhaps with cold and hunger!—For Heaven ſake have pity on them!

" *Marianne*, the wife of *Durand*."

Oh, great God! exclaimed *Adelaide*, burſting to tears, what ſhall I do?—How! Madeoiſelle, returned Miſs *Bridget*, can you heſite about giving this unhappy woman money to y bread? Send her a crown; that relief will ffice for to-day; and you cannot doubt your

mamma's extricating her utterly from ſo deplorable a ſtate.—A crown, replied *Adelaide*, ſobbing, a crown! Alas, I have it not!—Oh had I but my twelve ſhillings! Deteſtable box! Oh, Miſs *Bridget!* I conjure you, my dear Miſs *Bridget*, to lend me twelve ſhillings!—What is it you ſay, Miſs? How! have you nothing remaining of your monthly allowance?—Ah! do lend me twelve ſhillings!—I cannot; your mamma has expreſly forbid my ever lending you money.—Alas, Alas! and this poor woman!—Be eaſy, ſhe ſhall be relieved;—I for my part do not ſpend all my money in trifles: it is not requiſite for me to ſee diſtreſs, to remember and pity it. Thus ſaying, ſhe went haſtily out of the room, leaving *Adelaide* abſorbed in confuſion and remorſe. A little while after Mademoiſelle *Victoire* went into her room. Oh, Miſs, cried ſhe, weep no more at this poor woman's misfortunes: ſhe is now quite happy; the guinea Miſs *Bridget* gave her has reſtored her to life. Oh, how you would be moved could you be witneſs to her joy!—She knelt to Miſs *Bridget!*—She is ſo grateful!—Oh, Miſs, what a good action you have juſt done!—Me!—what are you talking of?—Why, that guinea you charged Miſs *Bridget* to give her.—What has Miſs *Bridget* ſaid?—That it was from you. Oh, heaven! I ought not to ſuffer it—follow me, Mademoiſelle *Victoire*. *Adelaide* roſe, and ſhe finiſhed this ſpeech, took her roſe-wood box under her arm, and deſired Mademoiſelle *Victoire* to conduct her to the poor woman. They went into the kitchen, where they found Miſs *Bridget*, ſurrounded by the ſervants, by the fire

of the poor woman. This laſt hearing *Adelaide* named, came and proſtrated herſelf at her feet, all in tears. *Adelaide* weeping bitterly, raiſed her, ſaying, "I have not been ſo happy as to be able to give you the relief you have received. You owe it intirely to Miſs *Bridget*:—but take this box, ſell it to-morrow, that I may at leaſt flatter myſelf with being uſeful to you in ſome reſpect." The woman refuſing to take the box, Oh rid me of it, added *Adelaide*; that alone was the cauſe of my not aſſiſting you; let me never ſee it more. After this action *Adelaide* returned to her own apartment, far leſs diſcontented with herſelf. A moment after Miſs *Bridget* went to her, and told her that the woman was gone in a hackney coach with *Brunel*, who had undertaken to ſee her home. *Adelaide* aſked why *Brunel* followed her. Becauſe, anſwered Miſs *Bridget*, I was deſirous of knowing the truth of her aſſertions. I could not refuſe this aſſiſtance to a perſon apparently ſo unfortunate; but in general I do not give alms, without firſt obtaining all the information which prudence and even well-directed humanity exacts. In order to be able to alleviate as much as poſſible the diſtreſs of the truly indigent, one muſt ſtrive not to be the dupe of idleneſs and knavery. When I awoke, my daughter and Miſs *Bridget* attended me; and the former related this ſtory with tears in her eyes. I did not allow myſelf to make a ſingle reflection; her own heart dictating all that a ſimilar adventure could inſpire: a uſeleſs remonſtrance is as diſguſting as it is tireſome, and frequently choaks the ſource of the moſt repentant tears.

I contented myſelf with pitying *Adelaide:* my poor little dear, what muſt you have ſuffered, ſaid I! what a cruel morning! Alas, replied ſhe, I ſhall never again feel this grievous pain; I am cured for life of thoſe whims which can alone produce them, and deprive me of the happineſs Miſs *Bridget* this morning enjoyed.—Hear me, *Adelaide*, ſaid I; I will not have you carry any thing to extremes. Take Reaſon for your guide in forming any reſolution, and ſhe will not exact the abſolute ſacrifice of your fancies; ſhe will limit herſelf to requiring you not to indulge them all. That graceful virtue, Moderation, is good and even neceſſary in every thing. We abuſe our privileges, when we enjoy them in their full extent. If you walk as much as you can, you will be overcome with fatigue; ſo if you employ in ſuperfluities all the overplus fortune has allotted you, you will want moderation, and loſe that ſatisfaction and happineſs you cannot taſte without it. Therefore, for the ſake of humanity, and to enhance your pleaſures*, you ought not to ſpend all in baubles, but reſerve half for charitable uſes.—But how am I to know the exact ſum which will remain?—There is nothing more eaſy. You receive two guineas the firſt day of the month; buy nothing but what is abſolutely neceſſary; and unleſs ſuch an occaſion as that of

* *Montaigne* ſays, ſpeaking of virtue: "She is the mother and nurſe of the pleaſures of life; by making them juſt, ſhe makes them certain and pure; by moderating, ſhe keeps them in breath and appetite; by diminiſhing thoſe ſhe refuſes us, ſhe makes thoſe ſhe leaves us the more deſirable."

this

this morning ſhould offer, keep the reſt of your money till the laſt day of the month; then that ſum will be your overplus, divide it into two equal parts; the one for the poor, and the other for fancies.—But, mamma, you give all your overplus to the poor; I cannot recollect any one whim of yours.—In ſome years you will have fewer; at my age you will ceaſe to have any. You have thrown aſide the toys of infancy; you now amuſe yourſelf with thoſe adapted to youth. There will come a time, when you will care no more for china, monkeys, or little tables, than you now care for dolls. We grow tired of fine houſes, beautiful gardens, jewels, magnificence, a throne; every thing in ſhort diſguſts us but the pleaſure of doing good.—Yes, Kings, Queens, and Emperors have abdicated, in all ages; and Mr. *Lagaraye*, for example, finds his felicity increaſe daily, in the manner of life which he has adopted. Doubtleſs this is the caſe; for it is ſo delightful to diſpenſe happineſs, that the man who would reſolve to be charitable for ſix months, would continue ſo to the end of his life.—Athough I am but a child I feel that—Oh, mamma, from this hour I will give all my overplus to the poor.—No, you are not yet worthy; limit yourſelf to what I have ſaid.—On the contrary, I deſire you for ſome years to amuſe yourſelf in making a collection of all the pretty baubles which tempt you, that you may the ſooner know how eaſily they diſguſt us.—Moſt aſſuredly, I, for inſtance, ſhall never again buy a roſe-wood box; I have taken ſuch an averſion to them—and the little tables of twenty-ſeven

ſhillings value!—Twenty-ſeven ſhillings!—Oh that I had but ſuch an overplus! I would ſend it to the poor woman!

When *Adelaide* retired that ſame night, ſhe ſaw the charming little table ſhe had cheapened at the cabinet-makers by her bedſide. After having expreſſed her joy: This, ſaid ſhe, ought to ſatisfy all my fancies for three months: therefore during that time I ſhall not divide my overplus "into two equal parts:" it will be all for the poor. You will judge, Madam, if ſuch a reſolution, the reſult of the firſt emotion, and which I am ſure will be adhered to faithfully, is not a ſufficient reward for all my care.

I do not mention the Chevalier *de Valmont*; for he told me yeſterday he ſhould write to you this morning. So I ſhall content myſelf with telling you, that he ſpends his days with us, that he does not appear tired, that I love him now, Madam, not for your ſake, but very ſincerely for his own.

LETTER XXVIII.

Madame de Germeuil to Madame de Valcé.

OH! my dear friend, what a diſmal winter have I juſt paſſed! I own to you that the probability of my exile laſting another year diſtracts me.—

me.—To live ſixty leagues from Paris, is it life?—Shut up in an old caſtle, with a mother-in-law who deteſts me, and who is as tireſome, as ſhe is godly, deaf, croſs, and quarrelſome; add to all this "the torment of neighbours;" ſuch ſhocking men!—Women ſo dreſſed!—Such behaviour and faſhions!—The leaſt inſupportable amongſt them calls her huſband *my friend* before all company. Judge then of the reſt. Moreover, the faſhionable amuſements here are walking, fiſhing, reading, and playing at Loto. You ſee how well this ſuits me, and how I muſt be diverted. I am ſo altered, ſo horridly thin—If they will force me to ſpend another winter here, I declare to you there are no extremities, into which I ſhall not be ready to run.—My debts in two years, it is true, amounted to forty thouſand livres, but did I not bring Mr. *Germeuil* fifty thouſand livres a year; and has he not himſelf gamed away upwards of five hundred thouſand? Does he think, he alone has the right to ruin himſelf? He has juſt treated me in a manner, which raiſes my reſentment to the height. I thought proper to write, and inform him it was my deſire to have my daughter taken out of the convent, and ſent to me. He anſwered me bluntly, that I ought to give up that fancy; that *his daughter* would be much better educated in a convent, than with me: in a word, he flatly refuſed me. You know I am not naturally fond of children. Beſides, a little girl of ſix years old could not be any great reſource. Therefore this refuſal affects me ſlightly in regard to the object. But you will allow, that the reaſon is very offenſive.—It is

ſhillings value!—Twenty-ſeven ſhillings!—Oh that I had but ſuch an overplus! I would ſend it to the poor woman!

When *Adelaide* retired that ſame night, ſhe ſaw the charming little table ſhe had cheapened at the cabinet-makers by her bedſide. After having expreſſed her joy: This, ſaid ſhe, ought to ſatisfy all my fancies for three months: therefore during that time I ſhall not divide my overplus "into two equal parts:" it will be all for the poor. You will judge, Madam, if ſuch a reſolution, the reſult of the firſt emotion, and which I am ſure will be adhered to faithfully, is not a ſufficient reward for all my care.

I do not mention the Chevalier *de Valmont*; for he told me yeſterday he ſhould write to you this morning. So I ſhall content myſelf with telling you, that he ſpends his days with us, that he does not appear tired, that I love him now, Madam, not for your ſake, but very ſincerely for his own.

LETTER XXVIII.

Madame de Germeuil to Madame de Valcé.

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plain from that, that I ſhall not only never have the diſpoſal of my daughter, but I ſhall not be even permitted to preſide over her education. I would lay any wager, at fifteen ſhe will neither know how to come into a room, nor to dreſs herſelf gracefully, nor even to put a flower in her hair; for how is it poſſible for a man to bring up a young woman, and take the place of a mother?

Would you believe, my love, that it is above three months ſince I have heard of a "certain perſon." He is nevertheleſs in a great meaſure the cauſe of my ſlavery. Oh! if I could but have foreſeen!—You prohibit recurring to the paſt—Of what then muſt I think? The preſent is inſupportable; I durſt not look forward; indeed I never could conceive the pleaſures of futurity. It contains two ills, the bare idea of which chills me; old age and death—Particularly old age; what an horrid thing!—Only figure to yourſelf, what it is to be forty, and a grandmother! You ſee, my dear friend, what pleaſing thoughts ſolitude inſpires. I do aſſure you if it laſts, I ſhall die of a conſumption. Adieu, my dear life: for heaven ſake inform me, if levees are ſtill faſhionable, and if they wear ſacks. If ſo, I ſhall beg you to ſend me two.

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LETTER XXIX.

Madame de Valcé to Madame de Germeuil.

OH! my dear friend, how I pity you! I am ſincerely affected by your ſorrows!—But the idea that you may paſs another winter ſixty leagues from me, is inſupportable. I ſtand in need of you every moment; and more than ever during theſe laſt three months, when I have experienced a ſucceſſion of difficulties, which I feel myſelf no longer able to reſiſt. Madame *D'Almane* is here: that is ſaying every thing. You will readily believe ſhe dictates at leaſt five or ſix ſermons a day to my mother, which I am obliged to liſten to; and all to engage me to adopt the manners and behaviour of Madame *D'Oſtalis*. If they look on her as ſo perfect a pattern, why did not they educate me as they did her?—We are both 'juſt as they made us.' She is very prudent, very reaſonable; I am very giddy, very trifling; ſhe knows how to employ herſelf, to paint, and play on the harp; I know how to dance. We have profited alike, each of us, of the examples, attentions, and education we have received. Notwithſtanding my deteſtation of lectures, I could ſubmit to hear them from thoſe who have a right to preach.—But I would have people juſt and conſiſtent; I ſhall never be converted by any preacher, who does not poſſeſs theſe two qualifications. For example, my mother came into my apartment the other

morning, and found on the table two volumes of plays, 'a little free,' which brought on ſome remonſtrance of half an hour long, a moſt eloquent panegyric on decency, modeſty, taſte, and propriety, &c. &c. In ſhort, this diſſertation perhaps might not have been finiſhed by this time, had I not ſuddenly interrupted it by ſaying, very plainly, "theſe plays are truly very free, "but I did not think there was any more harm "in reading than in ſeeing them acted." Now in order for you to feel all the ſmartneſs of this reply, you muſt know, that theſe very plays were acted ſome years ſince at Mr. *Bleſac*'s, and my mother attended every repreſentation. I owe this information to Madame *de Gerville*, and cannot doubt its truth; for my mother took me in an inſtant: ſhe bluſhed extremely, put herſelf in a paſſion, and quitted me in a fury. In fine, ſhe will revenge herſelf on my ſiſter; ſhe will make her 'a prodigy.' In the mean time, ſhe is the moſt inſipid little creature you ever beheld. Apropos of prodigies and 'perfection:' we have, juſt arrived here, a young man, who faſcinates every body; he is called the Chevalier *de Valmont*. Madame *D'Almane* patroniſes him extremely; and was he richer, I ſhould think ſhe intended him for her daughter. Finally, he is really very pleaſing; but he has the moſt diſmal grandfather, and the moſt tireſome imaginable: beſides, he is a pedant, a man of learning, a devotee, a philoſopher; in ſhort, a man as unfit for the world, as he is vexatious to his grandſon, whom he watches, haraſſes, and follows like a ſhadow. But to return to the Chevalier: they pretend that he is in love with me.

me. I ſhould be ſorry if he was; for he intereſts me, and I would not inſpire him with a ſentiment of which my heart is no longer ſuſceptible.—I will not loſe again that ſweet peace, I have at laſt found means to recover, after ſo much agitation. If we are really doomed once in our lives to be violently in love, my tribute is not yet paid; for you know how I deceived myſelf. Oh! was I to love truly, it would be without bounds; I feel it—But I will not love at all. I will fly from the ſlighteſt emotion of preference: I will ſeek you, confide to you my weakneſs, and you will make me conquer it—If there are any antidotes to love, friendſhip alone can adminiſter them. Farewell, my dear creature. Oh! why are you not here? How dear may your abſence perhaps coſt me!

LETTER XXX.

Madame D'Almane to Madame de Valmont.

YES, Madame, the adventure of the poor woman has been followed up: we have learnt her hiſtory, and we know that ſhe has told nothing but the truth. She has ſeven children; that ſhe is in the utmoſt diſtreſs; that ſhe was formerly a milliner; that the immenſe credit ſhe gave many young ladies occaſioned her to become a bankrupt; that ſhe diveſted herſelf of every thing for the ſake of her creditors, &c.

This recital of Miſs *Bridget*'s, on her return from the poor woman's, has ſenſibly affected *Adelaide*. But, ſaid ſhe, all thoſe young people who bought on credit, finiſhed by paying? Not at all, replied Miſs *Bridget*; the major part are unable.—But how ſo?—A tradeſman who ſells on credit charges higher, that he may receive intereſt for his money; which is but juſt. A woman who buys in that manner has no right to cheapen, and commonly receives the goods without aſking the price; which cauſes her, at the end of a year or two, having frequently no more than ſix or ſeven thouſand livres a year allowed her, to have bills amounting to fifteen or twenty thouſand; conſequently ſhe cannot pay them.—Does not the tradeſman ſummon her?—Her huſband is obliged to pay her bills, but he has them taxed; he obtains a long delay, and in all this time the unfortunate dealer, preſſed by his own creditors, unable to gather in his debts, is quickly ruined.—It is nevertheleſs ſhocking for a woman to be the author of ſuch a calamity! For inſtance, you know Madame *de Germeuil?*—Yes.—She is in Provence, and yet her huſband is here, which appears very odd to me. The reaſon is, they have quarrelled, and on account of the enormous debts ſhe has contracted; for ſhe paid nobody.—But how is it poſſible to carry extravagance to ſuch an exceſs?—When ladies want honeſty and conſideration, and fooliſhly accuſtom themſelves to yield to all their fancies, they have the ridiculous ambition of outſhining all other women by the elegance and expenſiveneſs of their dreſs: this brings on great milliners bills. They are cheated and robbed,

robbed, ruin and diſhonour themſelves, and barter the confidence of their huſbands, the ſweets of domeſtic felicity, and the approbation of the world, for ſome pieces of gold ſtuff, ſome feathers, flowers, gauzes, and ribbons.—Oh! gracious Heaven, what a frightful picture! How is it poſſible, that ſo frivolous a temptation ſhould induce any one to engage in ſuch misfortunes? For my part, the fear of contributing to a bankruptcy will preſerve me for ever.

Thus the dangers attending bills, the neceſſity of learning to reſiſt our fancies, and of being an œconomiſt, if one would be benevolent, are maxims indelibly engraven on the heart and underſtanding of *Adelaide*.

Mr. *D'Aimeri* has informed you, Madam, that the propoſed alliance of *Theodore* and the little *Conſtantia* is known to all Madame *de Limours*'s acquaintance. Notwithſtanding all her reſolutions to the contrary, ſhe talks openly of it. Her manner of careſſing *Theodore*, and her behaviour to him, would alone ſuffice to diſcover this ſecret, which ſhe has promiſed me ſo faithfully to keep. I am moſt pained by her indiſcretion in revealing it to her daughter, a child of eleven years.—Madame *de Limours*, aſhamed of her weakneſs, tries in vain to deny it; but I ſaw it too eaſily, by the extraordinary affection *Conſtantia* already betrays for *Theodore*. She bluſhes the moment he appears; never talks to him but in a low, and almoſt a trembling voice; if he leaves her or is abſent, ſhe is melancholy, thoughtful, and diſtracted. Thus it is, that her young heart feels the pains of a dangerous paſſion, the very name of which ſhe ought to be

ignorant of! Had not an imprudent confidence ſet her up, and inflamed her imagination, ſhe would now enjoy that amiable and ſoft tranquillity ſuitable to her age, and ſhe would ſee *Theodore* without obſerving him more than any other perſon. Alas! who can tell to what a depth of miſery this imprudence of her mother may lead her!—Adieu, Madam! I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing you again in a month; but, unfortunately, it will be for a very ſhort time; for Mr. *D'Almane* will poſitively have us at Toulon by the end of April.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. de Lagaraye to Porphiry.

HOW! *Porphiry*, after your great ſucceſs, are you aſtoniſhed to have found enemies, and to have loſt the friend whom you moſt confided in? This aſtoniſhment, however, does you honour—Go on, and never abandon thoſe noble ſentiments which occaſion it. Oh! may increaſe of years, and the woeful experience of riper age, never rob you of that extreme ſurpriſe, which envy, breach of faith, injuſtice, and malice, cauſe in you! Be, if it muſt be ſo, the victim of hatred. What does it ſignify, provided, while you ſuffer by it, you yourſelf feel not the torments of that deteſtable paſſion! If ever you ſhould come to have a bad opinion of mankind,

mankind, throw away your pen, and lay aſide your ſtudies: to be able to inſtruct and inform mankind, you muſt love them too. Works, produced under the influence of that ſublime ſentiment, will have a juſt claim to immortality. Why ſhould you hate the rivals that envy you, and the enemies that perſecute you?—Becauſe they are worthleſs?—Proud boy! Are you very ſure that you are naturally more worthy than they? If they have been miſled by education, if they have never been reſtrained by the perſuaſive voice of a faithful friend, tell me which they deſerve moſt, your hatred or your compaſſion?—And *you!* do you imagine that you owe to nature only the good qualities you poſſeſs?—Ungrateful youth! have you already forgot the happy days of your infancy?—Ah, my ſon! call to mind the ſchool of Lagaraye, and you will be modeſt and more indulgent.—Ten anonymous pamphleteers have taken your work to pieces, and endeavoured to ridicule your perſon. A ſett of *periodical writers* have amuſed and diverted themſelves in burleſquing you, though very aukwardly; like profeſſed ſtory-tellers, whoſe inſipid, threadbare, and often-repeated ſtories provoke nobody's laughter but their own.—What! do you then pretend to univerſal empire?—In vain do you hope to pleaſe both wiſe men and fools. Make your option between them; for you will never perſuade them to entertain the ſame opinion of your productions.—If you deſpiſe not all theſe petty attacks upon you, you will multiply them; your notice will give them importance, and you will thereby diſcover a weakneſs unworthy of your character.

Imitate

Imitate *M*——, who publiſhed a uſeful work, and conſequently a valuable one. Mr. *de V*—— criticized it unjuſtly and without foundation, but at the ſame time with much wit and humour. A friend of the author going one morning to ſee him, overheard him laughing in his cloſet alone. Surpriſed at the novelty, he ſtopped at the door, and ſaw *M*——— reading a pamphlet, and from time to time ready to burſt with laughter, and crying 'What a comical rogue! how lively!' This pamphlet, which ſo diverted him, proved to be Mr. *de V*———'s ſatire.—He that can laugh heartily at a criticiſm upon his own works, muſt certainly be a man of no common turn of mind. You, it is true, are not likely to be put to this teſt; for there are few critics now-a-days who can write like *V*———. Never anſwer any of them, except they attack the moral principles of your works: then, indeed, and then alone, you ſhould defend yourſelf; but ſtill it ſhould be done with a clearneſs and dignity, void of irony and ill-humour.—Take care, however, my dear *Porphiry*, to diſtinguiſh partial ſatires from juſt criticiſms, which never adopt the inſulting ſtile of burleſque and banter. Dictated by reaſon, taſte, and truth, they will afford you new lights, and teach you how to put a perfect and finiſhing hand to your works; and you ſhould read them, not only without peeviſhneſs, but with gratitude. As a man is very apt to be partial in his own cauſe, ſend *me* all the criticiſms they have made on your work; I will read them carefully, and tell you ſincerely what I think of them. Were a friend of no other uſe, nō author ſhould be without one.—Happy the man, whoſe pride pre-

vents

vents him not from conſulting his friends, and following the ſalutary advice which friendſhip alone has courage to give!

LETTER XXXII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

I Leave this place to-morrow, Madam, and ſhall ſtop at D—— till the ſeventh; but ſhall certainly have the pleaſure of embracing you in leſs than ten days. Madame *de Limours* is leſs affected at our parting than you can imagine, becauſe ſhe herſelf is leaving this place for four months. She follows Mr. *de Limours*, who is to command this year at ——, and being about to make a journey of fourſcore leagues from Paris, and for the firſt time, ſhe is ſo taken up with the preparations for her own departure, that ſhe has no time to think of mine. The Chevalier *de Valmont* came this afternoon to take his leave of me. Having preſſed my hand and kiſſed it, he quitted my apartment without being able to utter a word. He has an excellent heart; it will be a great pity ſhould he do otherwiſe than well! You can have no conception how it would grieve me.—Adieu, Madam! I hope you will be ſo good as to give me a dinner the 14th or 15th.

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LETTER XXXIII.

The ſame to the Viſcounteſs.

Antibes, 1ſt May.

WE arrived at Antibes yeſterday, my dear friend, and perhaps ſhall not leave it to-morrow; for the winds are quite contrary. *Adelaide* began yeſterday to familiariſe herſelf with precipices. We were ſeven hours and an half in performing the twelve leagues between Frejus and Antibes; for the roads are equally bad and dangerous. The mountain of *Eſtrel, among others, is really frightful on account of its precipices. I obſerved *Adelaide*, aſtoniſhed and pale, often fix her eyes upon me, as if to aſk me if there were any danger. She would have been glad had I diſcovered her fears, but durſt not confeſs them to me. I affected not to take notice of her emotions, and even contrived, by ſome indirect converſation, without her diſcovering my intentions, to create a deſire in her to conceal her feelings; for the care of hiding our fears occupies the mind, and diminiſhes the exceſs of them: ſo that by degrees *Adelaide* recovered herſelf, and at length became tolerably compoſed. Upon the whole ſhe is enchanted with travelling. All ſhe ſees aſtoniſhes and charms her; and nothing is comparable to the pleaſure ſhe takes in writing her

* This mountain is four leagues long, and affords many admirable proſpects.

journal;

journal; but, if ſhe does not acquire a little more preciſion, this ſame journal will amount to thirty or forty volumes. Antibes already takes up eight pages of it; it is true, four of them contain a catalogue of flowers and plants in this neighbourhood; for we took a long walk this morning, and *Adelaide* was aſtoniſhed to ſee the fields full of flowers, roſemary, thyme, marjoram, and buſhes of althea, myrtle, yellow jeſſamine, and honeyſuckle, &c.

You aſk how we travel. — We, that is to ſay, Mr. *D'Almane*, Miſs *Bridget*, *Danville*, my children, and myſelf, are all in my great coach, which you know; and we have a ſecond carriage, in which are my women and *Brunel*. We always ſtop four hours a day, to dine and give our children various leſſons. *Adelaide* writes and draws: in the mean time I tune her harp, after which ſhe plays an hour. In the carriage, we contrive that our converſation may not be uſeleſs to them. The great art of inſtructing young folks, without their ſuſpecting it, is by talking familiarly to them; thoſe important means, ſo neglected in common educations, are perhaps the moſt efficacious and moſt uſeful of all. How happens it, that we ſee ſo many people, who do not want parts, who yet know neither how to talk themſelves, nor how to liſten to others? It is becauſe they are brought too early into the world. A young perſon, fourteen or fifteen years of age, hears nothing talked of, in the circle he frequents, but frivolous things, which leave no impreſſions at all upon his mind; or ſuch only as raiſe falſe and dangerous ideas. If the converſation falls upon intereſting and

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ſolid ſubjects, they are treated in a manner above the comprehenſion of a perſon of fourteen years old, who would be horridly tired by them, and from thence acquire a laſting habit of inattention; and every ſerious converſation would appear to him cold and inſipid, and he would carefully avoid it; or, rather, his indolence and inattention would prevent his bearing a part in, or even comprehending it. Make a young perſon read books above his comprehenſion, and he will never love reading; and if he often liſten to the diſcourſes even of perſons of underſtanding, who converſe for their own pleaſure, without a view to his improvement, he will never love converſation; and yet this is the method followed by the moſt intelligent mothers and the moſt able directors of youth!

To return to our employments in the carriage: we frequently tell ſtories, ſometimes repeat verſes, make reflections on poetry, and criticiſe the verſes we have recited: we talk alternately Engliſh, Italian, French; then each of us has a book, and, at different intervals, we all read three or four hours a day, and mutually give an account of what each has read, which furniſhes new matter for converſation.

Now, my dear friend, I have anſwered all your queſtions, let us talk of Madame *de Valcé*, and let us diſcuſs the matter minutely.—*She is in deſpair*, you ſay, *on quitting Paris for four months, becauſe ſhe leaves her friends and her ſociety.*—She is twenty years old, and goes with her huſband, to follow her father and mother; and yet ſhe weeps and is in deſpair on *quitting her friends and her ſociety.* Alas! ought ſhe to have any ſociety but yours?

yours?—The whole miſchief comes from Madame *de Germuille*, from that *firſt* friend, againſt whom I declared myſelf ſo roundly from the very commencement of the connection. Madame *de Valcé* adopted *the friends and the ſociety* of her intimate friends, and immediately ten or twelve ſtrangers introduced themſelves into your houſe, and robbed you of the predilection, the confidence, and the heart of your daughter!—I obſerved Madame *de Valcé* continually giving breakfaſts to *her friends* without you, and going out alone to ſup with them. Imagine to yourſelf, what paſſes at thoſe dangerous aſſemblies! Be aſſured that they there contrive every method of eſtranging Madame *de Valcé* from her moſt important duties, thoſe of loving her huſband, and revering her mother.—*There* ſhe is pleaſed, becauſe ſhe is *there* praiſed, approved, and admired. *There* they turn into ridicule every ſociety but their own; and certainly they do not ſpare yours, compoſed in general of perſons of knowledge, and of a mature age. This kind of liberty paſſes under the name of confidence and unreſerved friendſhip; but from ridiculing their friends and acquaintance, people too eaſily paſs on to turn into ridicule the moſt reſpectable, and ſometimes even the moſt ſacred things.

I think it better to apply to the underſtanding than to the heart of Madame *de Valcé*.—I adviſe you to obſerve her carefully, and, the firſt occaſion of diſcontent ſhe gives you, ſpeak to her with the greateſt firmneſs; and when you leave ——, carry her with you for ſix months to your eſtate in Anjou, where, you know, Mr. *de Limours* has long wiſhed to paſs an autumn.

Beſides,

ſolid ſubjects, they are treated in a manner above the comprehenſion of a perſon of fourteen years old, who would be horridly tired by them, and from thence acquire a laſting habit of inattention; and every ſerious converſation would appear to him cold and inſipid, and he would carefully avoid it; or, rather, his indolence and inattention would prevent his bearing a part in, or even comprehending it. Make a young perſon read books above his comprehenſion, and he will never love reading; and if he often liſten to the diſcourſes even of perſons of underſtanding, who converſe for their own pleaſure, without a view to his improvement, he will never love converſation; and yet this is the method followed by the moſt intelligent mothers and the moſt able directors of youth!

To return to our employments in the carriage: we frequently tell ſtories, ſometimes repeat verſes, make reflections on poetry, and criticiſe the verſes we have recited: we talk alternately Engliſh, Italian, French; then each of us has a book, and, at different intervals, we all read three or four hours a day, and mutually give an account of what each has read, which furniſhes new matter for converſation.

Now, my dear friend, I have anſwered all your queſtions, let us talk of Madame *de Valcé*, and let us diſcuſs the matter minutely.—*She is in deſpair*, you ſay, *on quitting Paris for four months, becauſe ſhe leaves her friends and her ſociety.*—She is twenty years old, and goes with her huſband, to follow her father and mother; and yet ſhe weeps and is in deſpair on *quitting her friends and her ſociety.* Alas! ought ſhe to have any ſociety but yours?

yours?—The whole miſchief comes from Madame *de Germuille*, from that *firſt* friend, againſt whom I declared myſelf ſo roundly from the very commencement of the connection. Madame *de Valcé* adopted *the friends and the ſociety* of her intimate friends, and immediately ten or twelve ſtrangers introduced themſelves into your houſe, and robbed you of the predilection, the confidence, and the heart of your daughter!—I obſerved Madame *de Valcé* continually giving breakfaſts to *her friends* without you, and going out alone to ſup with them. Imagine to yourſelf, what paſſes at thoſe dangerous aſſemblies! Be aſſured that they there contrive every method of eſtranging Madame *de Valcé* from her moſt important duties, thoſe of loving her huſband, and revering her mother.—*There* ſhe is pleaſed, becauſe ſhe is *there* praiſed, approved, and admired. *There* they turn into ridicule every ſociety but their own; and certainly they do not ſpare yours, compoſed in general of perſons of knowledge, and of a mature age. This kind of liberty paſſes under the name of confidence and unreſerved friendſhip; but from ridiculing their friends and acquaintance, people too eaſily paſs on to turn into ridicule the moſt reſpectable, and ſometimes even the moſt ſacred things.

I think it better to apply to the underſtanding than to the heart of Madame *de Valcé*.—I adviſe you to obſerve her carefully, and, the firſt occaſion of diſcontent ſhe gives you, ſpeak to her with the greateſt firmneſs; and when you leave ——, carry her with you for ſix months to your eſtate in Anjou, where, you know, Mr. *de Limours* has long wiſhed to paſs an autumn.

Beſides,

Beſides, ſuch a party may ſerve you to regain the affections of your huſband; and certainly it will be ſerviceable to Madame *de Valcé*.—You will at firſt find her ſorrowful and dejected; ſhe will think herſelf unhappy; ſhe will treat with diſdain her country neighbours, who ſtrive to pleaſe her; will look upon them as a ſpecies of creatures unworthy to judge of her merits, and ſet a juſt value on them; ſhe will think it a pitiable caſe to be obliged to live with ill-dreſſed women, and men who have not the *ton* and manners of the court. But by degrees theſe ideas will grow weaker; ſhe will become more tractable, more juſt, more obliging. At length ſhe may find out that good-ſenſe and good-nature are of all countries; that *forms*, which always vary in various places, are alſo always frivolous, and of no account in the eye of reaſon. Nothing is more irkſome, for a continuance, than diſdain to her who uſes it; and in the end ſhe will be tired of it. Pride, which cauſes, will alſo correct it; for one cannot be always out of humour, without being diſagreeable, and that reflection may cure it. In ſhort, Madame *de Valcé*, in that retreat, ſeparated from *her friends*, and given up entirely to you, will have time to make ſome uſeful reflections: you will bring her back to Paris cured, in part at leaſt, of her errors; ſhe will be certainly leſs capricious, and leſs perverſe; ſhe will make fewer enemies; ſhe will be more prudent and reſerved; and, if ſhe has any ſenſe, ſhe will ſee how much her happineſs depends upon preſerving your friendſhip, and regaining the affections of her huſband.—This, my dear friend, is the method I ſhould purſue,

purſue, were I in your place. As ſoon as you are come to a reſolution in this affair, pray acquaint me with it. Adieu! I will write to you from Nice.—Direct your letters to me at Genoa.

LETTER XXXIV.

The ſame to the ſame.

Nice.

WE travel ſlowly; for ſince my laſt letter we have advanced but * four leagues. We have all been horribly ſick at ſea, except Mr. *D'Almane* and *Danville*. *Adelaide* and *Theodore* ſuffered cruelly; but they, as well as myſelf, were ſick without complaining. Matraſſes were provided in the felucca for the ſick to lie on. In about half an hour, Mr. *D'Almane* obſerved to his ſon, that ſuch delicacy was ridiculous in a man, and that he might vomit as well ſitting as lying. *Theodore* immediately got up; and I did the ſame, ſaying, that courage was as *neceſſary* in a woman as a man, though perhaps leſs *uſeful*: but ſtill it was a virtue, and we ought to bluſh to be one moment without it. At theſe words the dejected *Adelaide* crept towards me, and ſat down by my ſide.—This piqued *Theodore*, who, reſolving to ſurpaſs women in courage, began chatting in the moſt free and eaſy

* From Antibes to Nice.

manner;

manner; and, though frequently interrupted by ſickneſs, he reſumed the converſation as though he had been in perfect health. Mr. *D'Almane* triumphed; his eyes ſparkled with joy, and ſeemed to ſay to me, *this is beyond the effort of one of your ſex.* I leaned towards *Adelaide*; and whiſpering in her ear, ſaid to her, have you a mind to ſhew your father, that you have as much reſolution as *Theodore?* Let us ſing a duett. She preſſed my hand, and in an inſtant we began a duett, which we ſang, a little out of tune indeed, but with all our force, and with a chearful mein. Mr. *D'Almane* came and embraced his daughter: Preſerve, my children, ſays he, this laudable deſire of equalling each other in virtue; ſuch an emulation cannot produce a rivalſhip between you; for endeavouring mutually after perfection, you will render yourſelves more worthy of our affection, and of that love you have for each other. As Mr. *D'Almane* finiſhed theſe words, *Theodore* came, and falling on his knees before me, took one of his ſiſter's hands and one of mine, and joining them together, he kiſſed them with that ingenuous and tender air, which you know him poſſeſſed of, and which renders all his actions ſo obliging and ſo agreeable.—We have however reſolved to go to Genoa by *La Corniche*, that is to ſay, by land, in a ſort of litters carried by men. This little journey will take us up four or five days. Mr. *D'Almane* ſays, it is very intereſting and little known, and, in ſhort, will quite harden the children againſt precipices and bad accommodations. We are to ſet out to-morrow morning at ſix o'clock.—Nice is a very pretty town, and its

its air ſo wholeſome, that invalids come hither from far to breathe it, without uſing any other medicines. The mountains, that ſurround Nice, produce many plants and ſimples. We botanized yeſterday and to-day. *Adelaide* has drawn and coloured many plants, and among others *the wild aſparagus*; a ſhrub whoſe leaves are prickly, and of an emerald-green, its ſhape and delicacy are charming. She intends the little drawing for you, and I ſhall ſend it you from Genoa.

LETTER XXXV.

The Baron to Mr. D'Aimeri.

Nice.

YES, Sir, the confidence you repoſe in me, does me honour at the ſame time that it obliges me. *Your* frankneſs ought to excite *mine*, and I ſhall anſwer you without reſerve.—The match, which Madame *D'Olcy* propoſes to you for the Chevalier *de Valmont*, is too advantageous, in point of fortune, to leave you in the leaſt doubt of my ſentiments on the ſubject: ſo that I muſt confeſs, you are not out in your conjectures: for it is very true, if the Chevalier *de Valmont* ſhould anſwer the pains you take with him, and the hopes he gives, Madame *D'Almane* and I ſhould prefer him to any other. But I muſt at the ſame time inform you, that we would have this pro-

ject, which can be but very uncertain as yet, abſolutely unknown to my daughter: ſo that you muſt promiſe me not to communicate the confeſſion I now make to any one, no not to Madame *de Valmont* herſelf. I know your prudence and diſcretion, and I have not the leaſt doubt of your keeping this ſecret, which I look upon as a very important one. You know this union, however deſirable it may be to us, depends entirely on the conduct of the Chevalier *de Valmont*. *Adelaide* is no more than twelve years and an half old; and Madame *D'Almane* had determined not to marry her, till ſhe is eighteen. Between this time and that we ſhall be able to judge with certainty of the character and principles of the Chevalier *de Valmont*; and, if during that time he does nothing to forfeit the good opinion we now have of him, I am very certain that Madame *D'Almane* will give him her daughter with the greateſt pleaſure: Madame *D'Almane*, I ſay; for on her alone ſhall the deſtiny of *Adelaide* depend. This right ſhe has a claim to from me, both from juſtice and affection. Her behaviour to me, and the pains ſhe has taken with her children, deſerve this proof of my acknowledgment and eſteem. Beſides, can I better conſult my daughter's happineſs, than by leaving the diſpoſal of her to ſo affectionate and intelligent a mother!—Conſider, Sir, whether ſuch a conditional engagement ought to make you decline the propoſal of Madame *D'Olcy*.—Mademoiſelle *de V*——, it is true, is not a perſon of quality; but ſhe is a greater fortune than *Adelaide* will ever be. Do not refuſe her, therefore, till you have well conſidered

ſidered the matter; and pray take your time to anſwer this letter. I feel, as well as you, all the uneaſineſs the two approaching years muſt cauſe in you, on account of the Chevalier *de Valmont*. They will decide, perhaps abſolutely, what he will be for the reſidue of his life. You muſt not judge by the laſt winter, what he will be the next. He then was but eighteen years old; and he thought it nothing extraordinary to be ſtill in a ſtate of dependance. He was but juſt entering the world; and his inexperience and timidity made him every inſtant feel the want of a mentor and a guide. He was in love too with a woman as virtuous as ſhe was charming; which made him inſenſible to all the arts which coquetry employed to ſeduce him. But next winter he will be a year older; he will know more of the world; he will ſee all the young men of his own age become their own maſters; he will be cured of his paſſion for Madame *D'Oſtalis*; for love without hope cannot long ſubſiſt. To how many dangers will he then be expoſed?—If you abandon him, he will yield to them; if you follow him without his conſent, you will not preſerve him. It is *he* that muſt retain *you*, muſt wiſh for you, and not be able to do without you: but this is not to be expected, except in a caſe where two perſons have an unbounded confidence in each other, which is become habitual from their having been ever inſeparable. But you have not had the care of the Chevalier *de Valmont* from his infancy. And ſince he came to years of diſcretion, you have been ſeparated for many months. You have not accuſtomed him to

think, that, except on extraordinary occaſions, you were born to be ever together. It will be no wonder, therefore, how good ſoever his natural diſpoſitions may be, if he ſhould long for independance. It is what you muſt expect; he will certainly ſlip thro' your hands: but, if his heart be good, he will return and ſeek you; you will eaſily regain his confidence, and at leaſt you will preſerve him from thoſe groſſer errors, which repentance can neither repair nor expiate. We muſt overlook ſome failings, provided he keep up a regard to decency and morality, a ſenſibility of mind, and good principles.—You aſk me, how you ſhall ſecure him from the love of *play*. He has ſenſe, knowledge, and education; idleneſs therefore, and want of employment, will not drive him to commit follies; and this is ſaying a good deal: but ſtill opportunity and example are always to be dreaded.—I dare not adviſe you to make uſe of the means I ſhould employ with *my* ſon, to ſnatch him from this danger; becauſe it may be attended with the greateſt inconveniencies, if your pupil has not a command over himſelf, and if you are not ſure, that he is incapable of breaking a reaſonable reſolution, when he has once ſeriouſly made it. For my part, when *Theodore* goes into the world, I ſhall require his word of honour never to play at games of hazard, and I am certain he never will. I ſhould rely much leſs upon his diſcretion, if I required leſs of him; I mean, if I only requeſted a promiſe of him never to play *deep*. An abſolute ſacrifice is eaſier to make than a partial one, which neither takes us out of the way of temptation, nor

from the danger which opportunity may lay in our way: for it is eaſier to renounce things which give us pleaſure, than to enjoy them moderately. But if you are not perfectly ſure, that the Chevalier *de Valmont* has reſolution enough to keep ſuch a promiſe, do not exact it of him; leave him rather to learn wiſdom from experience, and correct himſelf at his own expence, than expoſe him to forfeit his word.—When I have your anſwer to this letter, I will communicate to you another method, which you may employ without inconvenience; and which may ſerve as an excellent preſervative againſt all the dangers that threaten the Chevalier *de Valmont*.—Adieu, dear Sir; permit me again to deſire you would not anſwer me, till you have very maturely reflected on the propoſal of Madame *D'Olcy*.

LETTER XXXVI.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

WHILE you ramble up and down in ſearch of great adventures, traverſe the ſeas, enlarge your ideas, and acquire knowledge; whilſt you lie on hard beds, eat tough chops, and onion ſoups; I dully vegetate in the midſt of fifty perſons who think of nothing, talk of nothing but common-place topics, knot, play at *loto*,

and ſit three hours at table.—You know how deſirous I was to follow Mr. *de Limours*; I had formed a delicious idea of this excurſion.—— Firſt of all, I was to act the governor's lady, and I imagined I ſhould do it with a good grace; and the part did not diſpleaſe me. Then I flattered myſelf that four months ſpent fourſcore leagues from Paris, and from Madame *de Gerville*, might produce a great change in my ſituation, and in the ſentiments of Mr. *de Limours*. Beſides, carrying Madame *de Valcé* with me, I ſtill hoped to regain that place in her heart, which I could not renounce without extreme regret: but theſe hopes, ſo agreeable, are abſolutely vaniſhed. I was very happy the firſt fortnight I paſſed here. I had the greateſt deſire to pleaſe and be popular. All the officers of the garriſon, all the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and all the ladies of the place, vied with each other who ſhould moſt praiſe *my grace*, *my politeneſs*, and *my evenneſs of temper*; and even Mr. *de Limours* himſelf deigned frequently to commend me for the manner in which I did the honours of his houſe. I was in this ſituation, when one unlucky morning comes Madame *de Gerville* from Paris, under pretence of viſiting an aunt of hers, who has been ſettled here theſe twenty years, and to whom ſhe has not perhaps written four letters during the whole time. Her ſudden appearance diſconcerted me the more, as I underſtood at the ſame time, ſhe intended not to return to Paris for two months.—She comes regularly to dine with me every day; gives balls, and fêtes, and is the delight of the town.—Mr. *de Limours* makes

makes no ſecret of his attachment to her; and Madame *de Valcé* herſelf profeſſes the moſt tender friendſhip for her. All this increaſe of intimacy ariſes from her having perſuaded him, that he owes his government to her ſolicitations; and therefore it is but juſt he ſhould pay, in eſteem and tenderneſs, what he has obtained by her rare talents at intrigue.—You may well imagine, that all this has hurt my *evenneſs of temper*, *my grace*, and even *my politeneſs*.—At firſt I was out of humour; afterwards I had the ambition of forming a party againſt her, and began to ſucceed; for a reaſonable number of perſons preferred my houſe and ſociety to that of Madame *de Gerville:* but all on a ſudden I became tired of my party, and did what I could to get rid of them. At preſent I am quite abandoned; I ſee no company except at meals, and I paſs the reſt of the day with my little *Conſtantia*, my only reſource, and my ſole conſolation.—After having undergone much vexation, chagrin, and ill-humour, I find myſelf, at laſt, in a ſituation of mind tolerably eaſy. I have taken my reſolution like a philoſopher.—A perfect indifference has reſtored my repoſe, and even a part of my gaiety.—I am charmed with myſelf; my reſignation, and my ſweetneſs of temper.—I am much to be pitied, and yet I am calm and reaſonable!—Trouble is good, at leaſt it is ſo for me. It diſcompoſes me at firſt, but afterwards it cures me: for I can neither hate nor deſpond for a long time together.--Ah! certainly, were I capable of hating any one, I ſhould hate, not Madame *de Gerville*, I ſhould not do her that honour,—but Mr.

de Limours.——Let us talk no more of it; were I to dwell on that idea, vexation might again take hold of me.—I am mortally tired of this place, I confeſs, and long to return to Paris, and moſt certainly I ſhall not very ſoon take a fancy to *ramble* again. Adieu, my dear friend; write to me; tell me minutely every thing that is intereſting to you; ſpeak of your amiable children, the places you paſs thro', the people you ſee: think of me, and continue to love me. Alas! your friendſhip is become ſo neceſſary to me!—Believe me, I am really more unhappy than I appear, or than you can imagine me to be. My heart, at bottom, is much ſmitten and much afflicted. Adieu; I encloſe a letter from my brother to the Baron, and, according to the direction in your journal, I addreſs this packet to Nice: acquaint me exactly with your route.

LETTER XXXVII.

Count Roſeville to the Baron.

YES, my dear Baron, my young Prince has ſtill the ſame prepoſſeſſion in favour of Count *Stralzi*, which I mentioned to you: and ſince the departure of the Chevalier *de Valmont*, that attachment ſeems to be augmented. The Count was ill; the Prince teſtified great uneaſineſs at it, and ſent ten times a day to enquire after his health. One evening, as he talked to me of

of him in a very affectionate manner: I did not think, ſays I, you loved him to that exceſs.—He is amiable; I believe him to be ſtrongly attached to me, and it is very natural that I ſhould have a friendſhip for him.—And what proof has he given you of his attachment?—He viſits me often, and never flatters me.——Are you very ſure of that?—Oh! very ſure.—He has ſenſe, and he knows you do not want it; he knows likewiſe that you are well informed and inſtructed. He will not therefore flatter you openly: but he has a certain manner of liſtening to you, and ſuch a ſmile of approbation, that *I* ſhould diſtruſt were I in your place. I ſhould diſtruſt likewiſe thoſe general encomiums he beſtows on all thoſe qualities, upon which you value yourſelf.—Muſt a Prince then live in a perpetual ſtate of diffidence?—He ſhould guard himſelf againſt deceit; becauſe a whole nation will be the victim of his error. He ought not, therefore, to take any man into his friendſhip and confidence, till he is perfectly acquainted with his character.——I have a good opinion of Count *Stralzi*, and I have an inclination for him; yet, if I had any ſecrets, I would not truſt him with them, nor repoſe any confidence in him, till time and circumſtances had informed me whether he were really worthy of it.—But why ſhould you expect *that* from time and chance, which you might yourſelf diſcover more certainly?——How ſo?—I will furniſh you with the means if you deſire it, and will in a few months acquaint you with the particulars.

I have long ſince given the Prince to underſtand, of what importance it is to him to acquire an exact knowledge of the general ſtate of the kingdom, of the particular provinces, and even of the perſons of merit they contain: and I have adviſed him to ſend young *Sultzback* ſecretly thro' all the provinces, with orders to make the moſt minute obſervations upon the ſtate of them. He will ſet out in a week, will travel under a feigned name, and in taking his public leave of the Prince, will give out that he is going to paſs ſix months in France. After his return, I ſhall engage the Prince to propoſe the ſame tour to Count *Stralzi*, who will certainly accept the commiſſion the more readily, as he will be ignorant of the Baron *de Sultzback*'s having been already charged with the ſame. You may well imagine, that on the Count's return we ſhall compare his memoirs with thoſe of the Baron, and we ſhall certainly find but little conformity between the relations of the two travellers. Then, in order to know which has made the beſt obſervations, and told the truth with moſt exactneſs, the Prince and I will make the ſame tour; and he will ſee, with his own eyes, to which of the two he ought to give his eſteem and confidence. I have ſpared no pains, as you may eaſily believe, my dear Baron, to inſpire into my pupil "an averſion for taxes." I began with exciting his compaſſion for the poor; and having endued him with humanity and pity, I now furniſh him with information, without which thoſe precious virtues can neither contribute to his own glory, nor to his people's happineſs. The preſent circumſtances

cumſtances of the ſtate have obliged the miniſter to raiſe a new tax; but ſuch a one as by no means falls upon the common people. However, the very word *tax* made an ill impreſſion upon the Prince, and he told me ſo; but I eaſily convinced him that the miniſter had not, on this occaſion, belied his uſual ſagacity and moderation. In ſhort, added I, there are caſes in which the beſt of Princes is obliged to levy new duties, and then nothing can be more equitable, than that he ſhould lay them on the rich; for it is better to take a ſmall portion of the ſuperfluities of the few, than a part of the neceſſaries of life from the wretched multitude.—Nevertheleſs one ſometimes ſees the latter method preferred to the former.—Oh, Heavens!—for what reaſon?—Becauſe the complaints of the rich make a great noiſe in the world, and the groans of the poor are not heard.—And how can a Prince prevail upon himſelf to deprive his ſubjects of their ſubſiſtence?—His ignorance alone is the cauſe of this great evil. He is told, that the tax propoſed will not only *not* take from the labourer and artiſan, what is neceſſary for his ſubſiſtence, but will ſtill leave him at his eaſe. He believes it, and is deceived.——A young Prince ought then to know exactly how far his people may be taxed without ruining and rendering them miſerable; and this is what I burn with impatience this moment to learn.——I can teach you nothing more truly uſeful. To acquire this knowledge you muſt enter into many ſmall and very minute details; but the motives which animate you, will make them all intereſting. Two days after this con-

verſation, as we were talking on the ſame ſubject, the Prince ſuddenly caſting his eyes on the clock, cried out, "It is eleven o'clock; I am this moment fifteen years of age; embrace me, and remember your promiſe?——What do you mean?——You always told me, when I was fifteen, if you were pleaſed with my conduct, you would give me the book I have ſo long deſired. Are you ſatisfied with me?—Yes, very much ſo.—Well then give me *Telemachus*.——*Telemachus!* What already!—If you would wait another year, you would do me a pleaſure.—A year! Oh Heavens!—Come, do not vex yourſelf; to-morrow, when you riſe, you ſhall have *Telemachus*. The next day the Prince roſe before ſeven o'clock: I entered his apartment with *Telemachus* under my arm; and approaching him—Here, Sir, ſays I to him, this is the immortal book, in which you will find all your duties traced by a man, who, tho' living in a court, dared to ſpeak the truth, and feared not to unmaſk the deepeſt artifices of intrigue and flattery. If you read this work, as affecting as it is ſublime, without being moved, without being melted at every page, ah! return it to me, do not proceed, you are not yet worthy to read it.——Ah! replied the Prince, give it me; if ſenſibility alone is wanting to make me ſet a juſt value upon it, what do you fear? Can an heart of your forming be ignorant of its real worth?——At theſe words, as you may very well imagine, my dear Baron, I gave him up the *Telemachus*, which was received with as much joy as it had been deſired with *eagerneſs*.

I expect

I expect with impatience the accounts you have promiſed me of your voyage. Adieu, my dear Baron; do not forget the little journal of *La Conniche*; for I am quite unacquainted with that part of Italy.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

WE left Nice this morning at five, *Adelaide*, one of my women, and myſelf, in chairs carried by men. Mr. *D'Almane*, *Dainville*, my ſon, and *Brunel*, upon mules. Miſs *Bridget* prefers going by ſea to Genoa in the felucca, with the reſt of my family.—Leaving Nice, you paſs the old caſtle of Montalban, taken by the French in 1744. Two leagues from Nice, *Dainville* deſired me to ſtop at the tower of Eze, whoſe ſituation is admirable, and commands the ſea. He, *Adelaide*, and *Theodore*, have taken a view of it: during which time Mr. *D'Almane* and I read, and talked alternately, and in about an hour we reſumed our march.—This road is very properly named *La Conniche:* it is like a real Corniſh, and in many places ſo narrow that one perſon can ſcarce paſs. On one ſide, enormous rocks form a ſort of wall, which ſeems to reach the ſkies; and on the other are precipices five hundred feet high; at the bottom of which the ſea, breaking

breaking againſt the rocks, makes a melancholy and terrifying noiſe. At every paſs that was really dangerous, Mr. *D'Almane* made us alight, and handed us over. From Monaco to Manten we breathed a little, for the road is very good.—This laſt town is agreeably ſituated on the banks of the ſea, and affords a quantity of citron and orange-trees, which perfume the air. After leaving Manton, the road again becomes terrible. We begin, however, to accuſtom ourſelves to it, and the view of a number of beautiful caſcades, formed by nature, charmed *Adelaide* in ſuch a manner as almoſt to make her forget the precipices. When we arrived at Bourdequierre, a little town, where we found ſome ſuperb palm-trees diſperſed among very picturesque ruins, we were tempted to ſtop and make a drawing of the moſt beautiful point of view we had yet met with. At ſeven o'clock, night coming on, forced us to ſtop and ſleep here, only twelve leagues from Nice. It is called Hoſpitaletta; but is a moſt unhoſpitable place: for the poor people, with whom we now are, being unaccuſtomed to *lodge* any one, have neither beds nor ſupper for us. *Adelaide* and her brother were famiſhed with hunger; and *Brunel*, having with ſome difficulty procured a few eggs and ſome rank butter, made an omelette of it, and brought it, with an air of triumph, up into the garret, where I have been writing ever ſince our arrival. The flavour of the omelette, which was ſmelt at a good diſtance, filled *Adelaide* and *Theodore* with tranſport: but the ſight of it ſoon changed their joy into ſorrow; not becauſe it was very black and burnt: hunger is not delicate,

cate, and appetite is blind; but becauſe it conſiſted of five or ſix eggs only. I obſerved their uneaſineſs; and tho' I had likewiſe a mind to the omelette, I ſaid I ſhould eat no ſupper. Mr. *D'Almane* ſaid the ſame, and for the ſame reaſon. *Adelaide* and *Theodore* immediately fell upon the omelette, and ate it with an eagerneſs that cauſed in me one of the moſt ſingular ſenſations I ever felt in my life. I beheld my children in a garret, lighted only by a pitiful lamp, eating as if they were famiſhed; and I ſaid to myſelf, "How many unhappy mothers are there in the "world, who this very moment ſuffer that hor-"rid fate, of which the idea alone makes me "tremble.—And who ſee their wretched chil-"dren partake of a ſlender repaſt, inſufficient "for their ſubſiſtence.—Such calamities exiſt, "and unfeeling mortals are regardleſs of them!" —Theſe reflections filled my ſoul with inexpreſſible anguiſh: fixing my eyes on *Adelaide* and *Theodore*, I felt a tenderneſs and compaſſion that rent my very heart; my tears flowed, and I perceived it not: ſo abſorbed was I in that afflicting reverie. At length *Adelaide*, turning that way, obſerved me, trembled, and flew to me; *Theodore* did the ſame, and I folded them both in my arms. Never did I feel more, than at that inſtant, how dear they are to me. I would have anſwered their queſtions, but could not. My tears redoubled; they likewiſe wept both of them. Mr. *D'Almane*, confounded at the ſcene, in vain aſked an explanation of it. It was more than a quarter of an hour before I could ſatisfy him.—After a converſation which carried us on to nine o'clock, Mr. *D'Almane*, with

with his ſon and *Danville*, retired to a chamber next to ours. They then brought ſtraw, and made up three beds for *Adelaide*, Mademoiſelle *Victoire*, and myſelf. We ſpread ſheets upon the ſtraw; and *Adelaide* laid herſelf down as gaily, and ſlept as ſoundly, as if ſhe had been in the beſt bed in the world. While ſhe ſleeps, I am writing this journal. It is now eleven o'clock, and time I ſhould repoſe myſelf likewiſe.

Continuation of the Journal of the Baroneſs.

St. Maurice.

THIS day has been very fatiguing, tho' we have advanced no more than five leagues and an half; but we found the roads ſo bad, that we have performed almoſt the whole journey on foot, continually coaſting the ſea, as yeſterday, ſometimes on the top of a precipice, and ſometimes in a narrow paſs at the foot of the rocks by the ſea ſhore, and upon ſharp pointed flints; the whole country indeed is barren and frightful. Our porters are the vileſt fellows in the world; they underſtand neither French nor Italian; they talk a jargon unintelligible to every body but themſelves; they get drunk, ſwear and quarrel perpetually. It is difficult for thoſe they carry, not to intereſt themſelves in their diſputes; when they ſee them, all on a ſudden, tremble with anger, agitate themſelves, totter, and carry the chair

chair with only one hand, that they may be at liberty to geſticulate and menace with the other *. Theſe chairs are not at all like *ſedans*. They are narrow and long; the ſeat has a kind of cradle over it covered with oil-cloth, to keep off the rain; and ones legs are extended forward, ſo that one cannot bend them; and as I am tall, my feet reach beyond the chair. We are tolerably lodged at St. Maurice, a ſmall ſea-port; and we ſhall ſleep to-morrow at Pietra.

Continuation of the Journal.

Albenga, Tueſday.

AT length my journal becomes intereſting; and ſurely, my dear friend, I can ſend you nothing from Venice and Rome, which will give you ſo much pleaſure, as the relation I am about to make to you. But I will not anticipate; that in reading this journal you may ſhare the ſurprize, which I myſelf felt on the occaſion.—The road from St. Maurice to Albenga is full of very frightful paſſes: but it affords admirable proſpects, and among others, that which is ſeen from the top of the mountain which commands the town of Languella. The deſcent of that mountain is very ſteep and very dangerous. We walked down it, and, one may even ſay, bare-

* The chairmen have ſhoulder-ſtraps: but it is neceſſary likewiſe to hold the poles.

footed;

footed; for the rocks we had been climbing for three days, had ſo worn our ſhoes, that the ſoles were almoſt entirely gone; and as we had not foreſeen that we ſhould walk ſo much, we had not taken the precaution to provide ourſelves with a proper ſupply. At ten o'clock in the morning we made our chairmen halt on the ſummit of a mountain, from whence we diſcovered the town of Albenga, in the midſt of a delicious plain; which is a remarkable ſingularity on this coaſt, where all the other towns are ſituated upon rocks. We deſcended the mountain, and advanced into an immenſe and fertile plain, ſurrounded with rocks and majeſtic mountains, ſome of which were covered with ice. The barrenneſs of the rocks, and ſolemn aſpect of the mountains, form a ſtriking contraſt with the ſmiling beauty and fertility of the plain. The meadows are enamelled with panſies and lillies; and the roſe-laurel grows here without culture; all the fields are fenced round with vines, formed into arches; and thro' theſe long, charming, and open arbours you diſcover the verdure, the flowers, and the fruits, which theſe light arcades encloſe; every arch of which is ornamented with a feſtoon of the elegant and flexible branches, which wave to the gentleſt gale. In this delicious abode the earth ſeems cultivated, not for uſe, but for pleaſure only. Every object you meet is agreeable; and it is here, my dear friend, you may ſee real ſhepherdeſſes, inſtead of thoſe country-dowdies, whoſe night-caps offend you ſo mightily. All the young girls wear their hair without caps, and place a bouquet of natural flowers on the left ſide of

of the head. They are, almoſt all, pretty, and particularly remarkable for the elegance of their ſhape *. Figure to yourſelf the tranſports of *Adelaide* and *Theodore* on ſeeing objects ſo charming and ſo new. They aſked permiſſion to ramble into the plain, and to walk under the arcades; and in an inſtant they had got an hundred yards diſtant. *Theodore* ſtopped to gather a bouquet; and his ſiſter, purſuing her courſe, entered a ſmall path, where I loſt ſight of her. I called to her two or three times, but ſhe was too far off to hear me. I ſent *Danville* in ſearch of her, who ſoon came back without her; but informed me he had found her, and that ſhe would return preſently. I redoubled my pace, and *Danville* approaching me with a ſmile, ſaid, we ſhall not leave Albenga without an adventure which will make a figure in our journal. But where is my daughter, cried I? Hard by, replied he, with a lady beautiful as the day.—As *Danville* was ſpeaking, *Adelaide* appeared; and running, ſoon rejoined us: but ſo fluttered and out of breath, and ſo tranſported with her *adventure*, that ſhe ſtammered, and could only anſwer in monoſyllables. When ſhe had, at length, recovered herſelf, we ſat down on the graſs, and ſhe informed us, that ſoon after ſhe had loſt ſight of us, ſhe perceived at a diſtance, in a kind of grove on the left hand of the path ſhe was in, a woman ſitting alone on the ground. Curioſity led her nearer, and ſhe ſaw plainly a beautiful

* This deſcription is not exaggerated; it is literally true, and taken from the author's own journal written at Albenga.

woman

woman reading with a good deal of attention. She was dreſſed in a robe of white gauze, and had a ſorrowful countenance; but a phyſiognomy full of ſweetneſs and majeſty. A young perſon, who ſeemed to be her woman, was ſitting at a little diſtance from her. The *heroine* lifted up her eyes at the noiſe *Adelaide* had made, and ſeemed ſurprized to ſee her; ſhe made her a profound curtſy, and ſtopt ſhort, not daring to advance. The incognita fixed her eyes upon her, and ſmiled. Encouraged by this, *Adelaide* approached, and the ſtranger ſaid in Italian, you are a charming creature; *but moſt certainly you do not underſtand me.* *Adelaide*'s anſwering her in Italian, was matter of freſh ſurprize. She aſked her ſome queſtions, embraced her tenderly ſeveral times; then roſe, called her woman, and left her. *Adelaide* adds, that the unknown lady, tho' not in the *flower of youth*, is a perfect beauty; and *Danville* ſaid, tho' he had ſeen her only at a diſtance, her figure was remarkably ſtriking. After this relation, *Adelaide* begged of me to ſleep at Albenga, inſtead of going to Pietra, as we had deſigned, and Mr. *D'Almane* conſented to it.—We are here ſettled in a tolerably pretty houſe; we have informed ourſelves concerning the *incognita*; and from *Adelaide*'s portrait of her, we are aſſured, that it can be nobody but the Dutcheſs of *C*———, a perſon as diſtinguiſhed and as extraordinary for her virtues and her misfortunes, as for her birth and beauty.—She has been four years at Albenga, and lives retired in an houſe ſhe has cauſed to be built in the moſt ſolitary part of the plain. She lives in the moſt recluſe manner; and they add, her beneficence

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and piety render her the admiration of the whole country. As to her hiſtory, it is known but confuſedly; and the particulars, which I have been able to collect, are ſo extraordinary and ſo improbable, that I ſhall not yet commit them to paper. You may eaſily believe that we are curious to know ſomething more particularly of the Dutcheſs of *C*———. *Adelaide* deſires it with more warmth than any of us. Not knowing how to prevail on her to receive us, we have at laſt followed the opinion of Mr. *D'Almane*, that *Adelaide* ſhould write to her on the ſubject; and we hope for ſome ſucceſs from the infantine grace and ſimplicity of her billet. It has been ſent near an hour, and we have as yet no anſwer.

Good news and great joy! The anſwer is juſt arrived; the Dutcheſs will ſee us; ſhe has aſked us to ſupper. As ſhe tells *Adelaide* ſhe ſups at ſeven o'clock, and it is now near ſix, we are this inſtant going.

Ah! *Danville* had good reaſon to promiſe us a charming adventure!—We no longer know when we ſhall leave Albenga. We ſhall ſtay till we have been able to obtain a more perfect knowledge of the hiſtory of the moſt intereſting perſon I ever ſaw. Judge yourſelf, from the particulars of our firſt viſit, if our curioſity be not well founded, and whether it ought not to be very much raiſed. At a quarter after ſix we arrived at her houſe, which is finiſhed with the moſt elegant ſimplicity. After paſſing through two antichambers and a pretty long gallery, we were ſhewn into a little cabinet. *Adelaide*, ſeeing the Dutcheſs, quitted me and ran to her.

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The

The Dutcheſs embraced her two or three times. I approached, and deſired *Adelaide* to *preſent me*; and Madame *de C*—— received us very graciouſly. We ſat down; and while Mr. *D'Almane* was giving her an account of our journey and anſwering her queſtions, I examined her with as much pleaſure as aſtoniſhment. She is thirty-eight or forty years old, and is really a regular and ſtriking beauty. Her eyes are black, and in ſize and ſhape would be much like yours, were they leſs languiſhing. Her ſhape is exactly proportioned; and though by habit ſhe ſtoops her head a little, ſhe has a moſt noble air; and when by chance ſhe turns her head, or draws herſelf up, ſhe appears truly majeſtic. She has nothing of the Italian vivacity; all her motions are ſlow; ſhe ſpeaks ſoftly, and even expreſſes herſelf with ſome difficulty. It is ſoon perceived that ſhe is very abſent. All of a ſudden ſhe falls into a *reverie*, which has ſomething in it melancholy and ſtriking; and when ſhe comes out of it, ſhe looks with a ſtupid aſtoniſhment on all around her. Her phyſiognomy is at the ſame time ſweet, intereſting, and ſorrowful: ſhe has by habit acquired the air of a perſon who has ſuffered much; her manners are affectionate and inſinuating; and, as much as one can judge from a two hours viſit, her ſenſibility is exceſſive, her imagination lively, and ſhe has a good ſhare of ſenſe. During ſupper ſhe aſked many queſtions about my daughter; ſaid ſhe had one likewiſe which was her greateſt happineſs, and that I ſhould ſee her at Rome. When I teſtified my ſurpriſe at the diſtance which ſeparated them, ſhe replied, that her daughter came every year,

and

and ſpent two or three months with her; after which ſhe ſighed, and changed the converſation. On getting up from ſupper, I obſerved that the houſe was rather illuminated than lighted; for all the apartments were filled with luſtres, flambeaux, and girandoles. Ah! Madam, ſaid the Dutcheſs, if you knew what reaſon I have to value light, and to hate obſcurity and darkneſs!—As ſhe ſpake theſe words, her eyes were filled with tears, and ſhe fell into the moſt profound reverie. We left her about nine o'clock; and as I took my leave, ſhe ſaid it gave her pain to think I ſhould depart to-morrow. To which I anſwered, if ſhe would permit me to wait on her again, I would ſtay. She preſſed my hand, and, embracing me, ſaid, Albenga attracts but few travellers; and though within theſe four years ſeveral ſtrangers have ſtopped here, I refuſed to ſee them; but I wiſh, Madam, it was in my power to fix you here: promiſe me, however, that you will dine with me to-morrow.—You may eaſily judge that I accepted the party with pleaſure; and that I did not fail to be exact to the appointment. Oh! that I could obtain from her ſome particulars of her hiſtory!—It is moſt certain, I ſhall not leave Albenga without doing my utmoſt to gain that point.

Continuation of the Journal of the Baroneſs.

Albenga, Wedneſday evening.

I Have it at laſt—I am poſſeſſed of this hiſtory, ſo deſired, ſo intereſting, ſo extraordinary!—This precious manuſcript, written by the very hand of the Dutcheſs *de C——!* I am truſted with it for four-and-twenty hours; and am permitted to tranſlate and take a copy of it!—I have read it—and I ſhall not, without inexpreſſible regret, leave the heroine of ſuch a hiſtory——This woman, as virtuous and intereſting as ſhe is unfortunate—Oh! what a deſtiny is hers!—But, to return to my journal——While Mr. *D'Almane* and *Danville* are ſhut up tranſlating the Dutcheſs's ſtory, I will relate the tranſactions of the day which procured us ſo ineſtimable a preſent.——We waited on the Dutcheſs at eleven o'clock. She propoſed a walk before dinner, and conducted us to a litle ſeat, which afforded ſo delightful a proſpect, that my children and *Danville* were deſirous of taking it. They preſently made a ſlight ſketch of it; and the Dutcheſs expreſſing a deſire to ſee ſome o *Adelaide*'s performances, I ſent for her port-folio. She was ſurpriſed to find a child of twelve years and an half old able to ſpeak ſeveral languages, and draw ſo well after nature. She ſings too, ſays I, and plays upon the harp. The harp was ſent for, and, as *Adelaide* had a great deſire to pleaſe, ſhe ſucceeded; and really the Dutcheſs ſeemed to be charmed with her.—After dinner

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ſhe propoſed another tour, that is to ſay, juſt out of the houſe; for ſhe can neither walk much at a time, nor faſt.—We ſat ourſelves down on a green bank, and ſhe made *Adelaide* again the ſubject of our converſation. She ſeems to me, ſaid ſhe, to have great ſenſibility.—Yes, replied I, very great.—Ah! Madam, rejoined the Dutcheſs, do your utmoſt to guard her tender heart from the deadly impreſſions of love! May ſhe never feel that fatal paſſion, which is capable of producing ſo many misfortunes and ſo many crimes!—She pronounced theſe words in a tone of voice, that made me ſhudder. She perceived it, and taking me affectionately by the hand, I know not, ſays ſhe, whether you have heard my ſtory.—Ah! replied I with eagerneſs, how happy ſhould I be to hear it from your *own* mouth!—From *my* mouth, cried ſhe; ah, Madam! It is ſo dreadful, that it would be impoſſible for me to have reſolution enough to relate, though I have had ſufficient to write it. I was deſirous of leaving to my daughters, ſtill in the tendereſt infancy, a relation which may one day be uſeful to them; a ſtriking leſſon, which may teach them two important truths: the firſt is, that the paſſions are capable of precipitating us into the deepeſt abyſs of human miſeries; and the ſecond, that there are no evils ſo great which religion cannot enable us to bear.—Oh Heavens! interrupted I, is there then ſuch a precious manuſcript? and ſhall *Adelaide* never read it?—No, Madam, replied the Dutcheſs,—to ſuch a mother as you I cannot refuſe it. Stay here two days longer, and I will put it into your hands.—At theſe words I felt ſo lively an emotion of acknow-

ledgement and joy, as was impoſſible for me to expreſs, otherwiſe than by embracing her with a tranſport, that made her ſenſible of the very great value I ſet upon ſuch a favour. — I do not offer it you, ſays ſhe, as a mark of confidence, but as a proof of friendſhip. My ſtory is known to every body: at Rome they will tell you all the particulars of it; but I alone can inform you of my own ſentiments and reflections, and theſe no doubt will be the moſt intereſting to you.—After this converſation we returned to the houſe. The Dutcheſs conducted me into her cloſet; and taking, from a ſmall cabinet, two thick paper books, cloſely written,—Here, ſays ſhe, take this manuſcript, and if you think it worth copying, preſent it to the charming *Adelaide* in my name: I am ſure ſhe will not read it without ſome tears. May it prove a uſeful leſſon to my young friend, and add, if poſſible, more ſtrength to the good principles you have implanted in her tender mind!

In fine, at five o'clock I quitted the Dutcheſs to go and read the treaſure ſhe had entruſted me with. I forbear to ſay what impreſſion the peruſal made upon me. You yourſelf ſhall judge. For whilſt I have been writing to you Mr. *D'Almane* and *Danville* have tranſlated more than half the ſtory: they will finiſh it to-morrow, and then *Brunel* ſhall make two copies of it, one for *Adelaide*, and the other for you, which I will ſend with this journal, as ſoon as I come to Genoa.

Continuation

Continuation of the Journal.

Albenga, Thurſday.

WE ſupped laſt night with the Dutcheſs. With what heart-felt compaſſion did we meet ſo intereſting a perſon!—She had deſired us not to mention her adventures; but *Adelaide* could not refrain from melting into tears when ſhe embraced her. And we were ſo taken up with looking on her, and thinking on her misfortunes, that ſhe herſelf was obliged to find converſation the whole evening. This morning ſhe made us promiſe to paſs to-morrow with her; ſo that we ſhall not leave this place till Saturday afternoon. I have returned her manuſcript, and *Brunel* this inſtant brings me the copy I deſign for you, which I ſhall place at the end of my journal.

The Hiſtory of the Dutcheſs of C———, written by herſelf.*

HOW ſhall I have courage to recal particulars of misfortunes, the mere remembrance of which has excited in me ſuch dreadful agitations for ſo long a time!—How can I write this deplorable hiſtory!——O my daughters! you will read it; it will afford you uſeful and ſtriking leſſons—that idea will ſupport my courage.——And thou, who waſt made the arbiter of my fate by an unfortunate and ſacred tye, whoſe aſhes I am reluctantly going to diſturb by relating thy paſſions and thy crimes, forgive me!—Thy enormities and my misfortunes are but too well known; if they were not, I ſhould have learned how to reſpect thy memory, and impoſe on myſelf an eternal ſilence. If this writing renews the remembrance of them, at leaſt I ſhall not diſſemble the imprudence and the faults which plunged me into that depth of miſery, and drew on me ſuch cruel puniſhments.——I was born at Rome, ſole heireſs of an immenſe fortune, and of one

* The foundation of this hiſtory is perfectly true. The nine years of confinement in a cavern, where the ſun never penetrated, the pretended death of the Dutcheſs, the manner in which ſhe lived and received nouriſhment, her deliverance; all theſe particulars are exactly true. The only invention in this hiſtory is love, and the characters of the lover and the friend. The author, in 17—, ſaw at Rome the Dutcheſs *de C*———, and every day dined with the father of that intereſting perſon.

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of the moſt illuſtrious families in Italy. I received an excellent education; brought up by the beſt of mothers, cheriſhed by a tender father, and a family, of which I was the only hope; fortune and nature appeared united in my favour.—I attained my fifteenth year, without having experienced a ſingle ſorrow, without having been once ill, without having ſhed any tears but thoſe of tenderneſs or joy. I loved to recall the paſt, I enjoyed with tranſport the preſent, and I only ſaw in the future as bright and happy a condition. I had had for a companion, in my infancy, a young lady, the daughter of a friend of my mother's. I contracted for her a violent friendſhip. She was ingenuous, had ſenſibility, but no experience: ſhe could neither adviſe nor direct me; yet I had an unlimited confidence in her. I loved and reſpected my mother; but I did not look upon her as a friend, becauſe ſhe had permitted me to take another; ſhe was even pleaſed at my forming ſo dangerous a connection. That imprudence coſt me dear, and was the principal cauſe of all my misfortunes. My friend married the Marquis *de Venuzi*, whom ſhe had been in love with for a year. I was in the ſecret, and my acting as confidante had but too much raiſed my imagination, and ſoftened my heart. My friend, two days after the wedding, ſet out for the country. The Marquis took her to a delightful villa, thirty miles from Rome. My mother was of the party; I went with her. The Marchioneſs *de Venuzi* was three years older than me; ſhe appeared equally prudent and ſenſible. Though ſhe was only in her nineteenth year, my mother left us entirely at liberty to ſee

each other alone at all times. One evening after ſupper the Marchioneſs propoſed our taking a walk in the park. We went by ourſelves: on entering a little wilderneſs, in a turn of the walk, we ſaw a young man ſitting on a bank: on perceiving us, he aroſe: the great ſurpriſe he ſhewed cauſed in us the ſame emotion. We were very near him; the moon ſhone on his face; we were equally ſtruck with his graceful figure and noble air. After a moment's ſilence, as he did not retire, the Marchioneſs aſked him who he was; he anſwered her with as much reſpect as gallantry, but refuſed to tell his name, and immediately went away. Very much ſurpriſed at this adventure, we directly returned, and truſted the Marquis with it. He ſmiled, and left us to ſuppoſe the young man was not unknown to him. As I ſhewed a great deſire to be further informed, all I can tell you, ſaid he, is, that his birth is noble; he has long ardently wiſhed to ſee you; if he will conſent, to-morrow I will tell you his name. I renewed my queſtions the next day, and I only received unſatisfactory anſwers. At night, when my mother was gone to bed, I went down to my friend: we ſhut ourſelves into her cloſet, and talked of laſt night's adventure, when, all at once, the door opened, and the Marquis came in, holding a dark lantern in one hand, and conducting with the other the ſame young man that I had ſo great a deſire to know. I remained immoveable with ſurpriſe; the Marquis, approaching me, I preſent to you, ſaid he, my priſoner, to whom I believe, continued he, laughing, ſince he has had the imprudence of determining to ſee you a ſecond time, it will no

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longer be in my power to give liberty. At theſe words I bluſhed, and felt great confuſion. In ſpite of my youth, I had ſome faint idea of the conſequences of ſuch an adventure. I was one moment tempted to go and find my mother, and own all to her; but curioſity reſtrained me, and I forgot my duty. The Marquis, aſſuming a more ſerious air, told us, he was going to truſt us with an important ſecret. I know, added he, the diſcretion of you both; I am ſure you will juſtify the confidence which you are able to excite. After this preamble, the Marquis made me promiſe an inviolable ſecreſy. The young man then told us, he was called Count *de Belmire*; that his father, the Marquis *de Belmire*, was brother to the Duke *de C——*, one of the greateſt families in Naples; that the latter, head of his houſe, having quarrelled with his brother, found means to ruin him at court, and perſecuted him with ſuch cruelty, that he forced him to leave his country and ſettle in France, where the Marquis *de Belmire* had an affair of honour four years afterwards, which obliged him to ſeek another retreat; that the Marquis *de Venuzi*, his intimate friend, then in France, juſt returning to Italy, determined him to come ſecretly to the neighbourhood of Rome, by offering him a retreat at his country-houſe; that he had been concealed for three months in the houſe we were in; that the young Count, having heard often of me, could not reſiſt the deſire of being introduced to me, and, after the tranſient glimpſe by moon-light, he had been more urgent with the Marquis to procure him this delightful interview, on which he ſet ſo high a value; and

that he was to depart to-morrow with his father for Venice. After having liſtened to this recital, I got up; and, notwithſtanding the entreaties of the Marquis, retired. I returned to my chamber, overwhelmed with ſorrow. I dared not reflect on what had juſt paſſed; I was afraid to interrogate my heart, or examine my conduct; I could not conceive how I had been able, in the middle of the night, unknown to my mother, to liſten to a young man, and a ſtranger, who had dared to talk to me of love. I ſaw clearly that I ought to have no confidence in the Marquis; even his wife was not in a ſituation to adviſe me; I ſhuddered at the danger of my ſituation; a prophetic horror ſeemed to tell me, I was going to loſe my reputation irrevocably, my repoſe, in ſhort, all the happineſs I had enjoyed till then.—The Marchioneſs *de Venuzi* too ſoon regained her influence over me; ſhe inceſſantly talked to me of the Count *de Belmire*. Theſe dangerous converſations did not ſoothe my melancholy, though they perverted my underſtanding. We ſtaid three months in the country, when we returned to Rome. Towards the end of the winter, there were many entertainments given; the Marquis gave a maſqued ball; I went with my mother. At two in the morning, the Marchioneſs propoſed my going into her room to change my dreſs. We went out of the hall, and in croſſing a little gallery, almoſt dark, I obſerved a man following us: how great was my ſurpriſe, when the maſk approaching me, and falling on his knees, made himſelf known to be the Count *de Belmire!* Notwithſtanding my aſtoniſhment, and the ſecret joy I felt at ſeeing him again,

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my firſt impulſe was to endeavour to eſcape. He held my gown, begging me to grant him a moment's converſation: he conjured the Marchioneſs to beg me to hear him; ſhe united her entreaties, and I had at laſt the weakneſs to conſent. The Count told me his father's affair was happily ſettled; that he had been for ſix weeks at Naples; that he had again ſeen the Duke *de C*—— his brother, to whom he was ſincerely reconciled. "My father," continued he, "ſets "out in a month for France; ſome intereſt con- "cerning his fortune recals him; but he is ab- "ſolutely determined to return again to his "own country. And I, before I follow him "in this laſt journey, determined to know my "fate. I came ſecretly from Naples to learn if "the tender vows I preſume to make are en- "tirely rejected! Speak, Madam! if you hate "me, I ſhall leave you for ever——If you "deſpiſe me, I am determined: —— I re- "nounce Italy; I ſhall never be ſeen here "again—Speak! You can reſtore me to my "country, or baniſh me for ever." As the Count pronounced theſe laſt words, I could not reſtrain my tears: that anſwer was but too well underſtood; the Count aſked for no other. A thouſand times he aſſured me of his eternal love. Certain of my affections, and of returning to Rome in ſix months in a condition to demand me in marriage, though his fortune was not ſo conſiderable as mine; all appeared to juſtify his hopes; and yet my heart could not anticipate. Two months after this interview, which deprived me of all the tranquillity of my life, the Duke *de C*—— came to Rome. I ſaw

him at an aſſembly at the French ambaſſador's. When he was introduced to me, I felt an extraordinary ſenſation, and which perhaps proceeded only from the bad character the Marquis *de Venuzi* had given of him, who, in ſpeaking to me of his proceedings with the Marquis *de Belmire*, had repreſented him as equally vindictive and diſſembling. The Duke was about thirty-ſix years of age, perfectly handſome, yet in his eyes and eye-brows was marked an inauſpicious gloom, which ſtruck one much more at firſt than the noble ſymmetry of his figure. He had a look that was ſevere, piercing, and wild: when he wiſhed to ſoften it, he made it ambiguous and deceitful. His manner was in general diſdainful; and although he was not deficient in politeneſs in ſome reſpects, his ſtile of behaviour was as deciſive as it was imperious. Proud of his birth, fortune, employments, and intereſt at court, and of his ſucceſs with the women, he thought nothing was ever to reſiſt his inclinations, or oppoſe his will. Paſſionate, violent, ſpoilt by pride and proſperity, he knew not how to conquer his paſſions, or ſuppreſs his reſentments. Implacable, through weakneſs and vanity, he gloried in never forgiving. He hated with fury, and ſacrificed all for the horrid pleaſure he found in being revenged. Such was the Duke *de C——*. I felt an invincible averſion for him from the firſt moment I beheld him. Unfortunately for me, I inſpired him with a very different impreſſion. He got introduced at my mother's: a fortnight after, my father told me, the Duke had demanded me in marriage; and that I muſt prepare for the ceremony in a month.

month. My father added, 'I have given my word without aſking your conſent; for I doubted not your accepting with pleaſure the greateſt match in Italy; a man who adores you, and whoſe perſon is ſo agreeable. I received this declaration (which appeared the ſentence of my death) without being able to utter a word. My father loved me, but was abſolute; therefore what could I ſay? could I have the comfort of complaining to my mother! with what face could I own my faults! or dare confeſs that I had diſpoſed of my heart without her approbation! It was then I experienced the full force of the fatal imprudence of my conduct, and the greateſt misfortune that could happen to a young woman, that of not having looked on her mother as a true friend and confidante. Not being able to ſpeak or complain, burying in the bottom of my ſoul all my ſorrows and misfortunes, I avoided the Marchioneſs *de Venuzi*, whoſe dangerous advice I dreaded. I thought obedience alone could expiate my faults. I ſubmitted to my fate, and ſacrificed my happineſs to the reſpect due to the will of my parents. I married the Duke *de C*———, and ſet out almoſt directly with him for Naples. When we arrived in the city, and entered the palace where I was to ſpend my life, ſeparated from my mother, from my friends, from my family, I ſuffered emotions of deſpair bitter beyond deſcription. The Duke attributed my profound melancholy to my affection for my parents, endeavoured to ſoothe me by proteſtations of an affection, which it was not in my power to return. I appeared at court, and I ſoon found the Duke was exceſ-

ſively jealous. It gave me but little vexation; I ſhould have preferred retirement; but the Duke's vanity retained me at court, notwithſtanding my taſte and his jealouſy. I had been married ſeven months, when I heard the Marquis *de Belmire* had died in France; that he had in his will appointed the Duke guardian to his ſon, who was only eighteen years of age; and that the latter returning to Italy, was taken ill at Turin. A fortnight after, the Duke coming into my room, ſaid, he had juſt heard from his nephew, whoſe health was re-eſtabliſhed. He will return no more to Naples; he writes to you, to entreat you to ſolicit my permiſſion for him to travel for two years. Here is his letter. At theſe words, the Duke gave me a letter, the ſeal broken. I took it trembling, and read aloud, with a faltering voice, what follows:

" Madam,

" Although I have not the honour of being " known to you, I have hopes that my mi- " ſeries are ſufficient to inſpire you with ſome " compaſſion!---I have loſt the tendereſt and " beſt of fathers.---Grief and deſpair had al- " moſt brought me to the brink of the grave!--- " The unkind aſſiduities of cruel friends have " recalled me to life!---But to what an ex- " iſtence am I reſtored.---I have loſt all that " could make it valuable.---Forgive me, Ma- " dam, for troubling you with a ſorrow, to " which you are a ſtranger; my heart over- " flows!—Oh! will you at leaſt condeſcend to " excuſe, to pity me!—The laſt will of my " father has made me dependant on my uncle;

" but

" but I cannot obey his orders to return to Na-
" ples.—My father was born and lived there
" twenty years.—Every thing will recall the
" moſt cruel ideas!—No, I will never go!—I
" am ſure, Madam, you will approve this de-
" licacy; and that you will perſuade my uncle
" to revoke an order, which I have not power
" to obey. Obtain for me, Madam, the per-
" miſſion of travelling—of flying—of baniſh-
" ing myſelf from Naples.—In a word, the li-
" berty of carrying far from Italy the ſorrows
" and misfortunes I ſhall retain to my laſt
" breath. I am with reſpect, &c.

" The Count *de Belmire.*"

I can give you no idea of the dreadful uneaſi-neſs I felt in reading this letter. I was afraid it was impoſſible not to underſtand the double meaning of it—Beſides, the Duke was of all men the moſt jealous and ſuſpicious; but ſtill ignorant that his nephew had been at Rome, convinced I never could have ſeen him, he had not the ſlighteſt notion of the truth. As for me, unable to keep thoſe ſentiments to myſelf which rent my heart, I wrote the next day to the Marchioneſs *de Venuzi* a letter, in which I had the audacity to complain of my fate, and lament the fatal paſſion I could not overcome. The Marchioneſs, in her anſwer, queſtioned me on the Duke's conduct. I anſwered her freely; and did not conceal from her, that every day I diſcovered in the Duke faults, vices, and a determined violence of temper, which too much juſtified the antipathy I had for him. It was thus by freſh imprudencies I dug a pit for my own

own deſtruction. About this time I enjoyed the happineſs of ſeeing my father and mother again; I was near lying in; they came to Naples to be with me. I was brought to bed of a daughter. I aſked, and obtained permiſſion to ſuckle her. This tender employment, during the time it laſted, ſuſpended my ſorrows, and made me inſenſible of the Duke's ill treatment, who for a long time had ceaſed to reſtrain the impetuoſity of his temper before me. The day after I had weaned my child, the Duke came to me, and ſaid, we muſt immediately ſet out for an eſtate he had twelve leagues from Naples. My daughter was with me; I took her in my arms; and without uttering a word followed the Duke. We got into the carriage; I held my daughter on my lap; I careſſed her; the Duke was ſilent; during the journey he appeared abſorbed in thought; when we arrived at the caſtle, we croſſed a draw-bridge; the rattling of the chains made me ſhudder; at this moment I looked at the Duke. What is the matter with you, ſaid he? The ancient appearance of this caſtle ſeems to ſurprize you. What! do you think you are entering a priſon! He uttered theſe words with a forced and malicious ſmile, and I obſerved his eyes ſparkling with an inhuman joy, which ſhocked me.—Wiſhing to conceal my terror, I leant my head on my daughter's, and could not reſtrain my tears. My child feeling them trickle down her face, began to cry; her cries pierced the very bottom of my ſoul; I preſſed her to my boſom with the tendereſt affection, and my ſobs redoubled. Thus I got out of the carriage. The Duke ſnatched my daughter out of

my arms, and gave her to one of his attendants; and ſeizing one of my hands, he led, or rather dragged me towards the caſtle, made me go up a flight of ſteps, at the top of which was a long gallery. The evening came on; the gallery we croſſed was very large and dark; the Duke walked extremely faſt, when ſtopping all at once; you tremble, ſaid he; what occaſions this fear? Are you not with a huſband whom you love, and who ought to cheriſh you?—Oh, Heavens! cried I, what means that gloomy and diſturbed look, that terrible voice—Come, come, replied he; we are going to finiſh the explanation. At theſe words, almoſt carrying me in his arms, for I could neither follow him or walk, he took me out of the gallery into a large bed-chamber. I flung myſelf into a chair, and gave a free vent to my tears. He went out, and ſoon returned, holding a light, which he ſet on a table oppoſite to me, and ſeated himſelf by it. I dared not look at him; I waited, trembling, with eyes caſt down, ſcarce fetching my breath, ſinking with terror, for his breaking ſilence—My memory recalled at once all my faults; I had a confuſed idea that the fatal ſecret of my heart had been diſcovered. That heart, filled with a criminal paſſion, beat with fear, and trembled before an irritated judge.—Oh! what courage innocence would have given me!—But I felt myſelf culpable, and I had not courage to ſupport thoſe horrid thoughts which my remorſe occaſioned me. At laſt the Duke ſpoke: Enough of enjoying the ſecret reproaches of your conſcience—It is time to fill up the meaſure of your confuſion.—Read thoſe letters,

that

that I have copied myſelf.—He then gave me a packet of papers; and ſeeing I heſitated about taking them, he took out one, and read aloud. From the firſt words I knew it was one of the letters I had written to the Marchioneſs *de Venuzi*, in which I ſpoke without diſguiſe of the ſentiments which filled my ſoul, and of my invincible averſion for the Duke. Oh! I am undone! cried I.—Perfidious woman, replied the Duke, could not I make you happy!—I choſe you, I preferred you, I adored you; and you hate me, and deem yourſelf unhappy—I inſpire you with *an invincible averſion!*—Ah! I will juſtify your diſlike—You ſhall have juſt cauſe to hate me!—Betrayed, diſhonoured by you, do you think I will ſuffer ſuch outrages with impunity?—Stop, interrupted I, you may accuſe and puniſh me without aſperſing me. I am really culpable; but if I could not overcome an unhappy paſſion, at leaſt your honour and mine are without ſtain. I have only to reproach myſelf, that friendſhip drew from me ſuch an imprudent confeſſion. Perjured woman, the Duke replied with fury, taking up one of the letters, liſten to your condemnation. He then read the following ſentence: "That "object that nothing can eraſe from my heart. "Alas! he is as much to be pitied as I am! "Does he not know, to what exceſs I love "him!—Does he not know, to what exceſs I "reproach myſelf for a confeſſion, that ren"ders me every day more culpable and miſe"rable!"—I but too well recollected this ſentence in one of my letters; I alſo remembered, I had not mentioned the name of the Count *de*

Belmire in any of them. I had ſpoke of him in ſo indirect a manner, that it was impoſſible to fix the date of the paſſion I acknowledged: the Duke, violently jealous of two men at the court of Naples, who had ſhewn evident marks of admiration as ſoon as I appeared, fixed upon one of thoſe as the object of my love. That ſuppoſition rendered me truly criminal in his eyes; for, after the ſentence he had juſt read, it ſeemed to prove I had confeſſed my ſentiments ſince my marriage. It was (to juſtify myſelf,) neceſſary to declare, that when I gave him my hand, I had not a heart to give; but I was not ignorant of the deſpicable opinion he had of women, and the odious conſtructions he formed; after that knowledge, my daughter's intereſt ſilenced me. I did not leave Rome till ſix weeks after my marriage; the Duke was but too capable of conceiving injurious ſuſpicions on the birth of my daughter, if he knew I loved before I ſaw him.—Beſides, that confeſſion would have led to the diſcovery of the whole truth. He would have recollected a thouſand circumſtances to confirm it; the letter I received from his nephew; my confuſion in reading it; my bluſhes every time his name was mentioned; he might diſcover the connection, that the Marquis *de Venuzi* had with the Count *de Belmire*'s father. In one word, removing all his ſuſpicions, which he had fixed at Naples, was riſking a ſecret, which it was impoſſible to betray without expoſing the object of my affections to all the fury of his reſentment, rendered more formidable as the Count *de Belmire* depended abſolutely upon him: he was not nineteen; the

Duke,

Duke was his uncle and guardian. All theſe reflections at once preſented themſelves to my imagination, and plunged me in the greateſt embarraſſment. Not being able to juſtify myſelf, I dared not anſwer. The Duke conſtrued my ſilence into a tacit avowal, which confirmed his diſhonour and my ſhame. His paſſion then knew no bounds; he aroſe, and approaching me with a face enflamed, and his eyes ſparkling with fury; then, ſaid he, you have nothing to alledge in your defence?—Alas! anſwered I, are you in a condition to hear me?—I call Heaven to witneſs, I am innocent.—You innocent! interrupted he; dare you maintain that? Have you not written yourſelf, that your lover *knows to what exceſs he is beloved*:—and yet, replied I, ſhedding a torrent of tears, I am innocent; yes, I am.—Hypocritical monſter! cried the Duke; tremble at the vengeance ready to overwhelm you.—At theſe words, pronounced in a menacing and terrible voice, I expected to hear the irrevocable ſentence of my deſtruction. I threw myſelf on my knees; and lifting my hands to Heaven: O God, cried I! God, my ſole reſource, protect me! Riſe, ſaid the Duke, in a ſofter voice, ſit down, and liſten to me. I obeyed, with a timid and ſupplicating look. He was ſome moments without ſpeaking. At laſt, fetching a deep ſigh: you ought to know, ſaid he, how greatly I am offended!—You, who accuſe me of being furious and vindictive! You, ungrateful, to whom I have given every proof of love, you have reaſon now to dread the effects of ſo juſt a reſentment.—Yet—it is poſſible for me to forgive you.—Your ſincerity alone

alone can mitigate my anger; remember that: henceforth the leaſt diſguiſe will be your ruin.—I can be ſatisfied with one victim.—But one I will have.—Name, without heſitation, the villain who ſeduced you from your duty, and made you break your vows.—No, interrupted I, no; I have neither broke my vows, nor been ſeduced from my duty.—I will, replied the Duke, raiſing his voice, I will know the name of your lover: I command you to tell me. At that inſtant, I felt all the horrors of my deſtiny: but with my danger I felt my reſolution increaſe: preferring even death to the baſeneſs he propoſed, If you muſt have one victim, replied I, ſacrifice that you have in your power. Let fall on me all the weight of your vengeance; for the name you demand, you ſhall never know from me. Aſtoniſhed, confounded at my courage and reſolution, the Duke remained immoveable for a moment; he could not find an expreſſion to deſcribe his rage and indignation. At laſt, eagerly exclaiming: Unhappy woman, ſaid he, I ſhall never know it!—Ah! I ſee, that you have no idea, how far my rage will carry me; you do not yet know me!—I expect every thing; I am unfortunate enough to brave death.—Death!—Ceaſe to flatter thyſelf; go, it is not death I deſign for thee—My hatred and my fury have been buried in the bottom of my ſoul for a year; that time I have been meditating the puniſhment of thy infidelity, and doſt thou think that my vengeance can be ſatisfied in a moment!—No, thou ſhalt not die.—Indeed thy grave is prepared; but thou muſt deſcend into it alive,

and

and there thou wilt not find that death thou deſireſt.---At theſe dreadful words I felt all my blood freeze in my veins; my eyes cloſed, and I entirely loſt the uſe of my ſenſes. When I recovered, I found myſelf in the arms of my women. I aſked eagerly for her who was the moſt attached to me, the only one I had brought from Rome. They told me, ſhe remained at Naples. I apprehended it was by the Duke's orders, who was afraid without doubt of a witneſs ſo attentive and watchful; that circumſtance raiſed my terror to the utmoſt. I ſpent the night ſurrounded by my women, conſtrained by their preſence, and dreading to be alone, not daring to complain before them, nor to ſend them away, ſuffering all the torments occaſioned by remorſe, fear, and the expectation of a dreadful cataſtrophe. About ſix in the morning I deſired them to conduct me to my daughter's apartment. She was ſtill aſleep. I ſent away her women. I ſat down by her cradle. The ſight of her, far from mitigating my ſorrows, augmented them. Alas! dear child, ſaid I, thou ſleepeſt in peace; thou taſteſt the ſweets of repoſe; thou canſt neither feel nor partake the bitter ſorrows of thy unhappy mother!—I ſee thee perhaps for the laſt time!—O receive my moſt tender bleſſings!——O God, purſued I, throwing myſelf on my knees, I reſign myſelf to my horrid fate; but may my daughter be happy!——May ſhe live in peace and innocence!—If they have the cruelty to take me from her, great God, protect her, be a mother to her!—At theſe words my ſobs redoubled, and ſtopped my utterance. In that inſtant, the door ſuddenly

ſuddenly opened, and the Duke appeared. I ſhuddered at the ſight of him; my tears ſtopped. I aroſe; unable to ſupport myſelf, I fell into the great chair. Well, ſaid the Duke, has reflection made you more reaſonable? Do you feel the conſequence of oppoſing my will? A deep ſigh was all my anſwer.—That name I have demanded—are you ſtill determined never to tell me? I lifted my eyes to Heaven; I perſiſted in my ſilence.—I will have a poſitive anſwer.—Will you, or will you not, tell the name? I cannot, anſwered I.—Ah! cried the Duke, thou paſſeſt thy own ſentence! Look at that child, and take your leave of her for ever.—— No, interrupted I, you cannot have the cruelty to ſeparate me from it.—Oh! leave me my child, permit at leaſt that I may ſometimes ſee it, and I will ſupport without murmuring all that your hatred can inflict.—Alas! is your heart really inacceſſible to pity?—Ah! if it is, whatever deſtiny you have prepared for me, you will merit more compaſſion than I!—But I cannot believe it.—No, you will not deprive me of my child for ever!—That moment ſhe awaked; ſhe opened her eyes, and ſmiling on her father, lifted up her little hands, almoſt joined, towards him. Alas! ſaid I, ſhe ſeems to plead for me! Oh, my child! my dear child! why canſt not thou ſpeak? Thou wouldſt ſoften thy father!—Then I would have taken her in my arms; but the Duke ſeized her: Leave her, ſaid he, ſhe is no longer yours.—Oh! cried I, take my life, or reſtore my child!—Muſt I, to appeaſe you, fall at your feet?—Behold me.—In ſaying theſe words, I caſt myſelf at his feet; I bathed them with

with my tears; I embraced his knees.—My pride felt no condeſcenſion, as I was begging for my child.—The barbarian appeared to enjoy my humility; he gazed on me for a moment; then puſhing me away with fury, he made ſome ſteps towards the door. I followed him on my knees, crying, my child! my child!—The child, quite terrified, gave a plaintive cry, ſtretching out her arms to me. She ſeemed to take a mournful leave of me.—Alas! at the ſame moment I loſt ſight of her, the Duke burſt out of the room, and left me in the height of deſpair. He returned a moment after, and compelled me to go to my apartment. Then compoſing his countenance, You think, ſaid he, my heart unfeeling, and yet——He ſtopped, and caſt down his eyes, thoſe furious and inauſpicious eyes, which might have diſcovered his horrid artifice.—I was in his power; I was ignorant of his dreadful intentions; I ſaw no intereſt he could have in diſſimulation; I was only eighteen; I thought he muſt reproach himſelf for the exceſs of his cruelty; and that at leaſt the firſt vengeance he had meditated would be ſoftened. A ray of hope reanimated my heart: I again talked of my daughter; the Duke liſtened, with a gloomy air, but without ſhewing any anger: he even pretended to feel a tenderneſs for me, which he endeavoured to hide. He gave me to underſtand, that his love for me was the ſole motive of his violent conduct: he finiſhed by ſaying, if I took care of my health, I might ſee my daughter again. So dear a hope, made me forget all my ſufferings. Seeing the Duke leſs cruel, I thought myſelf more culpable; I felt that he ought

ought to hate me, and that after my letters he might think me really criminal. I excuſed his fury; I was deeply affected with the compaſſion I perceived he felt for me; and whilſt the moſt ſincere repentance cauſed my tears to flow, the cruel author of my misfortunes ſecretly applauded the ſucceſs of his black artifices, and every thing was prepared for my deſtruction.

A violent fever, occaſioned by my extreme ſorrows, obliged me to go to bed. The Duke appeared then to feel the greateſt uneaſineſs; he ſent a courier to Naples for two phyſicians; he never quitted my bed-ſide; before my women he teſtified the greateſt tenderneſs; ſaid every thing to perſuade me his love exceeded his reſentment; and poſitively aſſured me, that as ſoon as I had loſt my fever, I ſhould ſee my daughter again. At this promiſe I forgot all he had made me ſuffer: I took one of his hands and preſſed it between mine; I bathed with tears of gratitude that barbarous hand, that in a few hours would drag and throw me into the bottom of a horrible dungeon. The phyſicians aſſured him my illneſs was not dangerous; and deſiring to return to Naples, they went in two days. The morning of their departure the Duke affected more anxiety on my illneſs; and although my fever was gone, he obliged me to keep my bed. As he made all my women watch me the three preceding days, they were overcome by fatigue; he ſent them to reſt themſelves for the whole day; ſaying he would watch me, with one of his valets and an old woman, keeper of the caſtle. Theſe two witneſſes were not choſen without deſign. He gave them the preference to all the others,

others, becauſe he knew them both to be as credulous as they were ignorant. The curtains of my bed were drawn; I thought my women were ſtill watching me: at noon I perceived that I had only in my chamber thoſe two people, whom I have juſt mentioned. I expreſſed my ſurprize. The Duke approached my bed, ſaying I ſhould not be the worſe attended, and that he would not leave me. Ah! why, replied I with emotion?—I am no longer ill.—The only anſwer he gave me was, begging me not to ſpeak; and endeavouring all he could to quiet me, he ſet down by the ſide of my bed. Without knowing why I felt uneaſy, my eyes were filled with tears. The Duke appeared diſtreſſed, agitated; and I obſerved an extraordinary alteration in his countenance. About three in the afternoon, he deſired me to give him my arm; I gave it trembling; he felt my pulſe; and directly he went to the two attendants, told the valet-de-chambre aloud to run to the ſtables, and ſend an expreſs to Naples for a phyſician; and the old woman to go and fetch the chaplain. After having given theſe orders, he added, with a deſpairing voice, *She is dying! She is dying!*—Conceive, if it be poſſible, the exceſs of my fright and ſurprize.—My firſt thought was to get up and fly; but I fell again on the bed without ſtrength, with a beating heart which deprived me of breath, and a cold tremor which rendered me motionleſs. My two attendants, after having received each a commiſſion, that at leaſt would take them three quarters of an hour, went and left me alone with the Duke. Then he came to me, and giving me a cup; Take, ſaid

ſaid he, with a low voice, ſwallow this draught. —At theſe words my hair ſtood an end, a cold ſweat ran down my face. I thought I was come to the laſt moments of my life; for I doubted not of his giving me poiſon.—Drink then, replied he.—Ah, anſwered I, what do you give me?—What you muſt take.—Give me then time to implore everlaſting mercy.—What! do you dare to ſuſpect me? Do you accuſe me of a crime?—Alas! it is fate and my own imprudence I moſt accuſe.—O my God! continued I, claſping my hands, pardon me, forgive my perſecutor, comfort my father and mother, protect my child! After that ſhort prayer, I felt all my courage revive; I dared to hope that my reſignation made me worthy to appear before God. I caſt on the Duke a confident look: he was pale, trembling, and aſtoniſhed; he ſtammered out ſome broken words, and with one hand lifting up my head, with the other he put the cup to my lips. Then, without reſiſtance, I drank all the liquor he gave me, thinking I had received my death. I fell back on my pillow, having reſigned my life to God. Some minutes after my eyes grew heavy, and cloſed; a total numbneſs entirely deprived me of ſpeech and thought; I ſunk into a lethargic ſlumber. In about half an hour the old woman and valet returned. The Duke, his hair in diſorder, and his face bathed in tears, ran to meet them; and ſaid, I had juſt expired. He brought them again into my chamber, in order, added he, to acquire a confirmation of his misfortune, or to aſſiſt me if I had ſtill any remains of life. He approached my bed; having had the precaution

to ſhut the curtains, and make my room extremely dark, he pretended to give me all imaginable aſſiſtance: afterwards he appeared to give himſelf up to the moſt violent deſpair. The chaplain arrived: he ordered him to read the prayers for the dead. During this time my women awaked, and all the ſervants came running. The Duke was on his knees at my bedſide. My two attendants recounted to the whole houſe all they had done to endeavour to recall me to life. After this account, the Duke half opened for an inſtant my curtains: I was pale and motionleſs, and nobody doubted of my death. The Duke ordered all the people to go into the next room; he remained in mine, and kept the chaplain with him, an old man of eighty. He made him continue the prayers for the dead till midnight. Then he ſent all his people to reſt. He declared he would not have me buried till the next evening; and that he ſhould paſs the remainder of the night there, not being able to tear himſelf from me. He ſhut all the doors of my apartment. He placed the Chaplain and my two attendants in an antichamber, ſeparated from mine by three large rooms. He told them he ſhould not leave me till ſeven o'clock in the morning; that he would remain alone with me, that nothing might diſturb either his ſorrows or his prayers. All the houſe, exceedingly fatigued with watching, readily availed themſelves of the permiſſion to go to their repoſe. All the people were in a profound ſleep at four o'clock in the morning, when, by degrees, coming out of my lethargy, I awoke. Opening my eyes, and recovering the

the uſe of my ſenſes, I perceived the Duke ſtanding by my bed-ſide. The ſight of him ſtartled me, although I had no remembrance of what had happened to me. Then, looking at him ſtedfaſtly, I had a confuſed recollection that he was irritated againſt me; I felt an emotion of fear; I turned away my head; endeavouring to recover myſelf, and recall paſt ideas, a thouſand vague and fantaſtic forms aroſe in my imagination; I fell into a ſtupor, which was followed by a kind of fainting. The Duke made me ſmell at ſome ſal-volatile, and ſwallow ſome drops, which entirely revived me. I raiſed myſelf up; I looked around me with aſtoniſhment. My ideas growing by degrees leſs confuſed, I recollected that I had thought I was taking poiſon; and I almoſt doubted my exiſtence.—O what miracle has ſaved my life, cried I, at laſt! You have only felt a vain terror, ſaid the Duke; be calm, baniſh thoſe injurious fears. I dared not anſwer; I half opened my curtains; I looked round the room; and ſeeing I was alone with the Duke, my fears increaſed, as I had entirely recovered my ſenſes. Why then do you alone watch me?—You ſhall know; get up directly. At theſe words he gave me a gown; he helped me to put it on; and ſupporting me in his arms, he conducted, or rather carried me into a great chair. As he ſaw me weak and trembling, he gave me more of the draught that I had taken before. And after a moment's ſilence; I ſhall now hide nothing from you.—The draught you took yeſterday was a ſleeping potion.—And wherefore?—Liſten to me without interruption. You have

betrayed and diſhonoured me. I have offered you forgiveneſs, you have refuſed it. Convicted of infidelity, you ſtill nouriſh a criminal paſſion at the bottom of your heart. Neither my diſpleaſure nor menaces could make you declare the name of your lover. You perhaps thought that my conſideration for your family would prevent my taking your child from you, and depriving you of liberty. You think, without doubt (for your hatred will judge me capable of any crime) that the only means I had for revenge, was ſecretly to attempt your life; and that invincible averſion that you have for me, determined you to die!—But know, that you ſhall live, and be for ever ſeparated from your parents, your friends, ſervants, and the whole world!—O Heavens! cried I, and do you think, barbarous man, a tender father and the beſt of mothers will not demand me of you?—They will receive to-morrow, replied the Duke, the falſe account of your death.—Great God!—And how could you?—I have already announced your death in the caſtle. During your profound ſleep, all my people came to ſee you.—Alas! interrupted I, burſting into tears, I no longer live but for you?—Ah! I ſee all the horrors of my fate!—You do not yet know all, ſaid the Duke; learn that I have in this caſtle vaſt ſubterraneous places, unknown to all the world, and where the light never penetrates.—O God! it is then all over; I am loſt without redemption!——No, replied the Duke, your fate is ſtill in your own hands; I can go in a moment, and wake my people, and declare to them you were only in a lethargy. I have

have not ſent my letter to your father. I can forgive, and reſtore you again to the world.—— I only exact from you one word, one ſingle word.—I have told you, I muſt have a victim. Name your lover, and I will grant you life; I will reſtore you to your rank and to the world! ——What do you propoſe to me? To deliver up to your reſentment an object, I repeat to you, has never injured you. Ah! I ſhould be unworthy to live, if I had the baſeneſs to conſent to it!—Conſider it well, ſaid the Duke, darting at me a furious look; another refuſal, and I drag you to that dark abode from whence nothing can releaſe you. To-morrow your father and mother will mourn your death, or rejoice at your recovery. To-morrow you will again ſee your daughter, and the ſun; or for ever be deprived of light, groaning at the bottom of a horrible dungeon: in ſhort, to-morrow we ſhall ſee you in this caſtle enjoying perfect health, or be attending your funeral. Reflect; this moment paſſed, no hope of pardon remains. Your repentance may implore in vain; I ſhall have no longer the poſſibility of granting it.

At this urgent and dreadful ſpeech I roſe up diſmayed. I turned my eyes fearfully towards the door, and, giving a lamentable ſhriek, Ah! why am I then abandoned by the whole world? My daughter! I ſhall live, and I ſhall never ſee thee more! My father! my mother! to-morrow you will weep my death! My child! oh let me once more ſee my child!—Say one word, replied the Duke, and in a quarter of an hour your child ſhall be in your arms. At theſe words I felt my heart torn to pieces. I remained ſilent for a

moment; I thought the Count *de Belmire* was abſent; that he was not to return for a year; during that time, I could eaſily inform him; beſides, an ingenuous confeſſion would make known my innocence. But the cruelty of my perſecutor came all at once to my remembrance, and I quickly rejected this ill-grounded temptation. Who could aſſure me that ſuch a confeſſion wonld reſtore to me my daughter or my liberty? Ought I not to think, on the contrary, that the Duke, certain of my hatred, would not renounce the vengeance he had meditated, or content himſelf with ſoftening the inhuman rigour? And in that doubt, could I be tempted to give up to his fury the object of my love? All theſe conſiderations preſented themſelves to my imagination with the greateſt rapidity. The Duke thought I wavered. He urged me again; adding, that the day would ſoon appear, it is time you determine: I go and awake my people, and tell them that you live; or go and conduct you to your tomb. Speak—Will you name the author of your misfortunes and mine? At that queſtion, I lifted up my eyes to Heaven: recalling all my ſtrength, I replied, I cannot!—What do you ſay, unhappy woman! interrupted the Duke.—No, give up that hope; I will never tell you.—Perfidious! cried the Duke, then thou preferreſt thy lover to thy child, liberty, and life!—To the whole world!—Henceforth tremble! The moment of vengeance is now come!—As he finiſhed theſe words, he endeavoured to ſeize me by the arms. Penetrated with fear and horror, I eſcaped. I ran to the other end of the room; and caſting my

my arms round one of the bed-poſts, I kept faſt hold. In this agitation my night-cap came off, and my hair fell on my ſhoulders. The Duke came to me; he ſtopped; he appeared ſurpriſed, ſtruck, obſerving me a moment in ſilence. Then pulling me from the bed-poſt, he carried me over againſt a glaſs. Unfortunate woman! contemplate for the laſt time that beauty, which is going to be hid for ever in perpetual darkneſs! Lift up thoſe eyes; look at thyſelf. Do not be more cruel than I am. Think of thy youth, thy charms, compaſſionate thy own fate: thou canſt ſtill change it.—I could not then forbear caſting a timorous and languiſhing look on the glaſs. I preſently ſhut my eyes, and I felt ſome tears ſteal from my eye-lids.—Well, replied the Duke, are you ſtill reſolute?—Oh! have you not offered me the ſight of my daughter in vain! —Scarce had I uttered theſe words when the Duke, tranſported with rage, caught me in his arms, and carried me out of the room. I made no reſiſtance; the violence of my fright made me dumb and motionleſs. After having croſſed two or three rooms, he made me go down a little private ſtair-caſe, and I found myſelf in a large court: at the end of it there was a door, which the Duke opened; we went out, and I ſaw we were in a garden. That inſtant the Duke perceiving day appear; It is the laſt time, ſays he, thy eyes will ever behold the ſun riſe!—I threw myſelf on my knees, and raiſing my eyes to Heaven, O God! God who knoweſt my innocence, wilt thou ſuffer me to be buried alive, and deprived for ever of the light of heaven?— As I ſaid theſe words, the Duke dragged me

about twenty paces to a rock; and putting a key behind a large ſtone, a trap-door opened directly—I ſhuddered—The Duke ſtopped: this moment is ſtill left you; this is your tomb; it is but half open. Repent at laſt; convince me of your remorſe by a ſincere acknowledgement, and I am ready to pardon you. Perhaps you think, that at the inſtant of accompliſhing my juſt vengeance, I may dread to put it in execution; but I have long meditated it; all is foreſeen; and nothing can ſtop me. He then recounted all the dreadful precautions he had taken: he told me he had a wax figure made, pale and livid, which he ſhould put in my bed; and that, under a pretence of fulfilling an act of piety, he ſhould bury it himſelf, with the aſſiſtance of the old woman, who would be a ſpectator and witneſs of this action, without his being obliged to place any confidence in her. Finally, added he, will you accept the pardon I again deign to offer you for the laſt time? Speak; ſacrifice your lover to my reſentment; tell me his name, or renounce for ever light, liberty, and the world. At theſe words, raiſing my arms towards the riſing ſun, to take an everlaſting leave of heaven, whoſe bright and majeſtic clouds preſented the moſt glorious ſight; that contemplation elevated my ſoul, and reſtored all my courage. I caſt with diſdain my eyes on the earth: turning towards the Duke, Take your victim, ſaid I with a firm voice—At the ſame inſtant he dragged me in; my heart beat violently; I turned my head once more to behold the light of the ſun, which I abandoned for ever. We deſcended into a dark cavern; my legs trembled ſo they could not ſupport me. Agitated by dreadful convulſions,

ſions, I ſtruggled in the arms of my barbarous perſecutor, and I fell at his feet without ſenſe or motion. I know not how long I remained in that condition. Alas! I came to life again only to abhor my ſhocking exiſtence! How ſhall I deſcribe to you the horror which ſeized me, when, on opening my eyes, I found myſelf alone in thoſe vaſt dungeons, encompaſſed with impenetrable darkneſs, and laying on a ſtraw mat! —I made a plaintive ſcream, and from the bottom of the cavern the echo repeated it. It made me ſhudder, and redoubled the fear and terror which oppreſſed me!—O God! ſaid I, is this the only voice which will anſwer me! the only one that I ſhall hear! That idea made me ſhed a torrent of tears.—At this moment I heard the door of my priſon open, and the Duke appeared with a lantern in his hand: he ſet down by my ſide a pitcher full of water, and ſome bread.—Here, ſaid he, is your future nouriſhment; you will find it every day in the * wheel you ſee oppoſite to you; I ſhall bring it you myſelf; I ſhall put it in this wheel, and I ſhall never reenter this horrid dungeon †. At theſe words I looked about me; I ſaw an immenſe cavern, the extent of which the eye could not penetrate. The part I was in was hung with coarſe ſtraw mats, in order to keep it from the cold and damp; for the barbarian who threw me into this

* The wheel, or turning box, in a nunnery, is a machine by which they receive and give out proviſions or any thing elſe, without ſeeing or being ſeen.

† The unhappy Dutcheſs *de C*——— received alſo regularly, in the ſame manner by the wheel, linen and ſome garments, when ſhe indiſpenſibly wanted them.

dreadful abode, had taken every precaution to preſerve my life.—After having conſidered with trembling all that ſurrounded me, I turned towards my cruel jailor; and diſcovering a hatred ſo long concealed and ſo well founded, I dared in that moment to reproach him with the ſeverity of his cruelty, and painted to him all the horror and deteſtation he had inſpired me with. He liſtened to me for ſome time with a ſettled fury in his eyes; then, not being able to contain himſelf, he fell into the moſt terrible paſſion, and all at once haſtily left me. From that day he entered my priſon no more. When he came to bring me my food, he always knocked till I anſwered him, and then went without uttering a word. I ſoon repented having augmented, if it was poſſible, by my reproaches, his hatred and reſentment. I recollected that he was the father of my child, and that dear child was under his care. Notwithſtanding the horror of my ſituation, hope was not yet abſolutely baniſhed from my heart. The more I reflected on it, the probability appeared leſs, that he really meant to detain me for ever in that dreadful captivity. I even flattered myſelf that he had not announced my pretended death, either in his houſe, or to my family; that he had found ſome other means to elude their enquiries; and that he would reſerve the poſſibility of making me appear when he choſe. How could I imagine he would impoſe on himſelf the painful neceſſity of bringing me, every other day, the neceſſaries of life? And that he would be conſequently obliged to the ſlaviſh taſk of not quitting his caſtle more than two or three days, ſince he was my only jailor;

jailor; for he had not intruſted any one with the ſecret?—Alas! I did not think that hatred, to ſatisfy itſelf, was capable of impoſing chains the moſt paſſionate love would carry with regret!—After my reflections, I perſuaded myſelf he had fixed a term to his vengeance. Full of this idea, every time he knocked at the wheel, I ſpoke to him; and although he did not anſwer me, I implored his compaſſion, and aſſured him of my innocence. As I was abſolutely deprived of light, I could not tell how many months I preſerved this hope; but at laſt I loſt it. Then, reaſon entirely abandoning me, I accuſed Providence, I murmured againſt its eternal decrees. My ſoul, dejected, wounded by grief, loſt its courage and principles, and I fell into the moſt diſmal and gloomy deſpair. I dared to think, that the exceſs of my misfortunes gave me a right to diſpoſe of my life; as if one could break the moſt ſacred tie, becauſe it ceaſes to be agreeable!—Determined to die, I was near two days without taking any nouriſhment, or fetching it from the wheel. The Duke in vain knocked and called me; I obſtinately refuſed to anſwer him. At laſt he came into my priſon: when he appeared, with his lantern in his hand, in ſpite of the horror his preſence inſpired me with, I felt an emotion of joy in again ſeeing light; but I did not ſpeak to him. He offered to ſoften my captivity, to give me a light, books, and better food, if I would at laſt tell him the name ſo often demanded. At that propoſal I fixed my eyes upon him with the greateſt diſdain. Now, ſaid I to him, that you have broken all the fatalties which united us, my heart is at liberty; it

owns without remorſe thoſe ſentiments that in vain it formerly ſtruggled with.—That object, whoſe name you only wiſh to know to ſacrifice him to your reſentment, I love more than ever; my laſt ſigh ſhall be for him: judge if I will now declare him!—Then all religion, replied the Duke, is extinguiſhed in your ſoul: you nouriſh at the bottom of your heart an adulterous paſſion, and you renounce life.—Monſter! interrupted I, am I ſtill your wife? Dare you ſay it? You, who have plunged me in this abyſs? You, who are even now in mourning for me? It is true, I have no longer courage to ſupport life; but that God, who hears and judges us, will puniſh you alone for the deſpair you have reduced me to. In my ſituation, if I commit a crime, you only will be anſwerable. No living creature can hear my complaints and my cries! But what deep dungeon, what thick walls, can hide from the Almighty the groans of the weak unjuſtly oppreſſed? Tremble! he ſees us; he excuſes me, he is ready to pardon me, and his avenging arm is lifted over you!—At theſe words the Duke ſhuddered, and caſt on me a look of diſtraction. I enjoyed for a moment the pleaſure of ſtriking with fear and remorſe a ſoul equally weak and cruel. Pale, aſtoniſhed, perplexed, with downcaſt eyes, for ſome moments he kept a ſullen ſilence. Speaking at laſt,—Impute not to me, he ſaid, but to yourſelf, the misfortunes you lament. You are criminal; I have undoubted proofs; you have not diſowned it; and yet I did not puniſh you before I had offered you pardon a hundred times. I again propoſe to ſoften your puniſhment, and you refuſe it! Not-

withſtanding your infidelity, and your hatred for me, if you pleaſed, you ſhould be ſtill in my palace, you ſhould again ſee your daughter.—O my daughter! interrupted I, alas! is ſhe ſtill alive? What is become of her?—She is with your mother.—Is it true that ſhe is no longer in your hands?—Then the Duke, ſeeing that this idea revived me, took out of his pocket a letter from my mother, and permitted me to read it. That letter, which I bathed with my tears, contained the following words:

" My grand-daughter arrived yeſterday even-
" ing—Oh! how ſhall I deſcribe all the ſenti-
" ments that rent my heart in embracing her!—
" You have given her to me; ſhe is mine. I
" feel that I already love her to exceſs: ſhe
" can attach me to life, but not conſole me.—
" Alas! how can I, without feeling the moſt
" dreadful uneaſineſs, enjoy the happineſs of be-
" ing yet a mother? After the loſs I have had,
" is there on earth a felicity I can rely on?
" I will come and ſee you next ſummer, and
" bring your daughter; we will ſpend two
" months with you. Since you cannot tear
" yourſelf from the melancholy habitation your
" grief has rendered ſo dear, I will have the
" reſolution to come to you.—I ſhall ſee that
" ſuperb monument your love has erected to
" the memory of an object ſo deſerving of our
" ſorrows!—Perhaps I ſhall there find an end
" to all my troubles!—Ah! then will it be
" poſſible that a mother, without dying, can
" embrace the tomb of her daughter?—Yet I
" will live—Religion commands me, and na-
" ture enjoins the ſame law. I will live for the
" child

" child you have deigned to truſt to my care.
" Oh! how ſhall I ever acknowledge ſuch an
" obligation, ſuch a ſacrifice! How dearly you
" ought to love this child! Alas! ſhe has all
" her mother's features, ſhe has all her charms;
" my daughter in her infancy is given me again!
" —O too flattering illuſion! Unhappy mo-
" ther! thou haſt no longer a daughter, and
" the violence of thy grief cannot reſtore her to
" life."——

Hardly had I finiſhed this letter, when, falling on my knees, O God! cried I, my daughter is in the arms of my mother! that tender mother conſents to live for my child!—O God! I will bleſs thee, thou haſt afflicted me only! Contented, I will now ſubmit to my fate! Pardon my diſtracted complaints; give happineſs to all thoſe I love; my painful exiſtence prolong at thy pleaſure!—In ending theſe words, I fell back on my ſtraw, for I was ſo weak I could not ſupport myſelf. The Duke ſeized that moment to offer me ſome food, which I took directly. He then left me, and from that time I never ſaw him. Yet, faithful to the vow I had made, I took care of my life. The idea, that my prayers and reſignation would draw on my mother and daughter all the bleſſings of Heaven, conſoled, revived, and ſupported my courage. The recollection of my faults became my greateſt affliction.—Alas! all my misfortunes proceed from myſelf! I wanted confidence in my mother; in ceaſing to conſult her, I was led aſtray. Ungrateful and guilty daughter! Heaven, to puniſh me, blinded my parents in their choice: the huſband they gave me, could not make me happy.

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and

and was the moſt cruel part of my captivity: my heart was rent in pieces with thinking that my mother and daughter were ſo near me, without the poſſibility of entertaining a hope of ever ſeeing them again.—O my mother! cried I, you mourn my death, and I exiſt! And what hand, great God! have you choſen to wipe away your tears? It is in the boſom of my perſecutor, my executioner, that you ſhed them!—Ah! it is not my tomb that he carries you to—Alas! you tread me under your feet without knowing it: you will with dry eyes look on theſe rocks that cover me!—Perhaps, in the ſilence of the night, not being able to taſte the ſweets of ſleep, you will wander around my cavern! Perhaps, at this very inſtant, you are ſitting by that horrid trap-door, which will never again be opened for me! Ah! if it is ſo, you think without doubt of your unhappy daughter; you weep for her; and cannot hear her cries or her voice, which calls you!—Theſe dreadful ideas pierced my ſoul, and often diſturbed my reaſon. To theſe cruel fits of grief ſucceeded a kind of ſtupid inſenſibility, more frightful than even deſpair itſelf: but in proportion as piety ſtrengthened my heart, theſe violent tranſports diminiſhed; I found in prayer inexpreſſible conſolation. All the meditations, which commonly afflict men, were to me the moſt agreeable contemplations. With what pleaſure did I reflect on the ſhortneſs of life! I looked forwards to death with the greateſt ſerenity.—Is the happieſt being, ſaid I to myſelf, ever fully ſatisfied with the weak and frail pleaſures this world affords? His mind is leſs occupied with preſent than future bleſſings. In this deceitful

deceitful felicity, his imagination delights to wander into futurity: but what avails it, whether his fate be happy or miſerable? what ſignifies the completion or deſtruction of his hopes? will he not be for ever forming new deſires? can he enjoy the preſent, can he be contented with it? Why then do I ſo ſeverely regret the good fortune I am deprived of, ſince it cannot procure happineſs? I am, it is true, to paſs my life in this horrible darkneſs; the future offers nothing to my depreſſed imagination but a long and ſorrowful night.—Well, let us think only of the awaking! Let us forget this periſhable life; let us fix our eyes on eternity; let us deſpiſe a momentary grief, which will be ſucceeded by an immortal felicity; let us bring all our deſires, all our hopes, towards the only object worthy of fixing and poſſeſſing the human heart! —It was thus, by theſe ſalutary reflections, I roſe ſuperior to my fate, and at laſt attained an entire reſignation. Reſtored to reaſon, to myſelf, my ſorrows were not only aſſuaged, but I became accuſtomed to darkneſs and to my captivity. I formed for myſelf employments; my priſon was ſpacious; I walked a great part of the day (or night); I made verſes, which I repeated aloud. I had a fine voice; I was perfect miſtreſs of muſic; I compoſed a ſort of hymns, and one of my greateſt pleaſures was to ſing them, and liſten to the echo which anſwered me. My ſleep became peaceable; agreeable dreams repreſented my father, mother, and daughter: I always ſaw thoſe dear objects ſatisfied and happy. Sometimes I found myſelf tranſported into fine palaces, or charming gardens. I ſaw again the heavens,

heavens, trees, flowers. In ſhort, theſe ſweet illuſions reſtored me all the happineſs I had loſt. I awaked ſighing, it is true; but I ſlept with pleaſure. Even waking, joy ceaſed to be a ſtranger to my heart; my imagination was exalted. Under the eyes of the Supreme Being, I dared to flatter myſelf, that my patience and reſignation did not preſent an unworthy object to his view.—Witneſs of all my actions, he heard me, he ſpoke to my heart, he re-animated it, he raiſed it up to himſelf, and I did not feel alone in my cavern. After being deprived of the objects I loved, the only thing I regretted ſtill, in ſpite of myſelf, was the light, and the ſight of heaven. I could not comprehend how any one could give himſelf up to deſpair in the moſt diſmal ſlavery, if he enjoyed a window that had a proſpect of the country. At laſt I was ſo uſed to my ſituation, that, far from deſiring death, I found more than once that I ſtill feared it.—Often I wanted nouriſhment: the Duke ſometimes brought enough for three or four days. I imagined he was then compelled to go a ſhort journey; and when my proviſion was nearly exhauſted, I felt much uneaſineſs. The death of my tyrant would cauſe mine: and that cruel thought obliged me to pray for his health. In reality I had no longer an averſion for him: religion had made me eaſily renounce hatred. Could this weak effort be painful to me? Had I not already triumphed over my love?—I pitied my perſecutor; I repreſented to myſelf the horrid ſtate of his ſoul, his paſſions, his fears, his remorſe; and I found myſelf but too well revenged. In the beginning of my captivity, I never

never heard him come without being ready to faint with terror. By degrees theſe violent agitations grew weaker. He always inſpired me with a kind of emotion mixed with ſome fear; yet I wiſhed him to come, not only for the preſervation of my life, but becauſe he interrupted the frightful and profound ſilence of my ſolitude. He made me hear a noiſe, and ſomething move; in fine, he procured me a kind of variety, which was never agreeable, but became neceſſary. —I cannot explain to you how very lively and ſingular my deſire was to hear ſome ſound. When it thundered violently, I heard it; to expreſs what I then felt is impoſſible: I did not think myſelf in total ſolitude; I liſtened to that awful ſound with as much joy as attention; and when it ceaſed entirely, I fell into the deepeſt melancholy. Such was nearly my ſituation for ſix or ſeven years. During that time I was only really concerned for my abſolute ignorance relative to the fate of my mother and daughter: in vain I queſtioned the Duke, whenever he knocked at the wheel; I could not obtain a ſingle word in anſwer; for ſince his laſt appearance in my priſon, he had never ſpoke to me. All my courage was neceſſary to ſupport that cruel uncertainty on ſo intereſting a ſubject.— Often, when I invoked Heaven for my child, for my mother, all at once my heart was oppreſſed, my tears flowed. Alas! cried I, do they ſtill live? I pray for their happineſs, and perhaps I have the dreadful misfortune to ſurvive them!— In other moments, hope was ſo ſtrongly imprinted on my heart, that I did not feel even the ſlighteſt uneaſineſs on that account. In that

happy

happy diſpoſition of mind, I flattered myſelf that it was not impoſſible an extraordinary event might ſnatch me from my priſon. That idea was ſo fixed in my heart, eſpecially during the laſt year of my captivity, that I made a vow to God, if ever I recovered my liberty, to conſecrate my life to him in retirement far from Rome, and there to ſpend the remainder of my days, as ſoon as my daughter ſhould have no occaſion for my care. I am now come to the moſt intereſting period of my life. I approach the moment of my deliverance; and ſoon the Divine goodneſs was going to recompence me amply for nine years of miſery and grief. The Duke for ſome time, I imagined, conſtantly inhabited the caſtle, becauſe he regularly brought my food: but one day he failed coming at the time; I waited impatiently for him; he did not come, and I had entirely finiſhed my little proviſion. I ſlept peaceably enough. The next day I waited in vain for the relief, which every moment made more neceſſary for me. The time paſſed; uneaſineſs, as much as hunger and thirſt, deprived me of ſleep; and I remained in that ſituation near another day. Then, abſolutely exhauſted, I thought the end of my life was approaching. I conſidered death with tranquillity; yet the remembrance of all that was dear to me occurred to grieve and affect me.—— Unhappy daughter and mother, cried I, muſt I paſs my laſt moments in this fatal ſolitude! Dear authors of my life, muſt I then die without receiving your bleſſings! O my daughter! I cannot give thee mine; I ſhall not enjoy the indulgence of dying in thy arms!—My daughter!

ter! thou canſt not even regret me!—In that moment, when thy unhappy mother is expiring, thou art enjoying, without doubt, amuſements and pleaſures ſuitable to thy age!—Dreadful thought! I die; and all thoſe I love have long been conſoled for my death!—But what do I ſay? Unreaſonable that I am, I complain, I murmur, when all my misfortunes are going to end!—Great God! forgive me this criminal weakneſs—My heart rejects and diſowns it. O my Judge and my Father! deign to call me at laſt to thyſelf!—Full of hope and confidence, ſure of enjoying eternal happineſs, I expect death with ſecurity; I ſhould even call it to my aid, if thou didſt not forbid me to deſire it!—In ending theſe words, I fell back almoſt lifeleſs on the ſtraw, which ſerved me by way of bed—I felt in the bottom of my ſoul a ſerenity, a tranquillity, the charms of which I had never taſted till that moment. A ſalutary balm appeared ſuddenly to heal all the wounds of my heart. My ideas were ſoon confounded with the exceſs of my weakneſs. I gently fell into a wandering and delicious reverie, a ſort of ſleep, during which the moſt delightful forms ſucceſſively offered themſelves to my imagination. I thought I ſaw my bed ſurrounded with bright angels of light, and celeſtial figures: I heard at a diſtance harmonious voices, divine concerts: I ſaw heaven half opened, the Almighty, on a ſhining throne, calling me, and ſtretching out his arms to me.—In reality, he was then watching me; his paternal hand was going to break my chains—All at once I awake in a palpitation; I think I hear a knocking at the tower; I liſten—they knock

knock again—my heart beats——But, O ſurpriſe! O unheard-of tranſport!—tranſport impoſſible to be deſcribed!—I hear a voice, and that voice is no longer my tyrant's; it is a new voice—It ſounded to me like that of an angel deſcended from Heaven to deliver me.—Diſtracted, amazed, I claſped my hands with the moſt paſſionate emotion, and the moſt lively gratitude. O God! cried I, it is a deliverer that thou ſendeſt me!—Ah! I accepted death with joy; and thou giveſt me life!—Life is one of thy bleſſings; I am permitted to cheriſh it!—In ſaying theſe words, I endeavour to get up to go near the wheel; I am not able, my ſtrength fails me, and I fall back upon my bed.—At this moment my door opens, and I perceive a light. One comes in; I raiſe myſelf; I wiſh to look; I diſtinguiſh nothing; my eyes, ſo long deprived of light, cannot bear the faint glimmer of a lamp, and ſhut in ſpite of me.—Yet ſomething approaches.—O! who are you? cried I, with a faultering voice. At theſe words, I again with difficulty open my eyes, ſtill dazzled. I ſee a man on his knees before me; he puts his arm under my head, he ſupports it, and preſents me with ſome food, then famiſhing with exceſſive hunger. I have only one idea, that of ſatisfying that imperious want; all my other thoughts are as it were ſuſpended, and I ſeize with avidity the nouriſhment that is offered me. At laſt, feeling my ſtrength revive, I turned all at once towards my deliverer. His face was in the ſhade; I could not diſtinguiſh his features.—O ſpeak to me, ſaid I; are you the accomplice of my perſecutor, or do you come to deliver me?——O Heaven!

Heaven! interrupted the unknown, what voice! Where am I? O God!—In concluding theſe words, he haſtily riſes, and taking the light, he returns to me; he looks at me with an attention mixed with tenderneſs and horror. I fix for a moment my eyes on his face, enlightened by the lamp. His hair ſeemed to ſtand an end; he was pale and trembling—but I could not miſtake him. I wiſh to ſpeak; my tears ſtop my utterance; I am only able to pronounce the name of the Count *de Belmire* ——It was really he—he falls at my feet; he bathes them with his tears; he ſtill looks at me; he ſtammers out ſome confuſed words; he accuſes and bleſſes Heaven; the violence of his compaſſion gives to his joy the appearance of madneſs and deſpair. We both ſpeak at the ſame time, without hearing or anſwering each other—The cavern re-echoes with our cries. At length the Count, getting up with an air of dignity, O moſt barbarous of men! cried he, execrable monſter! is there a torture ſufficient to puniſh thee for thy crimes? And you, continued he, aſſiſting me to riſe, you, unfortunate victim of the fury of a relentleſs tyger, come; you are free.—At theſe words, my firſt motion was to ruſh towards the door; but ſtopping myſelf directly, Oh! ſaid I to the Count, you are my deliverer; I owe to you my life, my liberty! But theſe benefits which you have reſtored me, can they now give me happineſs? Alas! I dare not interrogate you. My mother, my father! —— They live.—— Heaven! And my daughter?—She is at Rome; ſhe will be ſoon in your arms.—— O God! cried I, proſtrating myſelf, what gratitude can ever

acquit my obligations towards thee! This ſingle moment has already paid me for all my ſufferings!—O you, my generous protector! purſued I, addreſſing myſelf to the Count, now, for your recompence, learn that I am innocent: but before I tell you the melancholy circumſtances of my hiſtory, allow me to aſk you one queſtion—Doubtleſs the Duke is ill?—Attacked with a dangerous diſeaſe, he is on the brink of the grave, and cannot live more than two days. —Come, quit this horrible dungeon, that the monſter, before he expires, may know you are at liberty.—No, interrupted I, it is my father, my mother, who muſt take me out of my priſon; it is only guided by them that I can go out.— I then intreated the Count to ſend an expreſs immediately to my father. He promiſed me; and giving me a pencil and a piece of paper, I wrote without delay a note, which contained theſe words: "O my father! my mother! "I exiſt, I am innocent!—Come, by your "preſence reſtore me really to life!—Come, "take me out of a horrid dungeon, and make "me forget all the misfortunes I have endured." ——This note was ſcarce legible: I was near a quarter of an hour writing it; for I did not know how to form a letter, and ſpelling I had totally forgot.—The Count, ſeeing I was irrevocably determined to ſtay in my priſon till the arrival of my mother, gave me the keys of all the doors, and left me with an inexpreſſible regret, after having promiſed me to diſſemble with the Duke, if he ſhould ſtill live, and to come again the next day, as ſoon as the duſk of the evening ſhould come on. When I found myſelf alone,

I was

I was ſeized with a terror almoſt as violent as that I experienced in the beginning of my confinement. Yet I had light; the Count had left me a lamp and a dark lantern. I had alſo aſked him for a watch, that I might count all the hours; for I did not expect it was poſſible for me to ſleep a moment. Immoveable at the place the Count *de Belmire* left me, with difficulty I breathed; I dared not lift up my eyes, and yet I could not help by ſtealth caſting a look around me. The light, far from encouraging me, added to my fears, becauſe it made me diſtinguiſh my melancholy and ſad habitation. At laſt, not being able to bear myſelf, I got up, I took my light, I opened my firſt door, I went out; I came into a kind of long gallery, on the ſide of the cavern where the tower was placed. I already felt a great relief in ſeeing myſelf in a new place; it brought me to the laſt door of my priſon. I quickened my ſteps to the end of the gallery; I opened the door of entrance. Then I found myſelf at the bottom of the ſtair-caſe of the cavern; and being no more ſhut in than by the double doors that led to the garden, I ſhut thoſe of the gallery, to ſeparate myſelf from my horrid dungeon. Then, going up the ſtair-caſe with rapidity, I ſeated myſelf on the laſt ſtep, and I then began to breathe. After ſuch an event, ſo happy, ſo unexpected, it might ſeem I ſhould have felt the moſt lively and pure joy. But I had ſuffered too long, I had been too unhappy, for my heart to dare to give itſelf up to the ſeducing charms of the ſweeteſt hopes. I thought, it is true, with tranſport, that all I loved exiſted. Nevertheleſs, when I conſidered

the inexpreſſible delight I ſhould feel in finding myſelf again in the arms of my mother, in embracing my father and my child, I could not flatter myſelf that ſo great a felicity could ever be my lot! A thouſand deſtructive ideas aroſe to trouble and blacken my imagination; and in that dejected and melancholy ſtate, all my moſt chimerical fears I looked upon as predictions. That intereſting period of my life, the day when the Count *de Belmire* entered my priſon, was the 3d of June, 17—. He left me at midnight; till ſix in the morning I remained in the ſituation I have juſt deſcribed, when all at once I thought I heard a gentle noiſe: I liſtened with the greateſt attention at the door of my priſon; and in ſpite of its thickneſs, and that of the rock which covered it, I heard diſtinctly enough the chirping of the birds, waked by the appearance of day. The impulſe of joy which I felt at that inſtant, is not to be deſcribed or conceived. All my melancholy vaniſhed, my heart was again opened to hope and happineſs. The ſweeteſt tears flowed from my eyes, although my ideas were ſtill extremely confuſed, and though I was not in a condition to reflect on the unexpected change of my ſituation; for I was entirely engroſſed with the deſire of hearing what paſſed in the garden. My ear fixed to the door, holding my breath, I liſtened with an attention which no other thought could divert me from. I heard the dogs barking, men walking, and even talking confuſedly; and all theſe different noiſes gave me inexpreſſible pleaſure. Yet, towards the end of the day, I eagerly wiſhed for night, that I might again ſee the Count *de Belmire*, and queſtion

queſtion him upon a thouſand things I ardently deſired to be informed of, and which preſented themſelves ſucceſſively to my imagination, as my ideas got into order. For inſtance, I wiſhed to know how long I had been confined in my priſon; before I had ſeen the Count, I thought I had been near fifty years. The youthful appearance of the Count *de Belmire* proved to me, that grief and ſorrow are bad calculators of time: I did not even know, within four or five years, what was my age. The Count came exactly at midnight. I eaſily perceived by his pale countenance, how deeply he was affected with ſorrow and compaſſion by the event which changed my doom. Through reſpect for my ſituation, which obliged me to receive him alone, in the middle of the night; through reſpect for the fatal knot, ready to be broken, but which was ſtill binding to me, he never mentioned either the ſentiments which I had dared to acknowledge in happier times, nor thoſe he ſtill preſerved towards me. After he had told me that he had written to my father when he ſent my note, and that the Duke was at the point of death, I begged him to tell me the reaſons which had made the Duke confide in him ſo important a ſecret.—Then the Count ſatisfied my curioſity in the following words:

"I had been a year on my travels, when I "heard the news of your death. At the ſame "time I learnt the Duke was inconſolable for "your loſs: that circumſtance greatly weakened "the natural antipathy I had for him.—I tra-"velled two years more; recalled by my affairs, "I returned into Italy. Obliged to ſee the "Duke, he made me come to this caſtle; for

" he very ſeldom left it, and then only went to
" Naples to ſpend two or three days. I here
" ſaw your [illegible] ; I ſaw your picture, placed in
" almoſt all the apartments. I attached my-
" ſelf to the habitation, and even to the inhu-
" man monſter who had made you his victim.
" He diſcovered ſuch a violent grief, ſo deep a me-
" lancholy, that I ſoon preferred his ſociety to all
" others. I came every year, and ſpent five or
" ſix months in this caſtle. A year ago, the
" Duke was ſeized with a dangerous diſorder;
" ignorant of his ſtate of health, he ſtill made
" little excurſions to Naples. Laſt winter he
" left off entirely going to court, and wrote to
" me at Rome, deſiring me to come and ſee
" him. I arrived about the end of January,
" and found him dying, though he did not keep
" his bed, and always walked about. I even
" thought that I perceived at times he was not
" entirely in his ſenſes. Conſumed by remorſe,
" his life for nine years has been an inſupporta-
" ble burthen to him; and yet he could not
" look on the end of it without horror. At
" laſt his weakneſs increaſed every day; he fell
" all at once into convulſions, ſo that he was
" obliged to be put to bed. He remained there
" three days, when one of his valets-de-chambre
" came to tell me, at nine o'clock at night,
" that he wanted to ſpeak to me. The man
" added, the Duke, that night and the preced-
" ing one, had ſent his ſervants away, in order
" to endeavour to get up by himſelf; but not
" being able to ſupport himſelf, he had rung for
" them; and that they had found him out of
" his bed, and half dreſſed. I went directly to
" his

" his room; he ſent away his phyſician and his " people; and telling me he was going to truſt " me with an important ſecret, he made me " ſwear to keep it faithfully. Then, looking " at me with timidity,—Family reaſons, ſaid he, " oblige me to keep priſoner in this caſtle a " guilty woman, and one who deſerved death— " She muſt want food; go, carry her ſome. " Knock at the wheel, which ſerves for that " purpoſe; if ſhe does not anſwer you, go into " her priſon and ſuccour her: but I give you " warning that the woman is mad; do not liſ- " ten to her; give her ſome nouriſhment; return " again immediately. I promiſe you one day to " tell you her hiſtory and her name. The Duke " then taught me the ſecret of his caverns; and " taking from under his pillow a parcel of keys, " he gave them to me, deſiring I would execute " his commiſſion without delay.—The barba- " rian, ſuppoſing I had never ſeen you, thought " he could not place his confidence better; and " delivered into my hands your fate and mine."

When the Count *de Belmire* had finiſhed this recital, he intreated me to tell him my hiſtory. But as I could not relate it without ſpeaking of the ſentiments which I had had for him, I declared I would not tell him, but in the preſence of my father and mother. The Count *de Belmire* had calculated that my father muſt arrive, at the lateſt, in leſs than two days. Leſs agitated, and more in a condition to reflect, I taſted, during twenty-four hours, all the happineſs ſo dear an expectation could procure me. My impatience then augmenting as the hour of my deliverance approached, ſoon it knew no bounds,

and became an inſupportable torment. I had never felt any thing I can compare to the violent agitations I experienced the night that preceded the happieſt day of my life. My eyes fixed attentively on the watch, I mournfully conſidered the ſlow motion of the hands. Every inſtant I thought I heard a noiſe; I ſhuddered; I felt my blood boiling in my veins; and all my arteries beat with violence. Theſe lively emotions ſtill increaſed, when the ſinging of the birds announced the dawn of day, the fortunate day, when I was to be born again, and take the dear and ſacred title and rights of daughter and mother!—That moment made to compenſate an age of miſery! that moment ſo paſſionately deſired!—it approaches!—it comes at laſt!—— Cries redoubled, tumultuous voices, are heard— Soon I diſtinguiſh a confuſed noiſe of carriages, of horſes, of armed men—The noiſe increaſes, it draws near.—I tremble, I ſhiver——O God! —what voice ſtrikes my ears, and re-echoes at the bottom of my ſoul!—O my mother!—ſhe calls her daughter!—my heart ruſhes towards her!—Good God, who gaveſt me ſtrength to ſupport my misfortunes, O do not let exceſs of joy overcome me!—I feel that I am fainting— Muſt I expire at the feet of my mother!—— As I ended theſe words, my door opened; I precipitately ruſh out of my cavern. In ſpite of the bright glare of day which ſtrikes and hurts my dazzled eyes, I ſee, I again recollect my mother, my father; I give a piercing ſhriek; I throw myſelf into their arms, and there fall down in a fit.—O! who can deſcribe the joy, the tranſports, I felt when I recovered my ſenſes!

—I

—I found myſelf on the boſom of the tendereſt of mothers, my face bathed with her tears. My father on his knees before me, preſſing both my hands in his.—I again ſaw the day, the ſun!—Nay, I was certain of ſoon ſeeing my daughter—That inſtant realized all my deareſt hopes, and ſatisfied all the wiſhes of my heart. I can give no account of my thoughts in theſe firſt moments; I felt too much to be able to think, or to expreſs the violence of my joy, otherwiſe than by my ſobs and my tears. At laſt my father, raiſing me in his arms, Come, my dear child, ſaid he, quit this dreadful abode, where vice has ſo long oppreſſed innocence—Come.——At theſe words I aroſe; I looked around me, and I ſaw we were ſurrounded with a numerous troop of armed men, among whom I recollected a great many relations, and ſome friends of my father's, who told me he had aſſembled them before he left Rome, he had conducted them directly to Naples, where, throwing himſelf at the feet of the King, and ſhewing him my note, he not only obtained permiſſion to come and take me by force, if force was neceſſary, but even troops to ſecond him. When I arrived here, continued my father, I learnt that your infamous perſecutor had juſt expired. Thus this happy day reſtores all that love you, delivers you from an execrable tyrant, and ſecures to you perfect liberty. All the anſwer I gave to this diſcourſe, was embracing my father with tears. At the height of happineſs, having nothing to fear, I could not help pitying, at the bottom of my ſoul, the fate of the unhappy Duke *de C*———. Alas! ſaid I to myſelf, if I had loved him, he

would not have polluted his life by ſuch criminal paſſions; he would now be alive and happy!—That thought, whilſt it excited my compaſſion, made it painful and melancholy; and during ſome moments impreſſed my heart with a cruel ſorrow, and corrupted all my joy. At laſt we ſet out; and the next day, fortunate as a mother as I had been happy as a daughter, I found again that child ſo paſſionately beloved; I claſped her in my arms; I ſaw her ſhed tears; I heard her call me her mother!—I was in a kind of delirium the two firſt days of my arrival at Rome, ſtunned with noiſe, aſtoniſhed at every thing, and enjoying nothing thoroughly but the happineſs of ſeeing my daughter again, and finding myſelf between my father and mother. Then, my heart being fully ſatisfied, I began to feel the value of all the happineſs that had been reſtored to me. I found enjoyments, as agreeable as new, in the moſt common things of life; all were ſights for me. The firſt time I walked by moon-light, I felt an admiration, an extaſy of joy, not to be expreſſed, in beholding again that clear and ſoft light, and the heavens ſpangled with ſtars. I could not walk in the country, or in a garden, without ſtopping at every ſtep to examine particularly all the objects that came in my ſight. I contemplated the flowers, the fruits, the trees, the graſs, the clouds, the riſing and the ſetting ſun, that delightful and ſublime ſight. O God! exclaimed I to myſelf, what wonders does thy goodneſs create for our uſe, what treaſures does it laviſh upon us! and ungrateful man is capable of diſdaining them; and when he enjoys ſo many bleſſings, can think himſelf

himſelf unhappy!—It was thus my heart gave itſelf up with tranſport to the felicity which it had been ſo long robbed of. I alſo felt an extreme pleaſure in finding myſelf again in the palace where I was born, and where the happy years of my infancy and early youth were ſpent; but I own I could not ſee the Marchioneſs of *Venuzi*, that old friend, again, without feeling ſome pain: ſhe was the firſt cauſe of all my misfortunes. The Count *de Belmire* ſoon followed me to Rome; and in the preſence of my father, my mother, the Marchioneſs *de Venuzi*, and ſome relations, I told him my hiſtory. Scarcely had I finiſhed when, throwing himſelf at my feet, he expreſſed in the moſt paſſionate terms the exceſs of his compaſſion and gratitude. What! cried he, you could, by naming me, have prevented that horrible doom! It was I who plunged you in that abyſs; and whilſt you groaned there, I lived; I ſaw light, which you were deprived of for me!—May I be permitted to flatter myſelf, that love can recompenſe you for all the terrible calamities it has cauſed you?—That heart, ſo noble and ſo tender, can it be faithleſs! Have your misfortunes made you abjure thoſe ſentiments, without which I am unable to live? My father at this diſcourſe affectionately embraced the Count *de Belmire*, and by that action made me know he approved his ſentiments. But for me, having almoſt loſt the very idea of a paſſion which formerly had ſuch an aſcendancy over my heart, I could no longer even conceive how any one could devote himſelf to it; and ſtill leſs the poſſibility that I could be the object. After a moment's ſilence, I ſpoke; and, addreſ-

ſing the Count, I deſcribed to him ſo naturally the ſituation of my heart, that he inſtantly loſt all his hopes. He left Rome for ſome time; but the ſentiment which made him fly brought him back again; and conſoled by the friendſhip I ſhewed him, he fixed himſelf there entirely.

For my part, far from loſing my reliſh for the good fortune which I taſted, every day ſeemed to make me more ſenſible of its value. How delightful were my firſt thoughts every time I awoke!—In caſting my eyes around me I felt the pureſt joy, in ſeeing my daughter's bed by the ſide of mine, in finding myſelf again in my paternal dwelling! I could not comprehend, how I had been able to ſupport myſelf without that felicity I now enjoyed, or even without thoſe comforts and conveniences which uſe began now to make me think abſolutely neceſſary to life. Theſe ideas inſpired me with the tendereſt compaſſion for all the unfortunate. I had lain upon ſtraw for nine years; I had ſuffered hunger, thirſt, and cold.—I owed at leaſt to my misfortunes the ſentiment, which brings us the neareſt to the divinity!—I did not liſten with inattention to the lamentations of the poor imploring my compaſſion. Their fate made me recall mine; I conceived them as of the ſame ſpecies with myſelf; and I found the moſt delightful ſatisfaction in conſoling and relieving them!. To receive, to entertain them, was not ſufficient for me; I went to ſeek them.—Ah! who deſerves to have the firſt advances made to him, if it is not the wretch that is in pain, and who often dares not aſk for the feeble ſuccours which would ſave his life?—This deſire to find the

the unfortunate in order to change their condition, was no virtue in me; it was the moſt preſſing exigence of my heart, and the ſweeteſt of all my pleaſures. But the more I grew accuſtomed to the eaſe which was reſtored to me, the ſtronger impreſſion did the remembrance of my captivity make upon me; and ſoon it was not in my power to talk of my misfortunes, nor even to liſten with tranquility to the recitals or diſcourſes, which could recall them to my memory. That weakneſs gave me a great many more. I could not bear darkneſs, or total ſolitude, were it only for a moment. I remember, that one night my light went out. I opened my eyes; and finding myſelf in a profound darkneſs, I felt an horror that my reaſon could not conquer or moderate. I gave a piercing cry: they came, and found me pale, diſfigured, almoſt without my ſenſes, and agitated with the moſt frightful convulſions. Theſe vain terrors, theſe involuntary weakneſſes, melancholy fruits of my misfortunes and captivity, were not my greateſt afflictions. I found myſelf abſolutely incapable of directing the education of my daughter. I was forced to learn again to read, write, and caſt accounts: but by a ſingularity remarkable enough, I had hardly forgot any thing I had read in my youth; for having had, during nine years, no kind of amuſement to engage my attention, I had looked for one in the paſt, by recalling frequently and circumſtantially what I had learnt from books and converſation. Thus all thoſe things were imprinted in my memory, perhaps better than if I had never quitted the world. I was twenty-

ſeven years old when I came out of my confinement, and my daughter was then ten. Entirely occupied with her, living in the moſt ſecluded retirement, always ſhut up in my apartment, ſeeing only my father, my mother, and ſometimes the Count *de Belmire*, I lived thus for five years. My daughter at laſt attained her fifteenth year; and being the greateſt match in Italy, all the families of diſtinction at Rome made propoſals to me. My choice had long been made at the bottom of my heart. I conſulted my daughter; ſhe acknowledged her ſentiments coincided with my wiſhes; my father and mother gave their approbation. I did not delay executing my intention. The Count *de Belmire*, ſtill young, a captivating figure, virtuous as amiable, poſſeſſor of a conſiderable fortune, had conſtantly refuſed the moſt advantageous and ſplendid eſtabliſhments. It was to that too faithful lover, that deareſt friend, my deliverer, to whom I offered my daughter. I give her to you, ſaid I to him; ſhe is yours. She loves you; ſhe is fifteen, the age I was the firſt time you ſaw me; ſhe will recall all that I was then, both by her figure and her ſentiments. Fate gives you back to-day, what it formerly deprived you of. As I was not born to make you happy, nothing but ſeeing you happy with my daughter can give me conſolation. At theſe words the Count *de Belmire* ſeized one of my hands, bathing it with tears; and as I was preſſing him to anſwer me: Ah! ſaid he, at laſt, have you not a right to diſpoſe of my deſtiny!— The ſame evening this converſation paſſed, the marriage articles were ſigned; and eight days

after

after the Count *de Belmire* married my daughter. I remained at Rome another year. Then ſeeing my daughter ſettled and perfectly happy, I now only thought of retiring into ſolitude, and performing the vow I had made in my priſon. Beſides, the air of Rome being very prejudicial to my health, the phyſicians had ordered me to go to Nice for ſome time. I undertook that voyage by La Corniche. I was ſo much charmed with the ſituation of Albenga, that I reſolved to fix myſelf in that agreeable place. I had a plain and commodious houſe built, in which I took up my abode, when I returned from Nice. It is here, for four years, I have recovered perfect health, and my life glides away in the moſt delightful repoſe. It is here, that I have had the reſolution to write this hiſtory, which I deſign for my grand-children, when they are of an age to reap advantage from it. In abandoning the world I have not renounced thoſe objects that were dear to me. Since I have been at Albenga, I have already made two journies to Rome to ſee my father and mother; and every year my daughter and my ſon-in-law come and ſpend three months in my retirement. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to be more perfectly happy than I am. I bleſs God every day for the happineſs I poſſeſs, and even for the misfortunes I have ſuffered, ſince they have expiated my faults, purified my heart, and have taught me the full value of the felicity which I now enjoy.

Continuation

Continuation of the Journal of the Baroneſs.

Pietra, Sunday.

WHEN you have read the ſtory of the Dutcheſs *de C*——, you will eaſily conceive the pain we felt in quitting Albenga. We could not prevail upon ourſelves to leave it till this afternoon. We were obliged to perform a good part of the journey on foot, and our converſation turned perpetually on the beautiful and affecting Dutcheſs. We obſerved that all her misfortunes aroſe ſolely from her want of confidence in her mother; and that without the aid of religion her cavern had been her grave, or would have rendered her ſtupid and ſenſeleſs. So that *Adelaide* and *Theodore* have now a more enlarged idea of religion. They have ſeen it at Lagaraye, great, beneficent, heroic; they have juſt now ſeen, that there are no accidents in life, no misfortunes, which it cannot enable us to ſupport with courage and reſignation.—They will never forget, that it is as comfortable as ſublime; that it imprints on the heart virtues, which by nature we have not; and that it inſpires us with a courage, that unaſſiſted reaſon cannot pretend to.

Savona, Monday.

To avoid an horrible and dangerous mountain, we embarked this morning at Pietra, and went three leagues and an half by ſea to Novi, where we again took to our chairs. From the top

top of the mountain, which overlooks the towns of Anvaye and Savona, is the fineſt view in the univerſe. This is all we have found remarkable ſince our leaving Albenga. Savona is a pretty town, agreeably ſituated, and but twelve leagues from Genoa. We have already ran over it and its environs. After having finiſhed our journey by *La Corniche*, we found great pleaſure in getting into our carriages once more, and in ſeeing horſes again.—We are juſt returned from viſiting Abbiſſola, a village one ſhort league from Genoa, in which are the two magnificent palaces of Novere and Durazzo.—The gardens are extenſive, but in a bad taſte. I obſerved, which is ſingular enough, that none of the charming flowers which grow ſpontaneouſly in the fields, except the orange-tree, are admitted there; whilſt the box is cultivated with the greateſt care; and the ſuperb vaſes, which ornament the terraces, are filled with it. *Adelaide* teſtified her ſurprize at it, and ſaid, the maſter of this palace ſeems to have very little taſte.—It is certainly, replied I, a very frivolous vanity, if he takes any notice of his garden himſelf, and does not abandon the care of it entirely to his gardener: for this naſty box is placed in theſe beautiful vaſes for no other reaſon, than that it is *here* more ſcarce than myrtle, jeſſamin, and the roſe-laurel.—— But, mamma, does an agreeable thing become leſs ſo for being common?—No, ſurely! not in the opinion of perſons of ſenſe and taſte: but a rich man, with much vanity and little underſtanding, thinks of nothing but diſplaying his wealth. He laviſhes his money, not to procure what he likes beſt, but what makes moſt ſhow; not

not to conciliate the eſteem of perſons of worth, but to raiſe the admiration and envy of fools; and ſacrificing to that abſurd vanity the moſt rational pleaſures, he has no enjoyments of his own; and thinking to dazzle all eyes by his magnificence, he only ſhews his folly and abſurdity.

LETTER XXXIX.

The ſame to the ſame.

Genoa.

WE arrived at Genoa, my dear friend, in the morning of the day before yeſterday. As I this day met with a ſafe conveyance for my little journal of *La Corniche*, and the hiſtory of the Dutcheſs *de C*———, I made uſe of it to ſend them to you. And now I am going to make a *real journal*, which you will not ſee till my return. I ſhall write it with care, becauſe it is to ſerve as a model: for my daughter is to write one, and I to write another; and every night ſhe is to communicate *her* obſervations, which I ſhall correct by mine.—As we ſhall both write on the ſame ſubject, and as I ſhall not ſhew her my journal till I have ſeen hers, this method will ſerve to form her ſtile, her judgment, and her mind at the ſame time. But, however, that my letters may appear leſs inſipid to you, I ſhall enliven them from time to time with ſome particulars

ticulars relative to the manners and cuſtoms of the countries we paſs through.—For inſtance, I can inform you already, that what they ſay of Ciciſbeo's *, is literally true.—It is abſolutely neceſſary for a lady to have one after the firſt year. He is the choice of the parents and the huſband, ſo that you may eaſily gueſs, whether ſhe always keeps to him alone. His buſineſs is to attend upon his Ciciſbeo every where; to be of her party at cards; to walk by her chair; to open and ſhut it for her; to carry her cloak, her fan, &c.

Except the new ſtreet, and that of Balbi, which are broad, all the reſt are very narrow; ſo that there are ſcarce any carriages kept at Genoa, and every body uſes chairs. All the women of inferior rank appear to be pretty; they wear a ſort of Engliſh dreſs, with long trains that ſweep the ſtreets, long muſlin aprons, and a mantle of Perſian, which they wrap round their heads in ſuch a manner, that one ſeldom diſcovers the whole face at once, but the different features one after another; ſometimes the mouth, ſometimes the eyes, and ſometimes the noſe; and this manner of expoſing themſelves, as it were by retail, and diſcovering whilſt they conceal themſelves, becomes them, and appears very alluring.

Yeſterday we were at a grand aſſembly, which they call *Veilla delle quarante*; becauſe forty noble Genoeſe ladies give theſe aſſemblies by turns. *Adelaide*, who thought the ladies not dreſſed in

* The word Ciciſbeo is Greek, and ſignifies, they ſay, whiſpering in the ear.

taſte,

taſte, gave Miſs *Bridget* a deſcription of them droll enough, but ſatyrical. On hearing this, I turned coldly to Miſs *Bridget*, and ſhrugging up my ſhoulders, ſurely Miſs, ſays I, you muſt have had a better opinion of the ſenſe and character of *Adelaide*.—Really, Madam, *I am ſurprized at it*.—How do you mean, Mamma?—— I did not think, *Adelaide*, you would have ſo ſoon forgot what I ſaid to you on this ſubject, when you criticiſed the ladies of Languedoc.—But, Mamma, the Genoeſe ladies are a thouſand times more ridiculous. It is impoſſible not to be aſtoniſhed at their head-dreſſes, ſo flat, ſo frizzed, ſo powdered!—Your aſtoniſhment is very abſurd, and you would have greater reaſon for it, were the Genoeſe ladies dreſſed exactly in the ſame mode as thoſe of Paris and Verſailles: for it would indeed be very ſurpriſing, if in ſuch frivolous matters there ſhould be a general agreement, and one exact model for all countries.—After this ſhort leſſon I changed the diſcourſe. This morning *Adelaide* and I went a ſhopping, and as we ſpeak good Italian, we were adviſed not to paſs ourſelves for foreigners, that we might get better bargains. So we went out in the morning dreſſes of the Genoeſe ladies. As we were coming from a ſhop where they ſold artificial flowers, and were getting into our chairs, my Genoeſe footman propoſed to us to go to a print-ſhop juſt by. I at firſt made ſome difficulties; but yielding to the ſolicitations of *Adelaide*, I went in. The maſter of the ſhop, a fat, good-humoured man, ſhewed us ſome prints, and aſked, with a laugh, if we had ſeen *La Bambolina Franceſe—The French Puppet*. What

What is that, ſays *Adelaide?* It is a coloured drawing, which a young painter made laſt night at *The Veilla delle quarante.* — And what does it repreſent?—You muſt know firſt of all, Ladies, there are two French women come to Genoa, mother and daughter,—— Here *Adelaide* and I looked upon one another with ſome emotion; and the man purſued his diſcourſe: The mother, continued he, has nothing extraordinary; but the little girl is a fine caricature indeed!—— Here, *Lawrence!* where are thoſe little drawings?—*Lawrence* anſwered, they are all ſold except this, which he brought. The painter has not loſt his labour then, ſays the maſter. He paſſed the whole night, with two or three of his friends, in making a ſcore or two of them, and they are all gone but this. Here—obſerve, Ladies, how very comical!—*Adelaide* bluſhing, and very much confuſed, caſt her eyes upon it, and immediately turned her head away with a forced and diſconcerted ſmile.—You will agree with me, that it is an excellent figure!—Obſerve this maſs of hair floating all over the ſhoulders, theſe enormous curls falling down and covering the neck and breaſt, and this baſket of flowers upon the head. Oh! what an excellent caricature! what an excellent caricature!—And did the painter, ſays I to him, tell you that it was like.——Oh! he did not much attend to the likeneſs; and yet two ladies of the *Veilla delle quarante*, who were here this morning, knew it inſtantly, and laughed heartily.—Do they ſay this young French woman is pretty?—The painter ſays, ſhe would be very well, were ſhe not truſſed up in ſo extraordinary a manner.

manner. As he finiſhed theſe words, I aroſe, purchaſed the *little French puppet*, and went out. At our return home, Well, my dear *Adelaide*, ſaid I, what think you of this adventure?—— Why, Mamma, I ſee that when we ridicule others for trifles, they may be retorted upon us. I was very fooliſh, I own; but the ladies of the *Veilla delle quarante* were as ſilly as I; for they likewiſe laughed at my dreſs, and they are older than me.—And for that very reaſon you may be aſſured, that many of them had ſenſe enough not to be ſurprized, that a French woman was not dreſſed like a Genoeſe.—Now you have bought this wretched little drawing, what do you deſign to do with it?—Whatever you pleaſe.—It is fit for nothing, but to burn.—— Why ſo?—This little figure is droll enough; beſides, it is like you.—Oh, Mamma!—I have not this noſe, I hope.—They have not flattered you in this portrait; but, however, it reſembles you.—Thus it is, that *they* paint us who love us not; but unfortunately, tho' they make us ugly, they do not disfigure us entirely, but maliciouſly leave ſome feature by which we may be known.—But, to return to your caricature; Why would you burn it?—Mamma!—Do you know that the only method to defeat ſuch a jeſt as this, is to appear neither ſhocked nor embarraſſed at it?—If evil-minded people ſought to wrong you, or blacken your character, you would have had reaſon to be afflicted: but this jeſt does not attack your reputation; and if you have the good ſenſe to be the firſt to laugh at it, far from ſetting you in a ludicrous light, it will turn to your advantage by ſhewing, that you

are

are above the childiſh vanity of being vexed at trifles, and that you will not, by your notice of them, give importance to things beneath the conſideration of perſons of ſenſe.—Well, Mamma, that is the method I ſhall obſerve in future.—I applaud your reſolution, as it is a proof of your good ſenſe.—Well then, I am reſolved to be vexed at no *ill-natured jeſts* whatever, that do not attack my *character*.—*Ill-natured jeſts*.—You look upon *this* jeſt then in that light.—Certainly; for it has given me uneaſineſs.—That is a good reaſon indeed! But, however, what you call an ill-natured jeſt, becauſe you are the object of it, is in truth nothing more than a little raillery, a joke by no means ſo ſevere as that you formerly put upon Miſs *Bridget*, when you ſtuck up in your chamber a profile of the Emperor *Veſpaſian*; for *there* the whole ridicule fell upon the perſon, not the dreſs of Miſs *Bridget*.——Oh, Mamma! what an old ſtory have you brought up!—If what *then* paſſed had entirely cured you, I ſhould not have mentioned it. It taught you indeed to reſpect your friends; but it has not corrected your ſatirical turn. No longer ago than yeſterday, that ridiculous deſcription you gave Miſs *Bridget* of the Genoeſe ladies——I proteſt, Mamma, I now abhor raillery; and you ſhall never ſee me fall again into that low and deſpicable fault.——Well, I believe you. Let us ſay no more about it.—I expect company to dinner; let us go and receive them.—I will bring my portrait, and ſhew it to every body.—Very well! Come, then.—She entered the room with an eaſy air, holding the *Bambolina Franceſe* in her hand, and told

told our morning's adventure and our converſation at the print-ſhop with a good grace. The whole company, prepared by Mr. *D'Almane*, commended very much the manner in which ſhe took the jeſt; and *Adelaide*, charmed with her ſucceſs, has had the drawing framed, to hang it up in the ſaloon. So that now I am ſure of two things; that ſhe will take a jeſt with good-humour, and never make a ſevere one. Adieu, my dear friend; I am already two hundred and ſeventy-four leagues from you and Madame *D'Oſtalis*, and am ſtill going farther from you. How afflicting is this calculation!—I confeſs, three months before my departure, I never thought on my journey but with delight; and now my heart is much oppreſſed, when I think on the diſtance that ſeparates us! How much does the imagination ſeduce and deceive us! True and ſolid pleaſures are thoſe of the heart; ſuch, for example, as I ſhall feel at my return.

LETTER XL.

The Baron to Mr. D'Aimeri.

Genoa.

YOU have at laſt deciſively broken the treaty of marriage propoſed by Madame *D'Olcy*. I cannot ſay, that I am ſorry for it; for I ſtill

adhere to the project, which I have communicated to you. Let us now come to particulars with regard to the Chevalier *de Valmont*; and let us ſee how we can preſerve him from ſome of the dangers, which will ſurround him this winter. I have already ſaid, if he quits you, he is loſt; if you follow him againſt his will, you will be of no ſervice to him. Confidence is your only tie upon him. A young man, naturally well diſpoſed, ought to feel that kind of attachment to a perſon, whoſe wiſdom and experience he is acquainted with; of whom he thinks himſelf beloved, and whom he has been accuſtomed from his infancy to conſult. And yet very few fathers, very few preceptors know how to inſpire this confidence into their ſons and pupils. I have ſought the reaſon, and believe I have found it. There are two ſorts of confidence: the one founded on eſteem, and the neceſſity of ſometimes conſulting, in matters of importance, a perſon more knowing and experienced than oneſelf: the other comes from the heart, and from a conformity of opinions and ſentiments. This kind of confidence we repoſe in a man diſintereſtedly, and without having need of his advice; we find an inexpreſſible pleaſure in talking with him of whatever is uppermoſt in our thoughts, of whatever amuſes us; in telling him the little ſecret of the moment, and in throwing off all diſguiſe before him, and appearing what we really are. The firſt ſort of confidence is more flattering; the ſecond more engaging. The one without the other always leaves friendſhip feeble and imperfect; but both of them united form thoſe deep

deep and durable attachments, which nothing can deſtroy, and of which ſo few examples are to be found. It is not often that a perſon loves to talk of his feelings, his pleaſures, his occupations, except to one who ſeems to intereſt himſelf in the detail. If you never liſten to your ſon with attention, but when he aſks your advice, he will have no other confidence in you, than ſuch as we repoſe in a ſteward, or a lawyer whom we conſult. Perſuade your ſon, therefore, that his converſation is always intereſting to you, and he will prefer your company to any other. Different ages will neceſſarily be different in taſte, and ſee things in different lights: but this is the very thing that muſt be concealed. When *Theodore*, even in his childhood, talked to me for hours together of his cart, his playthings, or his garden, he was perſuaded that his converſation was infinitely intereſting to me; and finding nobody but me, who could liſten to him ſo long without being tired, his moſt agreeable recreation, his greateſt pleaſure was to amuſe himſelf tête-a-tête with me. If any one came in upon us, this charming converſation was diſturbed; for we both of us knew, that the things we were ſo fond of talking about, were intereſting to nobody but ourſelves. But when we were interrupted, I failed not to let him know by a ſignificant nod or whiſper, how much the interruption was impertinent and diſagreeable to me. I have hitherto conſtantly followed this method; and the fruits I reap from it, the intimate confidence *Theodore* repoſes in me, makes ample amends for the trouble it has ſometimes cauſed me. I am certain that my

my ſon will never have more confidence in any one than in me. Accuſtomed from his infancy to conceal nothing from me, but to open his whole heart to me, it is now become neceſſary to him. Brought up by me from the cradle, he has no opinions, no principles, but what I have given him. Conſequently we ſhall always have a great conformity of character, we ſhall have the ſame manner of judging, and ſhall ſee things in the ſame light. Our taſte alone will be different, but *Theodore* ſhall not perceive this. I love ſolitude; but I ſhall follow him into the world, and appear to amuſe myſelf there. If I go with him to an horſe-race, I ſhall ſeem to intereſt myſelf for *Glow-worm*, or *King Pepin*. In ſhort, I ſhall always endeavour to perſuade him, that I participate and reliſh his pleaſures as long as they are innocent and reaſonable.—This is the way I adviſe you to follow with the Chevalier *de Valmont*. Conſider, that auſterity ſtartles youth, and keeps them aloof from us; and that we cannot allure them back, but by appearing to think them agreeable; conſider alſo, that we juſtly render ourſelves inſupportable, when we cenſure their innocent actions.

In my former letter I entered into a detail of the method I thought neceſſary to be taken to guard him from the epidemical paſſion for play. I am now to ſpeak of a danger perhaps ſtill greater. Next winter his heart will be diſengaged: and what will become of an heart naturally ſo tender? He admires talents, and he is fond of the theatres. Your are ſenſible, whither that taſte leads moſt of our young men. The Chevalier *de Valmont* is decent and de-

licate; and errors of this ſort will in him be but of ſhort duration; but how ſhort ſoever they may be, they always leave bad impreſſions. Beſides, ſhould your ſon eſcape this rock, how will he defend himſelf from a propenſity, of which he has hitherto felt only the pains, and of which he longs to taſte the pleaſures? I ſee but one means to ſecure him from it; it is to offer to his imagination an object, to which he may direct his vows, his deſires, and his hopes. He thinks *Adelaide* amiable; he ſeems convinced ſhe will make the man happy, who ſhall be deſtined for her: ſhe is ſtill too young to create a paſſion: but an imagination of nineteen may eaſily repreſent to itſelf an idea of what ſhe will be two years hence. Beſides, the Chevalier *de Valmont* has a real affection for Madame *D'Almane*; and ſurely he will not be inſenſible to the proſpect of being ſo nearly allied to her, and of being adopted into a family he has known from his infancy. In ſhort, even with regard to intereſt, he cannot find a better match; for, ſince he reſolves to marry a perſon of quality, he cannot find one, in whom more advantages are centered: ſo that I have no doubt but our project will be conformable to his inclinations. Conceal from him the conditional promiſes we have made to each other; but acquaint him with part of the truth: tell him, from your knowledge of my character you are certain, were his conduct irreproachable, I ſhould prefer him to any other. But, for his own ſake, he ought not *ſoon* to know that in reality I deſign my daughter for him. The good one is ſure to obtain, ſoon ceaſes to appear in an advantageous

point of view. *Certainty* will cool his ardour; but *hope* will make him enterpriſing, and enable him, if neceſſary, to undergo the moſt difficult trials. But if his imagination be enflamed, if that ſentiment encouraged by you becomes a paſſion, never fear that he will loſe himſelf, that he will ſtray from you; you will become his friend, and his confidant; all your advice will be attended to and followed. In ſhort, you riſk nothing in inſpiring him with a paſſionate attachment to my daughter. If he truly loves her, he will obtain her; for he will learn to deſerve her. Adieu, Sir; I ſhall ſtay ſix weeks longer here, after which I ſhall go to Venice, where I intend to paſs the winter.

LETTER XLI.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

Genoa.

TOMORROW we leave Genoa, and we do it with pleaſure; for we have, all of us, a great deſire to ſee Venice. Genoa is a fine city; but it is ſeen with admiration, and quitted without regret; becauſe there are no charms in its ſociety to attach one to it. Luxury *here* affords no agreeable enjoyments: it conſiſts in mere outſide ſhew; and diſplays itſelf only to dazzle, to aſtoniſh the ſtranger, and to attract

his eyes as he paſſes.—Genoa is adorned with ſumptuous palaces, ſuperb marble colonades, and immenſe galleries of pictures; but the rooms of theſe vaſt houſes are very inconveniently diſpoſed. You muſt aſcend a very ſteep ſtair-caſe, and always ſeventy or eighty ſteps at leaſt, before you reach the beſt apartments. On the days of aſſembly, theſe palaces are lighted up with an extreme magnificence. For inſtance, one luſtre commonly holds one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty wax-lights.—The Genoeſe ſee company perhaps four or five times in a year, and then receive two hundred perſons. They give * magnificent entertainments, but never little † ſocial repaſts.—Curioſity led me yeſterday to a maſked ball. Never did I ſee any thing more dull and more ſilent. The dancers are obliged to dance in turn minuets for half an hour; and then Engliſh country-dances for half an hour; and laſtly, Genoeſe dances for half an hour; theſe laſt are exceedingly ſlow and ‡ lifeleſs. After the Genoeſe, the minuets recomence; and ſo on for ever in the ſame order. I am perſuaded that the French alone know how to amuſe themſelves. Upon the whole, *Adelaide* and *Theodore* are very well pleaſed with their ſtay at Genoa; they carry away with them a ſuperb collection of deſigns, and each of them a very pretty journal. *Adelaide* would have torn ſome pages of hers, at which I had laughed a little; but I would not permit her; and, according to my

* Des fêtes. † Des petits ſoupers.
‡ Monotone.

promiſe,

promiſe, you ſhall ſee it without correction or retrenchment. Adieu, my dear friend. I hope to find a letter from you at Venice; and for my part, on my arrival there, my firſt occupation ſhall be to write to you.

LETTER XLII.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

Paris.

WOULD you believe, my dear friend, that I received but the other day, that is four months after the date, your journal of *La Corniche*, and the hiſtory of the Dutcheſs *de C*——? The man whom you charged with the packet, fell ill on the road, and arrived at Paris only laſt Thurſday.

I ſhut myſelf up with Madame *D'Oſtalis* and the Chevalier *D'Herbain*, in the little cloſet you know; and there we read, with inexpreſſible pleaſure, that terrible and affecting ſtory. The Chevalier *D'Herbain* ſays, the Duke *de C*—— is like *Blue-beard*; but notwithſtanding this piece of wit, he wept as much as we. He thinks the Dutcheſs has painted the various emotions ſhe felt in her very extraordinary ſituations, with a truth that carries conviction along with it.—Oh! what a monſter of an huſband!—Shall *we* now complain of ours!—Shall *we* think much

of any little contradictions that may fall out, after ſuch an example of patience, reſignation, and courage!—I feel myſelf humbled in thinking, how far I am from that degree of human perfection! Oh! ſurely *I* ſhould have gone mad in that vault; I ſhould have died, or rather, I ſhould never have entered it; for I ſhould have told all; I ſhould have declared every thing.—At leaſt I fear I ſhould.—I am not very well pleaſed with the Count *de Belmire*. I can very well conceive why the Dutcheſs, coming out of the cavern, ſhould not love him. Nine years of ſuch confinement might well cool her paſſions; but her lover ought ever to have adored her; he, who had neither faſted, nor laid upon ſtraw! He is to blame not to love her ſtill.—To become all at once the ſon-in-law of his miſtreſs, is a ſtrange thing. I can excuſe him, however, if the Counteſs *de Belmire* perfectly reſembles her mother. You will let me know how this is, when you come to Rome; and pray be very circumſtantial.

I have nothing new to tell you in regard to my ſituation. By turns I am tired, and I amuſe myſelf; I grieve, and am comforted; I cry, and I laugh; things go on in the old train. To kill time I have taken a phyſician. He neither cures my headachs, nor my nervous complaints; yet I am mighty fond of him. This appears to me ſo ſingular, that I have given myſelf the trouble to reflect upon it; and I have diſcovered, when one is not ſick, and has that ſort of affection for a phyſician, that the ſentiment ariſes from the ſame cauſe which moſt commonly occaſions our taking a lover. Mr. *de Rochefoucaut* ſays,

ſays, *What prevents lovers and their miſtreſſes from being weary of being alone, is becauſe they always talk of themſelves.* A phyſician then is much more amuſing, and much more amiable than a lover; for he never talks of himſelf, and he liſtens to you continually with an air of concern, and with the greateſt attention. This is, no doubt, the reaſon I am ſo fond of mine, and I ſhall keep him till you return. When *you* are here, I ſhall have no need of him; for I feel, that I ſhall with the greateſt ſincerity prefer the pleaſure of liſtening to you, to the vanity of talking of myſelf.

The ſon of Mr. *de Bleſac* is, after all, going to be married; his bride, Mademoiſelle *de R*——, is the moſt charming little creature you ever ſaw. She has been brought up by an old aunt, in a ſecluded caſtle in the country. She knows nothing, no not how to make a curteſy. She has ſeen nothing; but ſhe has as much natural wit, as a girl of ſifteen and an half can have. Her aukwardneſs is full of grace, and ſhe is beautiful as the day. Since the death of her old aunt, ſhe has been three months in a convent here, and to-morrow ſhe leaves it to be married. As her mother-in-law goes no more to court, and as Mr. *de Limours* is pretty nearly related to Mr. *de Bleſac*, I ſhall preſent her. I have been to ſee her ſeveral times; ſhe aſtoniſhes me. Her candour, temper, and frankneſs make her both intereſting and poignant. She has an excellent heart; and ſtill laments her old aunt, tho' ſhe confeſſes ſhe was ſomething of a ſcold; and ſhe is in deſpair at quitting her convent, becauſe ſhe has ſtrongly attached herſelf to a nun, to

whom her guardian had particularly recommended her. She is tender and ingenuous; has no idea of any thing; ſhe is not ſixteen, and is going to launch into the world. Poor thing!

A propos of *innocence: Conſtantia* took it into her head the other day to aſk me, what a lover was. The queſtion embarraſſed me, and I believe I did not make her a very good anſwer: but what is one to do in ſuch a caſe? Muſt one make a ſilly anſwer, or ſay ſomething *pretty near the truth?*—I know not; pray inform me. The Chevalier *de Herbain*, to whom I ſhew your journals, tells me you will yet find very dangerous roads from Venice to Rome. Now *Adelaide* is *familiariſed with precipices*, if you can avoid them, you will do me a pleaſure. I am afraid in a carriage on the road to Verſailles; judge then what uneaſineſs you give me. Your journal of *La Corniche* made my hair ſtand an end; and your paſſage by ſea from Antibes to Nice, and your barbarity in making *Adelaide* ſing in the very moment of ſuffering——All this appeared to me as cruel, and as terrible as the ſtory of the Dutcheſs *de C———*. Adieu, my dear; I will always endeavour to imitate you as much as I am able. But I declare to you, my only voyage with *Conſtantia* ſhall be upon the Seine, and the only mountain I ſhall make her climb, ſhall be that of *Bons-Hommes*.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

Venice.

WHAT a ſingular and dull place is Venice! One is aſtoniſhed on entering it; and you can have no conception of its appearance. A great city in the midſt of the ſea, all its walls bathed in water, and canals inſtead of ſtreets! Nothing truly is more extraordinary. In moſt of the ſtreets, particularly in that where we lodge, there is no paſſage between the houſes and the canal; conſequently no foot paſſengers, no cries in the ſtreets, not the leaſt noiſe, for the Gondoliers make none; ſo that you might fancy yourſelf in a deſart, or in the cavern of the Dutcheſs. If you look out of the window, you ſee nothing paſs but Gondolo's covered with black cloth, which look like coffins; and you have nothing under your eye but dirty water; and old Gothick houſes, blackened by time, preſent you with a moſt woeful and diſagreeable proſpect. Add to this, if you go out of the town to amuſe yourſelf, you are not ſure of getting back again; for it is very poſſible the weather may prevent you. This happened to us, who were obliged to ſleep in an horrible inn at Fuſſina, a ſmall league from Venice, becauſe the bad weather prevented our getting further. This city, nevertheleſs, is well worth a ſtranger's curioſity. It has not its

fellow in the world, and its affords ſome very fine buildings, and ſome excellent pictures.

I am obliged, my dear friend, to own to you *another new work* relative to education. It is upon Mythology; or Poetic Hiſtory; which I have endeavoured to render more agreeable, and, above all, more decent than thoſe already publiſhed.—*Adelaide* had only a general idea of fabulous hiſtory; and as for the underſtanding the pictures and antient monuments, of which Italy is full, it is neceſſary to know it as perfectly as the Roman hiſtory, I have compoſed this work for her uſe. I put it into her hands on our arrival at Genoa, and ſhe is now reading it the ſecond time.

How! my dear friend, does *Conſtantia* already aſk what a lover is?—It is early!—For my part, I think one ſhould not, in theſe caſes, give a fooliſh anſwer; *you* can follow this advice better than any one. Say ſomething, then, *pretty near the truth.* Innocence and ignorance are two things very different, and yet they are often confounded. *One* is the moſt alluring charm that can embelliſh youth, the *other* does not embelliſh, and cannot but be hurtful to it. Let us then leave them no more ignorance, than what is neceſſary to preſerve their innocence. It is true, there are queſtions one cannot anſwer *pretty near the truth*, without impairing or deſtroying innocence. I would not lie, nor anſwer abſurdly. What is to be done then? I have long reflected on this difficulty, and have found the way never to be embarraſſed with it. *Adelaide* has never been accuſtomed to believe me obliged *always* to anſwer all her queſtions.

On

On the contrary, I have uſed her to have her curioſity frequently repreſſed by this anſwer. *What you aſk, is not worth the trouble I muſt take to explain it to you.*—Or this.—*It is not neceſſary for you to know this; the explanation of it will be tireſome to you as well as to me.* You ſee, that in refuſing to ſatisfy her curioſity, I endeavour at the ſame time to diminiſh it as much as poſſible, by aſſuring her that what ſhe deſires to know, has *nothing intereſting* in it. So that ſhe never repeats her queſtion, nor ſeems vexed with my refuſal; and I take care to make this anſwer very often to queſtions the moſt indifferent; which gives me an opportunity of doing it without ſuſpicion, when in reality I could not give an explanation. By this means ſhe is never ſurpriſed when I will not anſwer her. She believes I only ſpare her the trouble of a tireſome detail, and thinks no more of it. Beſides, ſhe is ſo occupied, her life is ſo active, and all her time ſo filled up, that there is ſcarce a poſſibility of her dwelling on dangerous objects. When her reaſon advances, ſhe will find, no doubt, there are things which are myſteries to her; but ſhe will at the ſame time feel, that ſhe ought to be ignorant of them; for I am ſure the purity of her mind and her modeſty will guard her innocence. Adieu, my dear friend; I am called upon to go to *St. Mark's Place*. I will write to you again after to-morrow; for this letter is too ſhort for me.

LETTER XLIV.

Madame D'Oſtalis to the Baroneſs.

Paris.

MADAME *de Limours* is very unhappy at this inſtant, my dear aunt. Her daughter and her ſon-in-law vex her cruelly. Mr. *de Valcé* loſt the other day eight thouſand guineas. This news getting abroad, his creditors and thoſe of Madame *de Valcé* went to Mr. *de Limours*; and in ſhort, debts have come out to the amount of twenty thouſand pounds, contracted in four or five years. Mr. *de Valcé* is ſent to his regiment for a year; and they are about ſelling one of his eſtates. Mr. *de Limours* has paid all his daughter's debts, which amount to thirty-ſix thouſand pounds. She ſhews great gratitude to her father, and ſeems to love him paſſionately: but behaves to her mother in ſuch a manner, as to bring into doubt the grateful ſentiment ſhe profeſſes. She is entirely eſtranged from Madame *de Limours*; and tho' ſhe lives in the ſame houſe, ſcarce ſees her for a quarter of an hour in a day; and, in ſhort, has no ſociety but that of Madame *de Gerville*. You know, doubtleſs, that ſhe is breeding; but ſhe does not ſeem to partake in the joy, which ſo deſired an event has given her father and her huſband's family. She muſt have a ſoul of a different ſtamp, before ſhe can feel the happineſs of having children.

Mr.

Mr. *D'Aimeri* came not to town till late in the laſt month; having been ſix weeks in *Languedoc*. Since the return of the Chevalier *de Valmont*, Madame *de Valcé* has often ſupped at his mother's; which has been remarked. I was there one evening, and I obſerved them with all the attention I was able.—Madame *de Valcé* ſeems to me ſtill to purſue her point. So much perſeverance merits ſome ſucceſs; and I believe the *virtue* of the Chevalier is in a tottering condition.—I think Mr. *D'Aimeri* follows him too openly; he has an air of ſeverity which gives me pain. Fear is ſometimes a powerful reſtraint; but it is always a precarious one. Tyranny gives occaſion to great revolutions; and I very much fear, an approaching revolution will ſoon raviſh from Mr. *D'Aimeri*, at leaſt for a ſeaſon, the power he abuſes.

You have heard of the marriage of Count *Anatolle*, the ſon of Mr. *de Bleſac*; his wife is really charming, upon all accounts. Madame *de Valcé* ſays, ſhe reſembles *Ninette a la Cour*, which is not ill imagined; for ſhe has ingenuity and ignorance, grace and aukwardneſs; but at the ſame time it is impoſſible at the age of ſixteen to have more wit, to be leſs taken up with the prettieſt perſon in the world, and to ſhew a better diſpoſition. Her relations ſeem to me not to know her value. Her father-in-law laughs at her; Madame *de Bleſac* feels deeply her want of breeding, and ſcolds her perpetually; her huſband looks upon her as a child, and ſhews an indifference towards her, nearly approaching to contempt. All this muſt turn out ill.—What a pity!

Adieu,

Adieu, my dear aunt; eight months are already elapſed; and ten more!—What a long while! You have promiſed me you will never travel again.—Alas! if, as you ſay, I have no longer occaſion for a guide, have I not ſtill need of a friend, whoſe place in my heart nobody can ſupply?

LETTER XLV.

Mr. D'Aimeri to the Baron.

Paris.

I Promiſed to be ſincere, and I keep my promiſe; but remember, Sir, you promiſed likewiſe to excuſe ſome *ſhort errors*.—You ſhall know all. Depend upon it, I will be ingenuous with you; and indeed you ought to depend upon it: for friendſhip, gratitude, probity, all equally lay me under the obligation of concealing nothing from you.

As you had foreſeen, four months abſence has abſolutely obliterated the inclination of my grandſon for Madame *D'Oſtalis*. He ſaw her again, not indeed without ſome confuſion and ſome pleaſure; but, being deſtitute of hope, he is alſo void of paſſion. I then obſerved his looks and attentions turn towards Madame *de Valcé*, who, making the ſame obſervation, has played off every art in the ſcience of coquetry to

to ſeduce him. One evening as we returned from ſupping with her, the Chevalier expreſſed a very great deſire to go to the ball at the Opera Houſe. I anſwered, I would carry him thither ſome other time; he ſaid no more, and I went to bed. His chamber is next to mine, ſeparated only by an anti-chamber, which opens to the ſtair-caſe. About an hour and an half after I had been in bed, hearing ſomebody ſtirring in his room, I called *Placide*, his old valet-de-chambre, whom you know. When he came, I aſked if his maſter was in bed.—Ah! good God! is he not with you?—What then can be become of him?——Theſe words made me tremble, and *Placide* informed me, that my grandſon had gone out of his chamber, ſaying, he was going into mine, and adviſed him to go to ſleep, for he had many things to ſay to me, and the converſation might laſt a long time. Whilſt *Placide* was giving this account, I dreſſed in haſte, and ran into the anti-chamber. The door that leads to the ſtair-caſe was faſtened; but I found the window open, and perceived that my grandſon, at the peril of his life, had eſcaped by the leads, (which are exceſſively narrow, and in ſome places without ledges) and in that manner had got into the next houſe, where, no doubt, he had maintained ſome correſpondence: and I was not deceived in any of theſe conjectures. I called up all my people; I made them ſearch all the leads; and I myſelf went into the ſtreet; and after having ſatisfied myſelf, that at leaſt he had eſcaped without accident, I returned to my chamber to reflect on what was to be done; and after much uncertainty,

tainty, I determined to wait his return. I fixed myſelf in my armed chair, and in that manner paſſed the whole night, which, you may well imagine, muſt have appeared long to me. When day appeared, I opened the window, and ſhuddered at the ſight of thoſe leads, over which my grandſon had paſſed; with precipitation, no doubt, and in a very dark night.—At laſt, about ſeven o'clock, a Savoyard brought me a letter. I knew the hand of my grandſon, and read as follows:

" I dare not appear before the eyes of a fa-
" ther, whom I reſpect and love. I am forced
" to avoid him, and conceal myſelf. I fear all
" the weight of his anger; and yet, what is
" my crime?—The having, *at nineteen years old*,
" gone *alone* to a ball.—Permit me, Sir, to ſay,
" if you had deigned to have allowed me half the
" liberty, which I ſee all the men of my age en-
" joy every day, I ſhould never have concealed
" from you the leaſt of my proceedings.

" Will you permit me to come and aſk your
" pardon?—There is nothing I will not do to
" obtain it."

When I had read this note, I wrote in my turn, and ſent this anſwer.

" Whilſt *you* were at the ball, your father,
" ſeventy years old, was in the ſtreets, covered
" with ſnow, half naked, and agitated with the
" moſt fearful uneaſineſs. He was examining
" whether his ſon, his only hope, had not
" broken his neck in eſcaping from his paternal
" manſion!—Whilſt *you* were at the ball, your
" father was watching alone in his chamber,
" counting every hour, groaning in a ſtate of
" deſertion,

" deſertion, and thinking of nothing but the " *ingrate*, who abandons and forgets *him!*—— " You aſk, what are your crimes; they are " theſe——O, *Charles!* Thou knoweſt *mine*, " and the remorſe which overwhelms me. " Thou knoweſt, if the unfortunate *Cecilia* be " not ever preſent to my thoughts!—Wilt *thou* " turn out a fatal inſtrument of the divine diſ- " pleaſure towards me?—Ah! my ſon, cruel " as ſuch a deſtiny would be to me, I would " ſubmit to it, if thou couldſt puniſh *me* with- " out ruining *thyſelf*."

A quarter of an hour after I had diſpatched this anſwer, my door opened haſtily, and *Charles* appeared, pale, out of breath, and with his face bathed in tears. He ſprang towards me, and threw himſelf at my feet. After a long pauſe, cauſed by our mutual relentings, he broke ſilence, and made me the moſt affecting proteſtations of repentance and tenderneſs, mixed, however, with ſome artful and guarded complaints for the little liberty I had hitherto permitted him to enjoy. It is true, replied I, I had flattered myſelf, after having conſecrated the remainder of my life to your ſervice, you would have ſuffered yourſelf to have been guided by me, at leaſt for a year or two, after your appearance in the world.—All the young men of your age enjoy, you ſay, an entire independence. But obſerve, what are they?—I wiſhed you other ſort of enjoyments.—I was preparing for you an happier lot.—Ah, *Charles!* had you ſeconded my views for you, what a felicity might you have pretended to!—Here I ſtopped; and ſeeing in my grandſon's eyes an eager curioſity;

I have

I have hitherto, continued I, deferred acquainting you with a project, I have much at heart: I waited till you ſhould, as formerly, ſeek my company, and wiſh to be alone with me, that I might have an opportunity of communicating it to you. But for three months paſt you take every occaſion to avoid me. In the evening, when we return home, you ſeem ſleepy; you hear me without attention; and you never talk to me but upon indifferent ſubjects.——And may I not now know this ſecret?—Without heſitation, I then entered into the particulars, which you adviſed me to acquaint him with.—At the name of *Adelaide* he bluſhed, and I obſerved a viſible emotion in his countenance; and he aſked her age. She is now thirteen, replied I, and when ſhe returns from Italy, ſhe will be fourteen, and will then no longer be a child; her talents will be greatly improved; and her perſon will certainly eclipſe hers, whom you now think ſo charming. You will then be in love with her—and perhaps it may then be too late: for if you are not worthy of her, your paſſion will be vain. In fine, ſpeak; what are your ſentiments on the ſubject? Do you deſire this project to be realiſed?——Yes, earneſtly. And I will confeſs, thinking that Mademoiſelle *D'Almane* would one day have the charms, the talents, and the virtues of Madame *D'Oſtalis*, this very idea has more than once preſented itſelf to my imagination. Beſides, even in Languedoc, in my early youth, I felt an extraordinary intereſt in the charming little *Adelaide*; eſpecially ſince the day ſhe ſwooned away, when *Theodore* inadvertently untied the bandage of Madame

Madame *D'Almane*'s arm. That picture will never be effaced from my memory.—So then, *your* ſentiments, I find, agree with *mine*: but do you think, Madame *D'Almane* would chuſe for her ſon-in-law a young man, thoughtleſs, inſignificant, immoral; or even one of moderate attainments?—My conduct hitherto ought not to make me deſpair.—Harkee, *Charles*, one may confeſs one's own weakneſs, without divulging that of another perſon. A man of honour ought to have a regard for a lady's character, tho' ſhe has none herſelf. I do not therefore aſk *your* ſecret; I have told you *mine*; reflect upon it. An error of a few hours may be overlooked; but if you are capable of forming a permanent connection with a deſpicable woman, whoſe indecent advances ought to have inſpired nothing but diſguſt; that Madame *D'Almane*, prejudiced in your favour, ſhould not be deceived in your character, and perſiſt in the good intentions I ſuppoſe her to have towards you, I myſelf will be the firſt to acquaint her with your irregularities. But ſhe is too well informed, to lay me under the obligation of accuſing you myſelf. If ſhe has the views, I ſuppoſe her to have, I do not doubt but ſhe will be inſtructed, in Italy, of your conduct here; and that from Rome and Naples ſhe will have an eye upon you. Be conſiſtent, that is all I aſk of you. If you really feel all the advantages of ſo deſirable an eſtabliſhment, conduct yourſelf in ſuch a manner as to be worthy to aſpire after it. This converſation has done wonders. *Charles*, repentant, grateful, and docile, has voluntarily thrown himſelf wholly into my hands.

hands. He conſented to ſet out the very next day for Picardy, where we paſſed a week, and returned the day before yeſterday. We have heard that Madame *de Valcé* has miſcarried, and, it is pretended, thro' her own fault, by going to the ball at the Opera Houſe one night, when there was an exceſſive croud. My grandſon has received two or three notes from her, which he has not ſhewn me. I fancy, I am but roughly handled in them; and that *Charles*, on his part, accuſes me, without ſcruple, of tyranny in his anſwers, and throws the whole blame of his conduct on me. But, in truth, his heart has no ſhare in this intrigue: he ſpeaks of *Adelaide* with extreme pleaſure; the hopes of being one day allied to you, wholly poſſeſs him; and I am very ſure *that* idea will produce all the ſalutary effects we expected from it.—Adieu, Sir; let me have your thoughts on all theſe particulars; continue to give me your advice, and addreſs your letters to me at Paris; for I ſhall not leave it till towards the end of May.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

The Count de Roſeville to the Baron.

I Am now arrived at that dangerous period, at which the preceptor ſhould redouble his care and vigilance, if he would not run the riſk of loſing all his labour. My pupil is but fifteen and a half, and he is in love. I have long foreſeen that his paſſions would be ſtrong, and would ſhew themſelves early: but he has a command over himſelf; he has a friendſhip for me; and his young heart is already filled with the love of glory.

You have not ſurely forgot *Alexis Steten* and his daughter, the young and charming *Stolina*, to whom the Prince formerly gave his * pelliſe. We ſaw her again two years ago, and I thought her ſo handſome, that I reſolved with myſelf to make no more viſits to *Alexis Steten*. But notwithſtanding her retreat and obſcurity, *Stolina* is but too well known by her charms. Her mother, two months ſince, coming to town to conſult a phyſician, brought *Stolina* with her. The phyſician's ſon-in-law, an excellent painter, ſaw her, and drew her picture clandeſtinely, without either the mother or daughter perceiving the theft; and a fortnight after *Stolina*'s picture was to be ſold at all the jewellers. The Prince was ſoon appriſed of it; and from that moment was

* A cloak lined with fur.

very

very curious to inſpect all the ſhew-boxes that were brought him. At length he found what he ſought; he met with the portrait of *Stolina*; he knew it in an inſtant, and examined it with much attention and diſorder. The day after, going through a long gallery leading to the apartment of the Princeſs his mother, he ſtopped at a jeweller's ſhop, telling me his watch was out of order, and that he would have another. I thought he only wanted to ſee if the portrait of *Stolina* were in that ſhop; and endeavoured to engage him to purſue his way, by offering him my watch. He anſwered he had a mind to buy one: and at the ſame time, without looking into the ſhew-glaſſes, he aſked to ſee ſome watches. The jeweller offered him one; he took it haſtily, and walked on. As we were going, he gave it me to look at: I examined it on all ſides, and returned it him again, without being able to comprehend his deſign; not doubting, at the ſame time, but his ſudden deſire of having a new watch proceeded from ſome ſecret cauſe, of which I was ignorant. At night I obſerved the Prince put his new watch at his bed's-head: I had a great deſire to take it for a quarter of an hour, while he was aſleep, but the fear of waking him prevented me. The next day and the days following he wore the ſame watch, and I thought I could perceive ſome ſlight ſigns of a ſecret intelligence between him and Count *Stralzi*. Being willing to get farther information, I behaved in ſuch a manner as to perſuade him I had no diſtruſt; reckoning that a perfect ſecurity would put him off his guard. In ſhort, a few days convinced me of what I had

had at firſt but a vague ſuſpicion of. I eagerly wiſhed for an explanation; but felt how much I riſked in being haſty, and in taking an improper time. If I obtained not a ſincere confeſſion; if the Prince, already in a courſe of diſſimulation with me, could reſolve to tell me a determined untruth, all was loſt. I reſolved then to wait a favourable opportunity; and chance very ſoon offered me ſuch a one as I had wiſhed.

One of the great lords of the court is juſt dead. The places he poſſeſſed were aſked for, even during his illneſs. All his ſpoils are already diſperſed and given away, except one dignity he was inveſted with, and which the ſovereign deſtined for me, though I had by no means ſolicited it.—One morning the young Prince and I were, tête-à-tête, and he was communciating to me his reflections on *Telemachus*, which he is now reading the ſecond time. I ſtopt him in the midſt of it; and why do you not mention, ſays I, the iſle of *Calypſo*, and the growing paſſion of young *Telemachus* for *Eucharis?*—At that queſtion he bluſhed, and caſt down his eyes. I confeſs to you, replied he, *that* epiſode is not the part of the work I like beſt.—At the firſt reading, however, you were very much pleaſed with it; you admired the penetration and firmneſs of Mentor.—Upon ſecond thoughts, I find his conduct too rigorous and too authoritative.—I underſtand you; you do not approve his puſhing *Telemachus* headlong into the ſea.—True; I think the pupil of *wiſdom* ſhould have been perſuaded by reaſon, not ſubdued by force. As he finiſhed theſe words, a note was brought him from the Prince his father. He opened it eagerly,

ly, and, after reading it, embraced me, and informed me that the Prince had granted me the favour I juſt now mentioned. I kept ſilence a moment, and then ſaid, I am ſenſible of the joy this news ſeems to cauſe in you: but I am not deſirous of this favour; it may make ſome other man happy; and therefore ſhall not accept of it. —Why ſo?—Do not imagine, Sir, that money, places, or honours, can repay the cares I have conſecrated to you. Neither the ſtate, nor the Prince your father, can recompenſe me; you alone are bound to pay that debt; and you have acquitted it hitherto, as far as you are able to do it: I am ſatisfied, and I ought to be ſo. If you had exhibited a common genius only, I ſhould, perhaps, ſeek theſe vain honours, which I now diſdain. But how can ſo frivolous an ambition ſeduce me, when your virtues promiſe me ſuch brilliant and ſolid glory?—Oh my friend! interrupted the Prince, taking my hand, and preſſing it affectionately between his own, my friend! how can I acknowledge ſo real and ſo diſintereſted an attachment?—By conducting yourſelf, replied I, as you have hitherto done, by loving me, and by letting me always read your noble and grateful heart, which never has concealed any thing from me. This is my real recompence, and, I dare ſay ſo, one of your moſt ſacred duties.—Ah! this is too much, cried he, melting into tears, I can no longer reſiſt the remorſe which oppreſſes me.—At theſe words I affected the greateſt ſurpriſe. He threw himſelf into my arms, and I preſſed him to my boſom.—Ah! ſaid he to me, I ought to throw myſelf at your feet. You! my friend, my guide, my father!

father! I have deceived you. I am ſenſeleſs, but I am not ungrateful. You ſhall know all—I am ready to obey you—to ſacrifice every thing to you.

Put yourſelf a moment in my place, my dear Baron, and figure to yourſelf the joy, the tranſports, which ſo much candour, ſo much generoſity, muſt have cauſed in me!—Oh! cried I, nothing is now wanting to my happineſs, but to ſee *you* feel, as I do, the whole value of this conduct. Ah! I allow you to be proud of it; ſince it fills up the meaſure of my felicity, by juſtifying all the tenderneſs I have for you!—Theſe words cauſed the moſt ſincere ſatisfaction to take place of grief and remorſe in the Prince's breaſt.—He ſat down by me, and, after a moment's ſilence, drew out his new watch, and giving it me, bluſhing,—Know, then, ſays he, my faults and my folly! That watch has a portrait in it.—A portrait?—He then ſhewed me the ſecret ſpring, and I opened it. Well, reſumed he, do you know that figure?—It is *Eucharis*.—Ah! the compariſon is weak: *Telemachus*'s was a recent paſſion; he did not love *Eucharis* from his infancy.—But tell me, Sir, how happened it that, ſeeming to take a watch by chance, this very individual one ſhould fall into your hands? The jeweller was certainly prepared, and conſequently you muſt have had ſome confidant in this buſineſs.—That is true: I had confeſſed to *ſome one* a very earneſt deſire to have this portrait, and that I dared not aſk you for it. Two days afterwards I was told I ſhould find it in that ſhop I ſtopped at, and that it would be encloſed in the watch which the

maſter ſhould have in his hand.—And what opinion have you of the perſon who has done you ſuch a piece of ſervice?—Don't aſk me his name; it is the only thing I cannot poſſibly tell you.—You will give me your word, then, that it is not one of your own people; for I would not ſuppoſe that any perſon, concerned in your education, could be capable of ſo baſe an action.—It is a perſon who does not belong to me.—And one who, I am now ſure, will never be your friend. But let us drop the ſubject: I am now under no uneaſineſs about your future conduct; having reſtored me your *confidence*, you will not reject my *advice*.—Alas! what do you require of me?—Promiſe me to renounce an inclination which will diſhonour you, if you have the weakneſs to yield to it.—Which will *diſhonour* me!—Yes, Sir, diſhonour you. There have been princes, I know, whoſe brilliant actions have rendered ſuch errors excuſable; but you! what have *you* done to excuſe your want of *morals*, and your yielding *baſely* to a paſſion, from which a prince ought, above all things, to guard himſelf? Beſides, what is the object which inſpires ſo criminal a paſſion? A young perſon raiſed by you from the depth of miſery; who owes her all to your bounty. What! from a benefactor, from a protector of innocence, will you become a vile and baſe ſeducer? Will you loſe all the merit of the firſt good action you have ever done; of that very action, which then gave you ſo much ſatisfaction, and made me ſo happy? No, Sir, I am very certain, the ſlighteſt reflection will ſoon cure you of an inclination which will debaſe you.—I will promiſe you to do nothing

without, at leaſt, acquainting you with it.—I aſk no more; I am ſatisfied: but what will you do with this watch? I imagine you will be ſo good as to give it me.—I conſent, but on one condition; it is, that you leave *Alexis Steten* and his family in the houſe they occupy on the lake ———.

I eaſily perceived the real fear of the Prince was, leſt *Stolina* ſhould be ſent away to ſome diſtant province; nevertheleſs, after the ingenuous confeſſion he had juſt made, I could not refuſe promiſing what he aſked. I was unwilling to diſcover my fears to him; for every thing that looks like diffidence, mortally wounds a generous heart. But you may well imagine, that in leſs than a year *Stolina* ſhall be well portioned, and advantageouſly married. With regard to Count *Stralzi*, I have found means to remove him, for ſome time at leaſt. Young *Saltzback* is returned from the expedition he made, by the Prince's order, into all the provinces of this country; and has brought back with him memoirs very well compoſed, and, I ſuppoſe, very faithful. The Prince, by my advice, has juſt given the ſame commiſſion to Count *Stralzi*, who, thinking himſelf the firſt employed in it, has accepted it with great pleaſure. He ſet off yeſterday, and is to return in ſix months: I will then inform you what uſe I intend to make of all this. Adieu, my dear Baron! Let me know your progreſs exactly; ſince my young Prince ſo much intereſts you, as to make you earneſtly deſirous of being informed of all particulars relating to him.

LETTER XLVII.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

FROM Rome!—You, who ſuppoſe I date with ſo much pride from Venice, will, I imagine, think me more proud to be able to write from Rome. But happy thoſe who, like you, my dear friend, date always from Auteuil and from Pantin. You cannot conceive to what a degree one loves one's own country when ſeparated from it far, as I am at preſent from mine. I meet no Frenchman who does not appear amiable to me. I ſaw two at Venice, whoſe company was become neceſſary to me, and who probably would have tired me at Paris. In ſhort, every thing that recalls France to my mind, is truly intereſting to me. But let us return to Rome, ſince I came thither laſt night. You may well believe my firſt care was to ſend to the daughter of the Dutcheſs *de C——*, *that* Counteſs *de Belmire*, whom I ſo much wiſhed to be acquainted with. Prepared by her mother, ſhe came to me, with her huſband, that very evening; and I found in her all the politeneſs, all the graces, of the Dutcheſs. She is as like her too as you can deſire, though not ſo regular a beauty. I am ſorry to tell you, the Count *de Belmire* ſeems to love her in ſuch a manner, as to make one fear the remembrance of Albenga is not always uppermoſt in his thoughts. However, he has a melancholy air; and

and when the Dutcheſs is mentioned, he ſighs and is thoughtful. But I was ſo very much fatigued, that I could not obſerve and examine him with all the attention neceſſary to give you a very exact account of him. But I ſhall dine with him to-day, and in my firſt letter will fully ſatisfy your curioſity.—It is true, the journey from Venice to Rome, by Bologna and Loretto, is very fatiguing. The *Colfiorito* is a *Corniche* extremely dangerous, being as narrow for a coach as *La Corniche* of Genoa is for a ſedan. The mountain, known by the name of * *La Cartiere de Foligno*, is alſo a paſſage very frightful, on account of its precipices, five hundred feet perpendicular, which range along the ſide of the road, almoſt the whole length of it. We were obliged to do without our women, almoſt the whole journey; and very often content ourſelves with bread and a few ſtale eggs for our dinner and ſupper. On theſe occaſions *Adelaide* every inſtant felicitated herſelf on her abſtemiouſneſs, on her not being delicate, and on her having accuſtomed herſelf, for a year paſt, to undreſs herſelf and go to bed without the aſſiſtance of her woman.

Yes, no doubt, my dear friend, I did not enter Rome with indifference; nay, not without emotion. Rome! that famous city, the country of ſo many illuſtrious perſons, and, for ſo long a time, the ſovereign of the univerſe! —But I am wholly taken up with a ſentiment,

* So called from the *paper-works* in its neighbourhood. Theſe mountains afford admirable proſpects, natural caſcades, ſprings, torrents, &c.

too

too deeply rooted and too habitual, to permit me to receive very lively impreſſions from any other objects. Wholly employed in looking into, and reading the deepeſt receſſes of the hearts of *Theodore* and *Adelaide*, *that* occupation abſorbs me entirely; ſo that I have but a faint and confuſed idea even of my own ſenſations; when at the ſame time I could give you an account of whatever *Adelaide* felt on entering Genoa, Venice, and Rome, and of what ſhe felt and thought in admiring the different pictures we have hitherto ſeen.

I cannot finiſh this letter without communicating to you an idea, which is originally your own. You know, in talking on education, we have long agreed, that experience is abſolutely neceſſary to the preceptor and to the mother of a family; that we ought to have made children our ſtudy, to be enabled to bring them up well, and conſequently ought to have educated more than one. I have a letter of yours by me, of an old date, on this ſubject; in which you ſay that, according to this principle, the younger daughters will be better educated than the elder; adding, this is a very affecting circumſtance for the elder; and you exhort me to ſeek a remedy for this inconvenience. I have ſought long without ſucceſs; for very often the ſimpleſt ideas (almoſt always the beſt) are the laſt which preſent themſelves, becauſe one often rejects and diſdains to attend to them. But at laſt I have been obliged to have recourſe to them, and have found what you required of me. I have arranged my plan, and am now about to put it in execution.

This

This morning, in the preſence of *Adelaide*, I deſired *Danville*, who is of this country, to look me out a very poor family; adding, I would take one of the daughters, and bring her up to ſome buſineſs. He is to give me an anſwer in a fortnight. You muſt be ſo good as to wait till then, my dear friend, for the explanation of my project; for, till then, I cannot make you perfectly comprehend all the advantages I expect from it. Adieu, my dear friend! Madame *de Oſtalis* tells me you are grown aſtoniſhingly thin; let me have an account then of your health. Can you entertain me with any thing in which I am more intereſted?

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM